This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

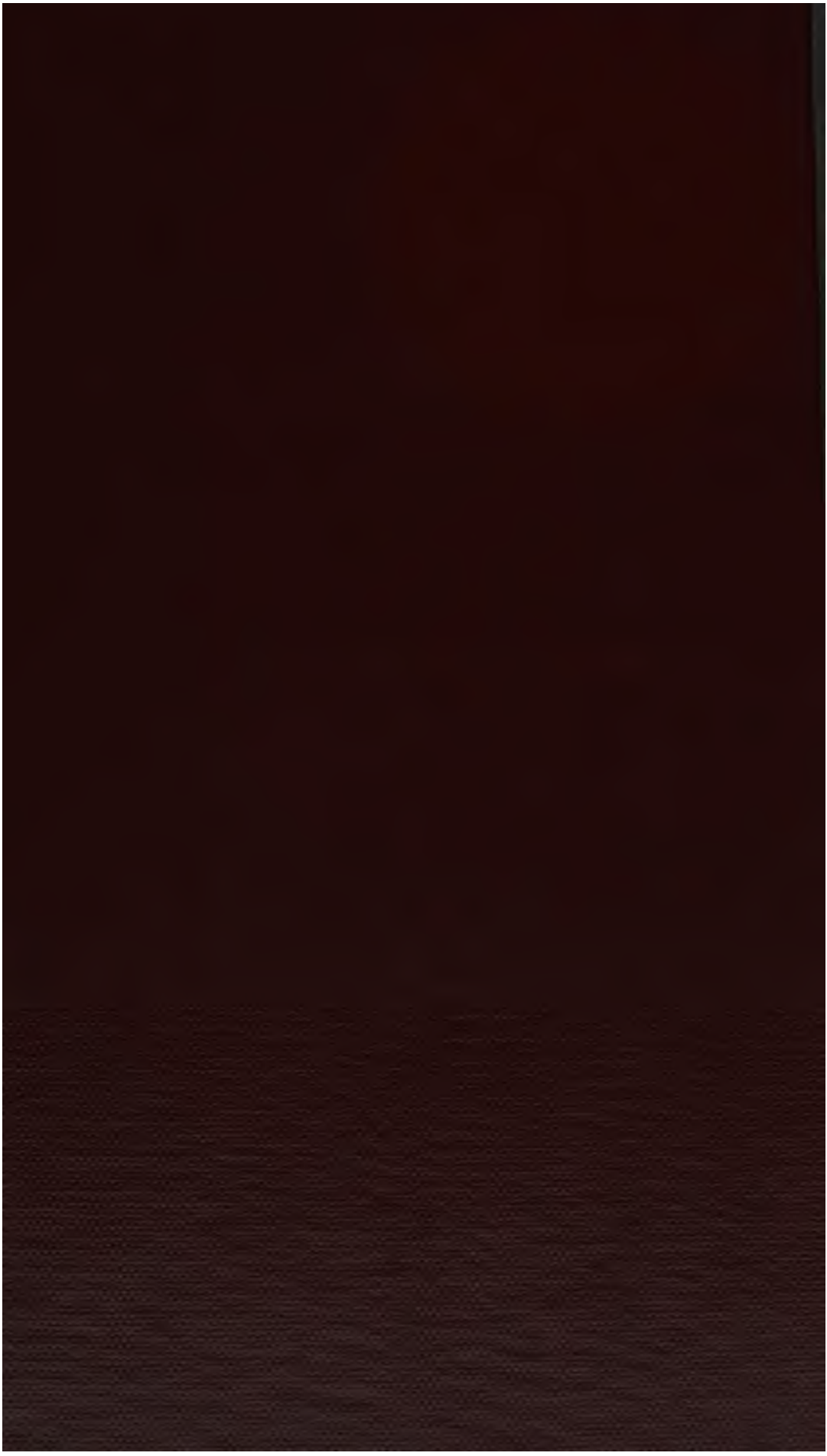
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

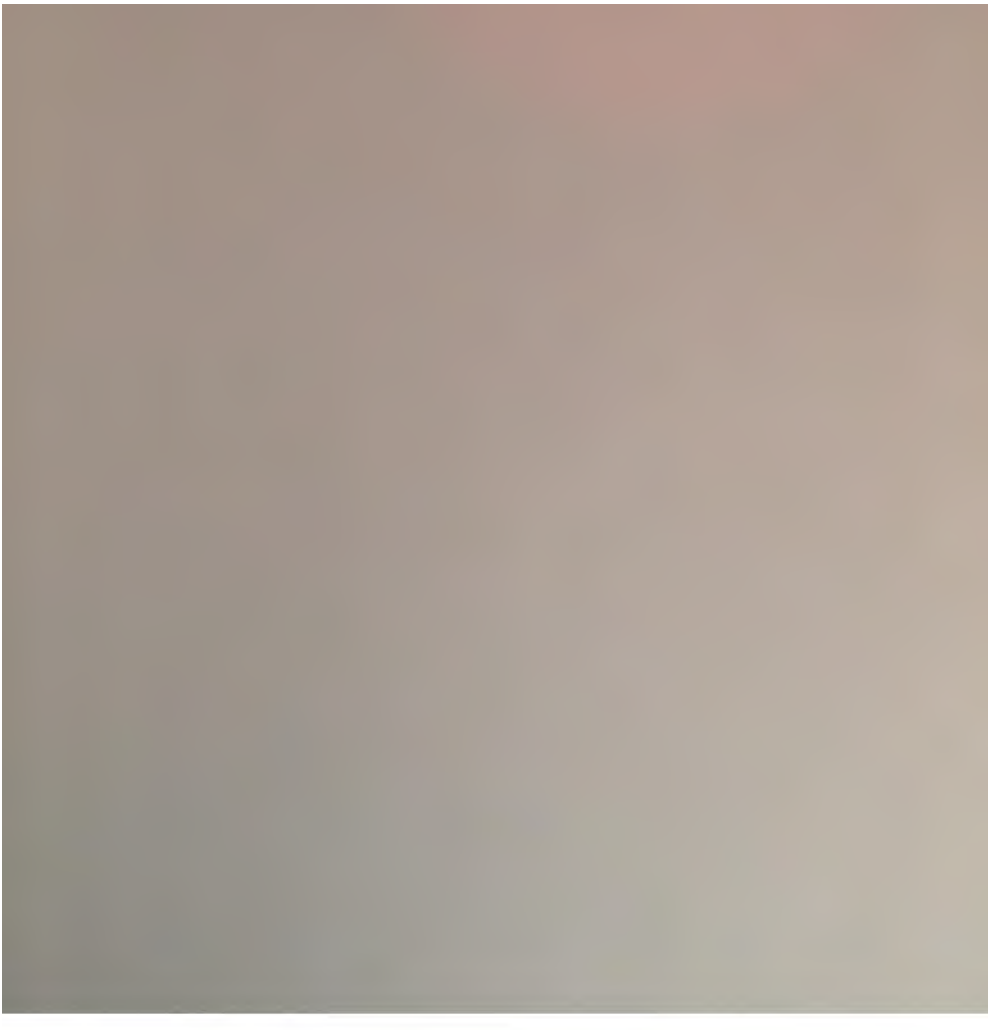
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES



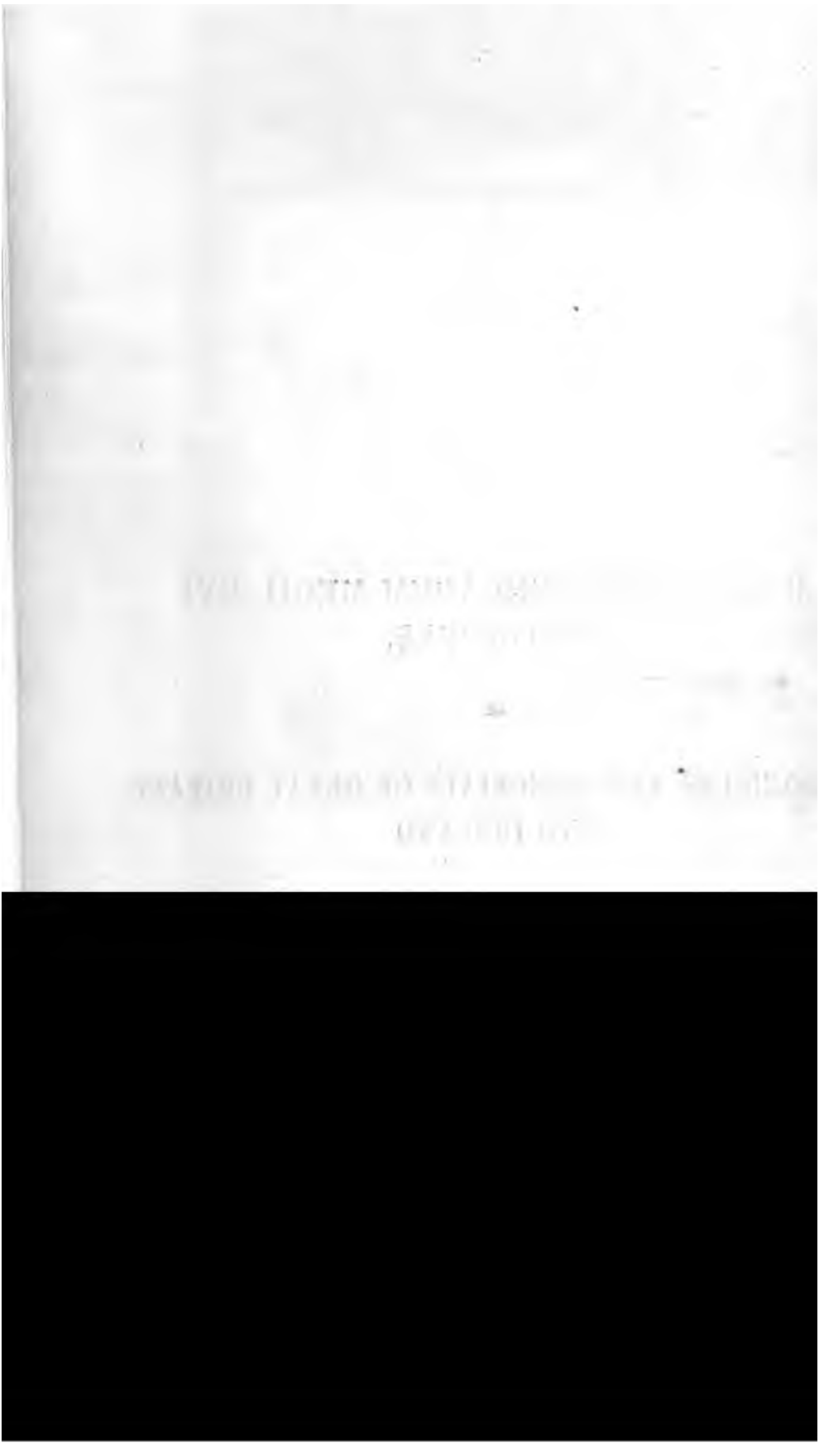
RERUM BRITANNICARUM MEDII ÆVI SCRIPTORES,

OR

CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITA AND IRELAND

DURING

THE MIDDLE AGES.



THE CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

On the 26th of January 1857, the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury a proposal for the publication of materials for the History of this Country from the Invasion of the Romans to the Reign of Henry VIII.

The Master of the Rolls suggested that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, without mutilation or abridgment, preference being given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable.

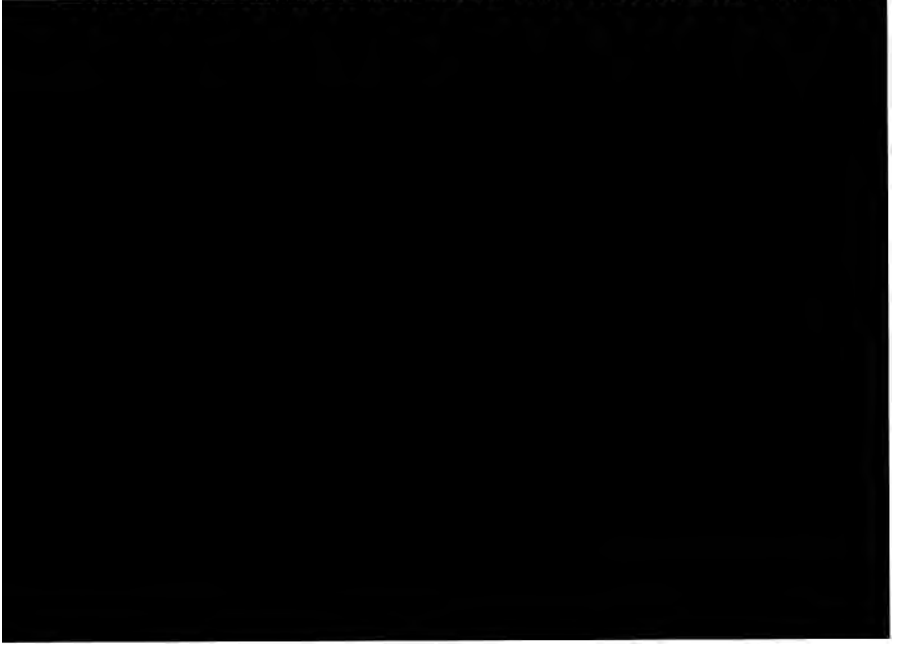
He proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an Editio Princeps; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS.

To render the work more generally useful, the Master of the Rolls suggested that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities; that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.

The works to be published in octavo, separately, as they were finished; the whole responsibility of the task resting upon the editors, who were to be chosen by the Master of the Rolls with the sanction of the Treasury.

The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, after a careful consideration of the subject, expressed their opinion in a Treasury Minute, dated February 9, 1857, that the plan recommended by the Master of the Rolls "was well calculated for the accomplishment of this important national object, in an effectual and satisfactory manner, within a reasonable time, and provided proper attention be paid to economy, in making the detailed arrangements, without unnecessary expense."

They expressed their approbation of the proposal that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings. They suggested, however, that the preface to each work should



THE

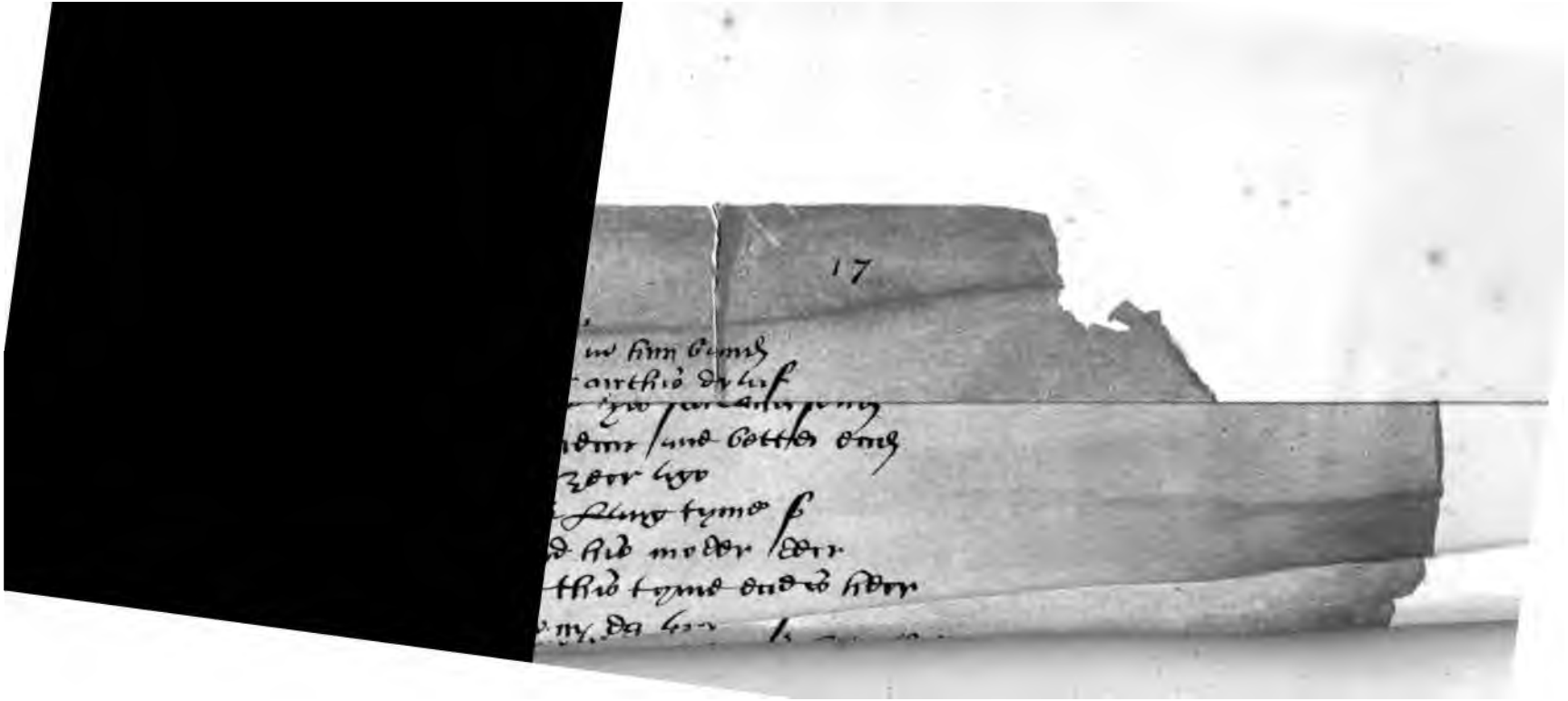
BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND;

OR

A METRICAL VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF HECTOR BOECE;

BY

WILLIAM STEWART.


17

THE

BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND;

OR

A METRICAL VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF HECTOR BOECE;

BY

WILLIAM STEWART.

EDITED

BY

WILLIAM B. TURNBULL, ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

VOL. I.

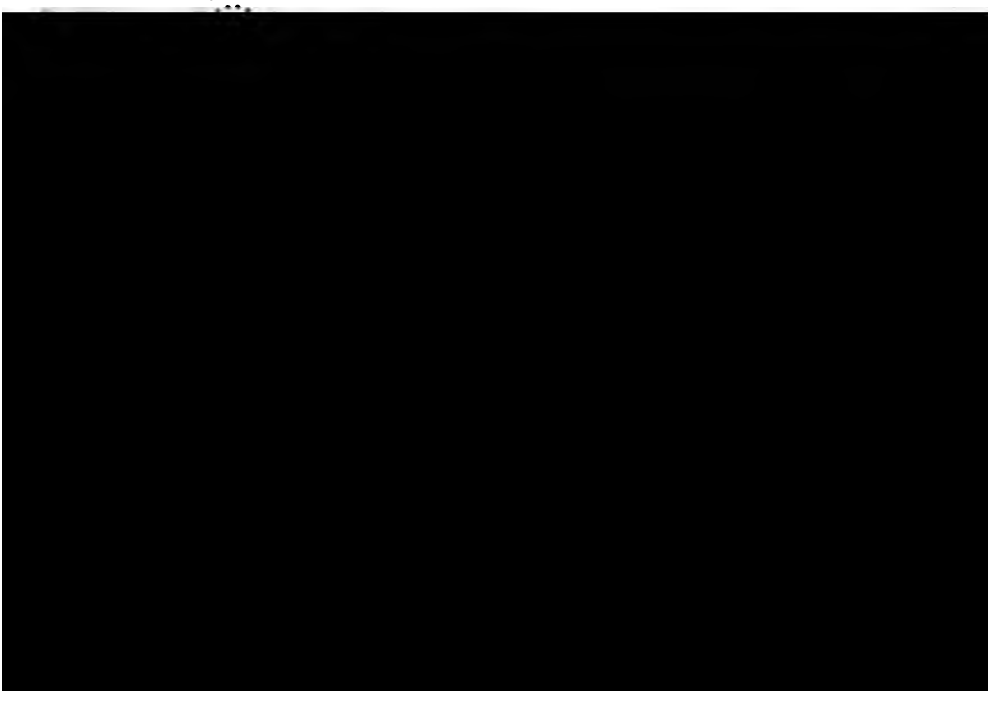
LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

1858.

942
G789
no.6
v. 1

106004



PREFACE.

In submitting the claim of "The Buik of the Cro-"niclis of Scotland" to be included in the series of works, hitherto inedited, now in course of publication under the direction of the Right Honourable the Master of the Rolls, the Editor was influenced by the consideration that, while England possesses the volumes of Langtoft, Robert of Gloucester, Harding and others, the present, with the exception of the invaluable chronicle of Wyntown, is the sole metrical narrative of her early history to which Scotland can point.[1] And although, apart from the fact of the present chronicle being a translation, it by no means merits to be placed on the same level with the labour of the Prior of S. Serf, nevertheless, as a monument of the vernacular language, and a reflection of the manners,

[1] The "Bruce" of Barbour, and the "Wallace" of Blind Harry, do not fall within the special category.

sentiments, and character of the age in which it was composed, he deemed it in every respect desirable that it should be rescued from comparative obscurity and made accessible to the public. An opinion of its value, differing widely from that of its editor, may perhaps be entertained by the fastidious balancer of mere facts; but the philologist, and the philosophic student of the past of a once independent nation, will not underrate even its mythical exaggerations or rude imageries.

The original and, so far as is known, the only MS. of this chronicle is preserved in the Public Library, Cambridge, and bears the press-mark K. k. ii. 16. It is a volume in folio, written on paper in a character sufficiently indicative of the first half of the sixteenth century, even if the precise date of its execution were not set forth by its scribe. The number of its folios was two hundred and seventy; but of these the first and twenty-first have been lost; and of those which remain, the first five and the last have been misplaced by the binder; while several, particularly those at the beginning, are much soiled and mutilated. The folios also after f. 165 have been erroneously numbered. The most infelicitous dilaceration is that of its colophon, where the injury occurs at the precise spot whereon

about the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the following century); and thereafter to Bishop Moore, with the rest of whose MSS. it passed, by gift of George I., to the University of Cambridge; where it has been generally understood that the book was written by command of Margaret Tudor, sister of King Henry VIII., and widow of King James IV. of Scotland, for the instruction of the youthful sovereign, her son James V. This supposition is maintained, among various incidental allusions, by the arguments employed by the allegorical personage of the imperfect "Prologe," to induce the translator to undertake his task of rendering into the vulgar tongue the history of Hector Boyis,

"Maister in art, rector in theologie;"

which, as he informs us in the following lines, was commenced on the eighteenth day of April 1531, and ended on the twenty-ninth of September 1535:—

"Thankit be God now and his moder deir,
My lang laubour at this tyme endis heir;
Quhilk wes begun richt mony da ago
With greit travell, syne endit wes also,
Quhen of oure Lord completit wes but weir,
Ane thousand threttie and fyve hundreth ȝeir,
And ane also for to subscrive thairtill,
The auchtane day quhilk wes of Apryle,
That samin tyme this ilk wark I begould,
And syne proceidit dalie as I could;
Quhill efterwart the fyve and threttie ȝeir,
Completit wes this wark present heir,
Of September the nyne and tuentie day."

Thus far as regards the manuscript. Of its Author's name, as already stated, we have been most tantalizingly deprived; yet, very fortunately, he himself sup-

plies sufficient *data* from which we are enabled both to ascertain that, and to identify his individual position, although not to trace with certainty the specific family of which he was a member. This the defective condition of the Scottish records altogether prevents us from supplementing; but regal blood, as will be seen, flowed in his veins.

In the sixteenth Book of his Chronicle, when narrating the incremation of Elgin Cathedral by the "Wolf of Badenoch," in 1390, he thus expressly tells us that this savage nobleman, Alexander Stewart, first Earl of Buchan of that name, and fourth son of King Robert II., was his paternal great-great-grandfather, and that George, tenth Earl of Dunbar and March, was related to him in the same degree maternally.

"This Alexander, as that sum man sais,
Of Badzenoch wes callit all his dais
The vorax wolf, ƀecaus all tyme that he
Vsit oppressioun with crudelitie.
ȝe sall nocht fynd in no storie men reidis,
Ony gude said of him or ȝit his deidis;
Of my father thocht *proavus* wes he,
Of him I think nocht to fenȝe nor lie;
Suppois fra him I knaw I am discendit,

[redacted]

natural sons, from whom several families of the name of Stewart descend; with none of these, however, can the author be connected; but, the name being found, a few lines farther on guide towards his identification. While recording the foundation of the University of St. Andrews, he says:—

"Myself was ane, quha lykis for to heir,
Studeit thairin the space of fourtene ȝeir
In the Colledge, quhair that I did apply
Logik, phisick and philosophy,
And theologie, that tyme as it micht be;
Suppois I brocht richt litill awa with me."

Now, among the early Scottish poets, who flourished at the court of James the Fifth, Sir David Lyndsay, in his Prologue to the "Complaynt of the Papingo," written in 1530, mentions two of the name of Stewart in the following terms:—

"And Steward, quhilk desyrith ane staitly style,
Full ornate warkis daylie dois compyle."

And again,—

"Stewart of Lorne will carpe richt curiouslie."[1]

Of these, in the first-mentioned, there seems to be little doubt the author of the Metrical Chronicle may be recognized, since various payments made by order of the Sovereign, in addition to the fact of his having been educated at St. Andrews, as stated by himself, make it almost a matter of certainty that this translator of Boece's History was MR. WILLIAM STEWART.

[1] Works, ed. Chalmers, vol. i. p. 286.

It is necessary, however, to keep in view that there were two persons of the same name educated at St. Andrews, both of whom were connected with the court of the Scottish monarch at nearly the same period. Among the Determinants, in the year 1494, the first name in the list is "Wil. Stewart;" and in the following year it occurs as second in the list of Licentiates, "Mr. William Stewart." This may have been William, son of Sir Thomas Stewart of Minto, by his wife Isabel, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir Walter Stewart of Arthurly; who is said to have been born in 1479; and is known subsequently to have filled several places of distinction both in Church and State. He was Doctor of Laws, and was successively parson of Lochmaben, rector of Ayr, and a prebendary of Glasgow. In the year 1527 he was preferred to the deanery of Glasgow, and in 1530 became Lord High Treasurer, and Provost of the Collegiate Church of Lincluden. He was afterwards appointed one of the Lords of Session and promoted to the episcopate of Aberdeen. He died on the 17th of April 1545, and was interred in the Cathedral church of his see.[1]

His namesake, the poetical chronicler, who does not seem to have been oppressed by the weight of similar preferments, was probably born about 1481. In the Registers of the University of St. Andrews "Wil. Ste-

for the Church may be inferred from the lines just quoted; while one or other of the preferments assigned to his namesake the Canon of Glasgow, afterwards Bishop of Aberdeen, may have been conferred on him. His name first appears shortly after James V. assumed the reins of government, and in the accounts of the High Treasurer, Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, from 15th October 1526 to 29th August 1527, it occurs among those of the King's attendants who received "leverays (or dresses) at Yule:"—

Fo. 20. "Item to Maister William Stewart, be the Kingis precept, ane steik of brown chamelot tane fra James Bassentyne to be him (Stewart) a gown, price, xiiij^{li}.

"Item iij. ellis blak veluot to be him a dowblet, price el lv^{s}. - - - - summa, viij^{li}. v^{s}."

Fo. 31. Under the head "Pensiouns and Feallis,"[1] "Item to Maister William Stewart, be the Kingis precept, for ane terme within the tyme of the said compt, - - - xx^{li}."

Again, in those of High Treasurer Robert Bertoun, 1529–1530, we find:—

Fo. 30. "Item to Maister William Stewart nyne eln of taffateis, price eln xl^{s}. - Summa, xviij^{li}."

"Item tua eln and half tanny satyne to him, price eln xxxiiij^{s}. - - - Summa, iiij^{li}. v^{s}.

Fo. 31. Under the head "Fealis and Pensiouns," "Item to Maister William Stewart, - xl^{li}."

The Treasurer's accounts during James's reign are only partially preserved: Stewart's name is to be found in the following extracts, but those under the date of

[1] Salaries, or wages.

January 1533-4 undoubtedly refer to the Bishop elect of Aberdeen, who was sent as one of the Ambassadors for a treaty of peace with England; as we learn from the safe-conduct printed by Rymer, and from letters included in the collection of State Papers *temp.* Henry VIII.

"Compotum Wilelmi Electi Aberdonen. Thesaurarii, &c." 6 Sept. 1531 to 22 Aug. 1532.

Fo. 40. "Item the penult day of Januar, to Maister William Stewart, be the Kingis precept, - - - - - - - - xx^{li}."

"Compotum W^{mi}. Episcopi Aberdonen." 22 Aug. 1532 to 26 Sept. 1533.

Fo. 39. "Item the v. day of December, to Maister Williame Stewart, be the Kingis precept, xx^{li}."

Fo. 41. "Item the xviij. day of Julij to Maister William Stewart, be the Kingis precept, - xx^{li}."

"Compotum Will^{mi}. Epi Aberdonen." 26 Sept. 1533 to 2 Oct. 1534.

Fo. 33. "Item to Maister William Stewart, be the Kingis precept, for ane lifray - - xx^{li}."

Fo. 39. "Item (the 28 day of January) be the Kingis command to Maister William Stewart at passing to Lundone, ane goune of Damas

Fo. 46. "Item (the 3d January) to Maister William Stewart be the Kingis command - xxli."

Fo. 47b. "Item the xviij. day of September, to Maister William Stewart be the Kingis precept in pairt of payment of xxli. - - - iiijli."

As Stewart's name, after an interval of some years, appears only incidentally in the accounts of the Treasurer, James Kirkcaldy of Grange, under the date of June 1541, when there was "gevin to Maister William Stewart to be gevin to ane Frenche preist at the Kingis command, vjli. xijs.," it may be concluded that he had obtained some preferment.[1] How long thereafter he may have survived is quite uncertain. Rolland, in the prologue to the "Seven Sages," written in 1560, and first published in 1578, thus commemorates, as his masters, Stewart, with three others, then dead; but this term, "Master" probably only meant familiarity with their writings, rather than any personal acquaintance:—

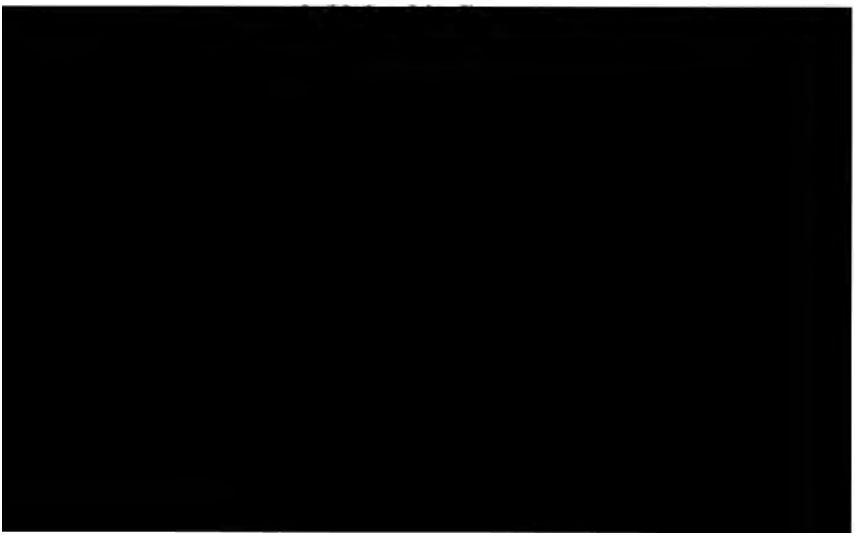
"In court that time was gude David Lyndsay,
In vulgar toung he bure the bell that day
To mak meter, richt cunning and expert;
And Maister Johne Ballentyne suith to say
Mak him marrow to David weill we may;
And for the thrid, MAISTER WILLIAME STEWART,
To mak in Scottis, richt weill he knew that art.
Bischop Durie, sum tyme of Galloway,
For his plesure sum tyme wald tak thair part."

[1] While this volume was passing through the press, the Editor's friend Mr. David Laing acquired, at a sale in Edinburgh, a copy of Polydore Virgil's treatise *De Inventoribus Rerum*, &c., Paris, 1528, 4to., on the title of which is written, in a contemporary hand, "*Wilhelmus Steward, Rector de Quodquen*," and on the last leaf of the Index, "*Ex libris (M.) Wli. Steward, Rectoris de Quodquen*," and he suggests the possibility of this person and the chronicler being identical. The parish of Quodquen, or Quothquhan, is in the deanery of Lanark, and was annexed to that of Liberton in 1660.

In the well-known collections of poetry by George Bannatyne and Sir Richard Maitland, there are several poems subscribed *Quod* STEWART, and some of them have been printed by Lord Hailes and other editors. Only one of these, a poem addressed to the king, beginning, "*This hinder nicht, neir by the hour of nyne*," has the name of William Stewart affixed. Lyndsay's mention of Stewart in 1530, before he had commenced his Metrical Chronicle, is sufficient evidence of his having written much that has not been preserved. The preceding is all the scant knowledge of him that can be found.

That Stewart and John Bellenden, the Archdean of Moray, were both by royal command engaged simultaneously in translating Hector Boece's History—the former in verse, the latter in prose—is proved by the same accounts to which reference has been made. The former, as we know, commenced his task in 1531; and, at the beginning of that year or the end of the preceding one, payments to "Master John Ballentyne, be the kingis precept, for his translating of the Cronykill," in sums varying from £30 to £6, down to July 1533, are entered by the Treasurers.

The first edition of Boece's History was published at Paris in 1526–7; and the estimation in which his



Such might not be deemed undeserved neglect by those who were wont to vilify and ridicule the narrative of honest Hector, making no allowance for the period when he wrote, and the scanty materials and loose traditions on which he constructed it; and probably a larger amount of contempt would have been bestowed by them upon William Stewart who, in some portions of his version, does, as it were, *out-Hector Hector*. But such denunciators are probably few in number at the present time, when the minutest contribution to historical science is duly appreciated. Besides, as will be seen, there are circumstances and observations in the Chronicle of Stewart that are not mentioned in the work of Boece or his clerical translator.

Before pointing out some of these more noticeable matters, it may not be amiss to offer a specimen of the two versions in juxta-position with the original passage. When, in the seventh year of the reign of "Gracious Duncan," Scotland is invaded by Sueno, King of Norway, with his fierce Danish soldiery, who lay siege to the Castle of Perth; Duncan, while offering to surrender that fortress on condition of assurance to its inmates of life and property, devises a scheme whereby he may in an easy manner free himself from these unpleasant visitors. He accordingly, with much courtesy sends a supply of provisions to the Danes, whose stores he understands to have been for some days exhausted, taking care that the liquids shall be thoroughly impregnated with the juice of nightshade; so that, when the lethiferous decoction has taken effect, he may order Macbeth to knock them on the head. The measure is attended with complete success; and is thus described by Stewart, with whose version of the "uncouth slicht" it may be interesting to compare the quaint and faithful prose of Bellenden and the original of Boece:—

" Ane herb in Scotland growis heir at hame,
Quhilk callit is the mukilwort to name,
Is of sic kynd, quha lykis to tak keip,
Quha previs it so sadlie garris thame sleip,
Quhilk puttis thame in perrell of the deid,
Without richt [sune] that tha get sum remeid;
And als thairwith this herb is of sic kind,
It makis men as tha war by thair mynd.
This ilk Banquho, the quhilk the aill gart brew,
Of thir herbis, quhairof he had anew,
In sindrie partis growand quhair he gat,
Amang the aill gart tume thame in the fatt;
Ac leit it stand at greit laser and lenth,
Quhill that the aill tuke all the jus and strenth
Out of that herb, and wes of that same kynd,
To gar men sleip or than go by thair mynd.
Of tha herbis also richt mony one,
He hes gart bra into ane mortar stone,

BOECE.

" Interea vinum ac cerevisiam Solatro amentiali (herba est ingentis quantitatis, acinos principio virides, ac mox ubi maturuerint purpureos et ad nigredinem

And throw ane claith drew all the jus out syne,
And in the tunnis gart put amang the wyne;
Quhairof the wyne tuke all the nature haill
Of that same herb, siclike as did the aill.
This wyne and aill syne haif tha maid till go
Abundantlie unto this king Sweno;
New baikin breid, and beif that wes rycht salt,
Quhairof the Danis had that tyme greit falt,
And all sic thing micht gif thame appetyte,
Thairof to drink and for to tak delyte.
This king Sweno quhairof he wes richt glaid,
And courtaslie to the servandis he said:
'Of my behalf,' he said, 'gude friendis, thank
ȝour king,
'The quhilk to me so glaidlie send sic thing,
'Abundantlie of so gude meit and drink,
'The quhilk I traist that he sall nocht forthink

BELLENDEN.

"Incontinent, the Scottis tuk the jus of mekilwort beryis, and mengit it in thair wine, aill, and breid; and send the samin, in gret quantite, to thair ennimes. Sueno and his army, rejosing of this fouth of vittallis, began to waucht on thair maner, and to have experience quha micht ingorge thair wambe with maist voracite, quhil at last the vennoun of thir beryis was skalit throw all partis of thair bodyis; throw quhilk thay war resolvit in ane deidly sleip. Than Duncane send to Makbeth, commanding him to invaid his ennimes with al diligence; for thay war at ane esy point to be vincust. Makbeth, but mair tary, com with his folkis to the tentis of ennimes; and first he slew thair wache; and the remanent of thame, sowpit with sleip, war al murdrest in thair beddis

'Within schort quhile, and I be for to trow:'
Quhilk wes richt trew suppois he wist nocht how.
That samin day quhair tha sat at the dyne,
Tha eit and drank bayth of the aill and wyne,
Richt mirrely ay wauchtand round about;
At euirilk draucht tha playit ay cop out.
Sweno himself, with all his strenthis strawe,
In his drinking for till exceid the lawe;
So did tha all, quhill tha war als bout fow,
And also slepie, as wes ony sow.
The fair wordis tha gat with sic effect,
It causit thame to hold no man suspect;
Traistand that tyme all sould have bene thair awin,
So greit kyndnes to thame that tyme wes schawin,
So thankfullie and hartlie with gude will.
Greit folie wes to gif sic traist thairtill,

BOECE.

ne quid deesset ad gulam excitandam, aut quo minus largiter sese explerent. Nec minus quam oppidani optarant, faciunt; infunduntque quoad venter potuit

And of thame selffis to tak sic litill keip,
That lang or midnycht fell rycht sound on sleip:
Throw greit exces tha tuke of aill and wyne,
That all that nycht tha sleipit still like swyne.
This king Duncane all that caus weill knew,
To Makcobey he send richt sone and schew
Alhaill the fassoun that tyme les and moir,
Ilk word be word as ȝe haif hard befoir;
Commandand him in all the haist he ma,
To Bertha toun to speid him lang or da,
With all his oist se that it sould be done,
And tak the tyme sen it wes oportune.
This Makcobey, in all the haist he mycht,
Come to the toun lang or it wes midnycht;
Syne throw the toun all passit in array,
On to the place quhair that the Danis lay
All sound on sleip, drunken as ony swyne,
So greit exces tha tuke of aill and wyne.

BELLENDEN.

Sueno was brocht, with few nowmer of his folkis, to the schippis, quhare he pullit up salis, and returnit in Norroway. Of all this army eschapit nane bot Sueno and x. personis with him, by the marineris. Mony yeris efter, na knichtis war maid in Norroway, quhill thay war sworne to revenge the slauchter of thair freindis in Scotland. The remanent schippis, quhilkis war left behind the Danis, in the Scottis Firth, within thre dayis efter thair departing, raschit ilk ane on othir, be violence of ane eist wind, and sank doun in the Firth, quhare thay ly ȝit, to the gret dangeir of all other schippis that cumis in the samin, for quhen the see flowis, thay ar coverit with watter, and quhen it ebbis, thay appeir sum part

The tentis all quhair that the Danis la,
Richt sone tha smytit the cordis all in tua,
And leit the tentis fall abone thair heid,
Syne in thair beddis dang thame all to deid.
Or tha walknit, as my author did sa,
Rycht mony thousand war slane quhair tha la;
And tha that walknit that tyme out of sleip,
Tha war als blait and basit as ane scheip;
And other sum war of ane vther kynd,
Richt mad and mangit, wod out of thair mynd.
Without defence sua war tha all ilkone,
Quhill all war slane, rycht few or none wer tone,
Exceptand ten that nycht that tuke na sleip,
The quhilk war maid that nycht the king to keip,
And for that cans drank nother wyne no aill,
Into thair cuir in dreid that tha suld faill.
Thir few feiris, first quhen tha hard the fray,
Tha passit all to Sweno quhair he lay,

BOECE.

in cubilibus cædentes, quos non clamor, non tantus tumultus, non mors ipsa excitare oppressos veneno potuit. Alii in amentiam acti quid agerent, aut quid fieret, non satis intelligebant. Quidam quod dona

[redacted]

To walkin him that tyme quhair he did ly,
Quhilk for thame all, nother for schout nor cry,
He walkin wald, or ȝit ane word wald heir,
Or for na stryking fit or hand wald steir;
Bot sleipand la, ay snorand lyke ane sow,
Of aill and wyne wes fillit than sa fow.
Than up tha tuke him sleipand in that steid,
Sum be the feit and sum als be the heid,
And buir him sleipand evin on as he la,
On till ane boit wes neirhand by on Ta;
To Tayis mouth, quhair all thair schippis raid,
Tha rowit syne richt bisselie but baid.
Syne on the morne passit to Norrowa,
All in ane schip was left levand that da,
Of the greit oist king Sueno with him brocht,
Fra Norrowa sa far was put to nocht.
The schipmen als come to the camp alhaill,
To get their part of that gude wyne and aill,

---

above the samin, callit yit be the pepel, Drumlaw Sandis."[1]

---

[1] Bellenden, Hystory and Croniklis of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 257, ed. 1821.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Within tua myle and les to the se bank,
Into ane place togidder all tha sank.
Syne with the passage inwart of the flude,
And outward als, in that place quhair tha stude,
As that the flude came rynnand by the land,
Amang the schippis warpit on the sand,
The quhilk remanit ay still in that place,
Ay moir and moir onto so lang a space,
With sic abundance on everilk hand,
Quhill that it grew in ane greit bed of sand.
Quhair efterwart schippis and bottis baith,
Sailland thairby gat mekle harme and skayth;
Quhair perrell is ȝit for to saill or row,
And for that caus it callit was Dround-low.
Lang efter that in Norrowa I trow,
The new maid knychtis maid ane solempnit vow,
For to revenge, with all power tha ma,
Their freindis deith that slane was at Bartha."[1]

It is observable that in several instances our chronicler notices occurrences to be found neither in Boece nor in Bellenden; and that some minute points omitted by the latter in his translation are preserved by Stewart, and *vice versâ*. As an illustration of the first, take (in the present vol., p. 100) his account of the extended distance of the Isle of Man from the main land, through the influence of the ocean, and of its encroachments by the Solway Frith on the coast, the effects of which he himself had "sene within thir ȝeiris ten." And, connected also with the Solway, when, in the sixteenth Book, he narrates the loss of the English there, he states that he has several times witnessed the dangerous operation of its quicksands. So also the *sobriquet* of his ancestor, "The Wolf of Badenoch," is not given by Boece or by Bellenden.

[1] Lib. xii., fol. 185. col. 2.

Neither do they record the place of Edward the First's death: this Stewart does "unto the toun hecht Brouch" (Burgh-on-the-Sands). The agency of a friar in the murder of Douglas by Lord Clifford "on the brig of Danskin" (Lib. xvi.) is another statement peculiar to Stewart: as is the report that the name of John Lyon, son-in-law to King Robert II., was, prior to the rise in his fortunes, John Myll. Of omissions by Bellenden, the mutual chivalric generosities of Lyndsay and Redman after the battle of Otterburn may suffice for an example.

Among other personal traits interwoven with his translation, Stewart informs us that he was acquainted with an aged woman who had known the unhappy Duke of Rothsay, so cruelly starved to death by Albany, and who always descanted on his virtues (not usually ascribed to him) with tears. As the Duke died in 1401, Stewart must have been more advanced in life than is suggested in p. x., unless his informant had attained to upwards of one hundred years of age.

Stewart seems to have been familiar with, and makes reference to, the works of John Mair, Blind Harry, and Froissart. With Fordun he must have been equally acquainted, since the particulars which

Quhilk Donybrissis callit than that wes,
In that purpois attouir Forth than to pas.
To that same ferry syne quhen tha come till,
The ferriar, in magir of his will,
Out of his bed at midnycht gart him ryis.
The ferrear that subtill wes and wyiss,
Quhen that he saw that na better micht be,
With thame richt sone he passit to the se.
In mid water at thame he askit fraucht;
Said ane, 'ȝow sall haif all that euir we aucht;'
And with his fist vpoun the face him smet.
And he agane, 'Gramercy, gentill met!
'Haif ȝe na fraucht vther to gif me?
'Gif it be so, the laif sall all be fre.'
ȝit nevirtheles he thocht rycht sone to haif
Ane trew mendis for him and all the laif.
And so it wes, as ȝe sall efter heir,
Of that ferrie the fraucht was than ouir deir.
On the southsyde, ane grit space fra the land,
Thair lyis thair ane mekle bed of sand,
At the law water wil be hard and dry,
On euerie syde lettand the flude go by;
Syne at the flowing of the sand richt hie,
The water growis to ane deip mane se.
The se that tyme begynnand wes to flow;
This ferriar, quhilk did baith sail and row
With all his speid quhill he come to that sand,
Syne said to thame that that wes the mane land:
Out of the boit quhair tha passit ilkone.
The ferriar, quhen he saw tha war gone,
Turnit his cours and left thame on the sand;
Syne in all haist come hame to the north land.
Syne efter that tha sleipit all unsound,
Lang or da lycht thair war tha ilkane dround."
(Book xv.)

The style of Stewart, though in many respects pedantic, and—in consequence of the confusion of tenses,

the indiscriminate use of the singular and plural numbers, and the involved arrangement of his sentences, which make proper punctuation a matter of no small difficulty,—somewhat rugged, is relieved by many truly graphic sketches. Such, for instance, his account of the deathbed of Edward I. and relative vision of Sir William Bannister (Book xiv.); the capture of Edinburgh Castle by Sir William Douglas (Book xv.); and the boastful behaviour of the English Earl Marshal, with his flight before Robert, Earl of Fife, the then Governor of Scotland (Book xvi.) In the thirteenth Book, the story of Earl Gilchrist, brother-in-law of King William the Lion, is told with much pathos.

The pages abound with proverbial expressions, and a quiet stroke of dry humour every now and then enlivens the ordinary march of the narrative. When King David is captured by Sir John Copeland at the battle of Durham, the circumstances are thus pleasantly detailed (Book xv.):—

"The king David with him or he wes tane,
In his handis quhilk waponis had thane nane,
Soe manfullie into the feld befoir
Fechtand, he brak thame ilk ane les and moir:
Quhen Cowpland said, 'Schir, ȝe man ȝoldin be;'
Said he agane, 'That will I nocht to the.'

Tak ȝow the grysis to thi self and eit,
Tha will nocht gane for Scottis mannis meit,
So delicat all tyme ar of thair mow,
Tha luif na grysis of ane Inglis sow." (Book xv.)

As the chronicle advances, passing from the more fabulous and traditional to the authenticated period of history, the interest of course becomes greater; and no one—certainly no Scotsman—can fail to derive both pleasure and satisfaction from a perusal of the last six, of the seventeen books, into which, following the division of Boece's original work, the translator has apportioned his own.

That work of Boece, as is generally known, embraces the history of Scotland from the remotest period, where truth is lost in mythology, until the death of James the First in 1436. An eighteenth and part of a nineteenth book, written by himself, were added to the second edition of his history, which was published in 1574, about forty years after his death; and with them a continuation by Ferrerius to the end of the reign of James the Third. But ere this second edition saw the light, Stewart must have been in his grave.

The historical value of a translation must necessarily be equivalent to that of the original which it represents; and the merits of Boece have been unsparingly assailed, not only by strangers, but by his own countrymen, who have charged him with inventing what it is rather to be presumed he found recorded,—as he expressly states he did,—in the writings of earlier annalists. Credulity may, no doubt, be ascribed to him; yet it is to be remembered that he lived in an age when legend was received as fact, and men had not begun to apply critical sagacity to the investigating of long-current and obscure traditions, and the "Art of Verifying Dates" was alike unthought of and

unpractised. Dr. Johnson has righteously observed, in regard to Boece, that "his credulity may be excused in "an age when all men were credulous. . . . . "The contemporaries of Boethius thought it sufficient "to know what the ancients had delivered. The "examination of tenets and of facts was reserved for "another generation."

No liberties have been taken with the MS. beyond substituting correct words for others obviously erroneous,—in every such instance noticed at the foot of the page,—and supplying within brackets palpable clerical omissions of letters and words. With these exceptions the orthography of the MS. has been strictly preserved. This it is necessary to state, lest the variety in spelling the same word, *e. g., tha, thai; thame, thaim; wer, war,* &c., should be attributed to typographical inaccuracy or editorial oversight. The Editor is aware of the objections that may be advanced against this course, a deviation from which would have occupied infinitely less time and required less strict attention; but he has deemed it his duty to observe the instructions prescribed to him, in following the text of the original as narrowly as possible, so as to make the *book*, so far as practicable, a representation of the *manuscript* itself.

The Editor has to return his thanks to the Syndics of the University of Cambridge for their liberal loan of the MS., and to the Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D., for his courtesy in procuring that favour; and he is particularly indebted to his old and esteemed friend David Laing, Esq., so conversant with all that relates to Scottish literary history, for making those searches which have enabled him to assign the author to his work.

For his own part as Editor he may be permitted to say that, while doubtless many more competent to the work might have been found, he cannot charge himself with any want of care or anxiety in his endeavour to produce a faithful text. They who are familiar with such labours can best determine how far he has succeeded; he will, therefore, for any defects which may be found, appeal to his critics in the words of the "Excusation of the Prentar," prefixed by Davidson to his edition of the translation by Bellenden:—

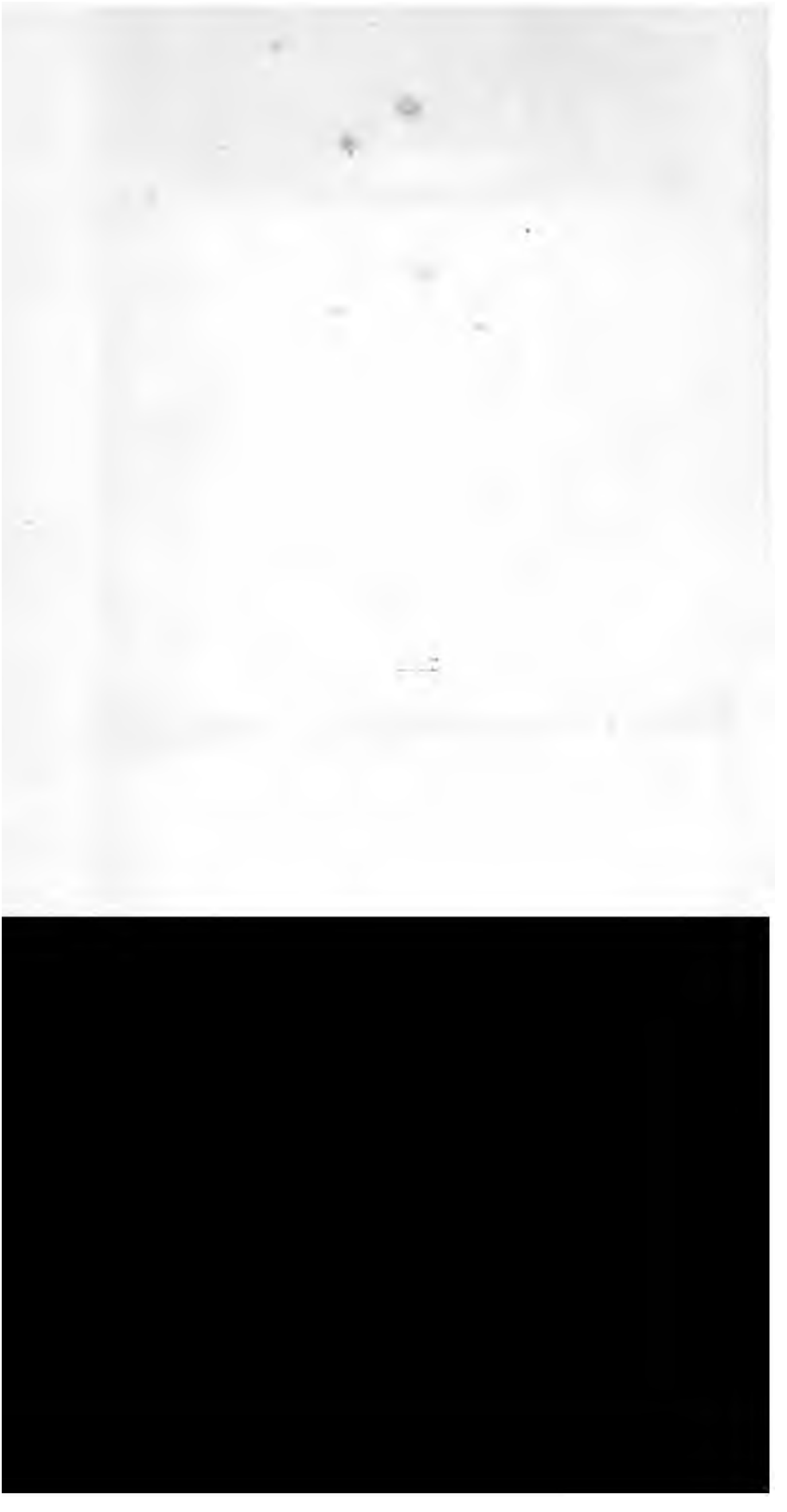
"And in this wark that I have heir assailȝeit
To bring to lycht, maist humely I exhort
ȝow nobill reders, quhare that I have failȝeit
In letter, sillabe, poyntis lang, or schort,
That ȝe will of ȝour gentrice it support.
And tak the sentence the best wyse ȝe may,
I sall do better (will God) ane othir day."

W. B. TURNBULL.

Lincoln's Inn, June 1858.

THE

BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.



THE BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

[HERE BEGYNNIS THE BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.]

[THE PROLOGE.]

. . . . . [1]
. . . . . ris as the ald cok crawis,
. . . . . wes quhen other prince or kyng, Lib. 1, f. 1. Col. 1.
. . . . . rewling of his ring.
. . . . . and dalie dois his cuir,
. . . . . and pleis both riche and puir.
. . . . . as pride and hie ambitioun,
. . . . . and that ar of euill conditioun.
. . . . . trew ay sen the warld began,
. . . . . sayis, sic maister ay sic man.
. . . . said I, now ansuer to this thing,
. . . . . ig sall ȝe be rebell to the king.
. . . . . ng, scho said, for my cousing Discretioun,
[Hes ga]ttin me leve now laitlie at the sessioun
. . . ntir thame say I can nocht tell how lang,
On to the court that I ma cum and gang;
And for to mak no tarie in that place,
Bot schaw my erand to the kingis grace,
With him till commoun so is my conditioun,
Quhill I haif gottin ane respett or remissioun,
And I have brocht my mater for till meis,
Ane nobill buke his princeheid for to pleis.
The quhilk contenis mony nobill storie,
Lang tyme befoir tynt out of all memorie,

[1] The beginning is lost; the portions of the pages torn away are indicated by dots, and all words, letters and passages within brackets have been supplied by the Editor.

Quhilk oft sys had of kingis corps the cuir:
Lang of the ald thair wes thair sepultuir;
And thair wes keipit thair storeis and bukis,
As in this libell thow sall se quhen thow luikis.
And in that place thair wes thir storeis fund,
Sum in lowss quarris and vther sum weill bund;
As Beid, Torgot, and Weremund alsua,
Corneill, Campbell, and mony vther ma;
All till ane fyne, ane fassoun, and effect,
In ornat speech and nothing to suspect;
And for this caus I haif socht to the heir,
Hartlie as now thairof I the requeir
Translait this libell in our mother toung,
And preis the nocht my purpois till impu[ng].
The kingis grace I knaw is nocht perfite
In Latyn toung, and namelie in sic dyte
It wilbe tedious, that dar I tak on hand,
To reid the thing he can nocht vnderstand.
War it translatit in our vulgar tung,
Out throw the realme the rumor wald [be rung].
La. 1, f. 1 b. Col. 1. Then euerie man would preis, haue thow na wer,
Other to reid the storie or till heir.
Thair is nothing moir gudlie to avance
Na auld storeis put in rememberance.
Heir I beseik ȝe, hartlie with gude will,
[redacted]

Bot ȝit, scho said, I dreid in my intent,
That to his grace it be ouir eloquent.
For-quhy the termis poleist ar perfyte,
Of eloquence in rycht plesand indyte,
In Latein toung sententiouslie and schort,
Quhilk for to heir is plesand and confort.
Madame, I said, quha wes it drew that storie?
Ane man, scho said, of sic hie laud and glorie,
In Albione, sen storeis wes begun,
Wes neuir nain sic amang our poetis fun?
Madame, I said, quhat is that mannis name?
Ane Hector Boyis, said scho, of nobill fame;
Maister in art, rector in theologie,
In all science ane profound clerk is he.
Madame, I said, now tell me or ȝe ga,
Quhat is the caus that ȝe commend it sua?
That sall I do, quod scho, and thow will heir:
Our ald storeis befoir thir mony ȝeir,
Tha war distroyit all with Inglismen,
In Wallace weir as it is eith to ken;
Syne efterwart, quhen that tha wreit the storie,
Ald eldaris deidis to put into memorie,
Tha maid thair[1] buikis thair tractatis and thair tabillis,
Part be ges, and part be fenȝeit fabillis;
Part tha fand in ald broades of bukis,
Part in lous quarris liand wer in nukis.
Tha tuke sic cuir sic thingis to considder,
Syne in ane volume pat thame altogidder,
Without ordour, fassoun, or effect,
Mekill wantit and all the lave suspect.
Madame, said I, now gar me vnderstand,
Into quhat place that he tha storeis fand.
That sall I do, than said scho, with gud will;
Intill ane place callit Ecolumkill,
Ane abbay sumtyme of authoritie,
In Iona yle within the occident se,

[1] In MS. *tha.*

In Greece sumtyme into Achchaya land,
Redand ane storie thairin my self I fand;
Quhair duelt ane king, the quhilk hecht Nealus,
Col. 2. Ane sone he had . . . . .
Rycht fair of face and . . . . .
Lustie he wes and larg . . . . .
Strang of nature, cor . . . . .
Most lyke to Mars the . . . . .
I list nocht now at this . . . . .
The nobill deidis he did . . . . .
Thairfoir this tyme I draw . . . . .
For first to lufe and syne . . . . .
All man thairof wald speik sui . . . .
Thairfoir as now thairof I hald . . . .
And to my purpois quhair I first [began],
Tell furth my taill the best way that [I can].
This Gathelus, of quhome before I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Throw rage of ȝouth and wanton insolence,
Ay till his nichtbour oft syis did offence.
In Macedone, and vther landis ma,
He sparit nother for to burne and sla.
Quhairof his freindis thocht mekill lak,
And schupe thame scharplie alway to corrack.
For dreid of thame right far awy he fled

Madame, I said, forsuith that war I laith,
Your kyndnes tyne or ȝit with ȝow be wraith;
And thoucht ȝour asking be waill honorabill,
ȝit to my power it is rycht importabill.
For thoucht I do the best way that I can,
I wil be prysit, I wait, with mony man,
Quhilk ar mo lynit erar to lak nor ruse;
And be this way, Madame, I me excuse.
I ȝou beseik Madame, gif that ȝe can,
Commit this mater till sum other man.
Lat be, scho said, for that sall nocht prevaill,
Thair is no caus quhairfoir that ȝe suld faill;
For thocht thi langage be bayth rouche and rude,
ȝit neuirtheles the sentence is richt gude;
And thocht it be nocht full of eloquence,
So that it be substantious of sentence
In plane termis, thairof haif thow no weir,
Bot it wil be richt pleasand for to heir;
For plane langage is eith to vnderstand:
Thairfoir, scho said, mak me no moir demand.
Gif thow thinkis to haif kyndnes of me,
Pas to thi purpois and lat sic talking be.
Madame, I said, ȝe ar inoportune,
And sen alway that ȝe will haif it done,
Now for ȝour saik I sall do as I can:
Thairfoir of gentres I beseik ilk man
My ignorance in this mater excuse,
And lak me nocht suppois ȝe can nocht ruse
And thocht ȝe do, thairof I gif no taill,
Sen kyndlie is all man sum tyme to faill.
Thocht weill I wait I can nocht pleis all man,
ȝit neuirtheles I sall do as I can
For to reduce this mater in memorie;
Schirris tak tent, for heir begynnis the storie.

HEIR ENDIS THE PROLOGE AND BEGYNIS THE HISTORIE.

In Grece sumtyme into Achchaya land,
Redand ane storie thairin my self I fand;
Quhair duelt ane king, the quhilk hecht Nealus,
Col. 2. Ane sone he had . . . . .
Rycht fair of face and . . . .
Lustie he wes and larg . . . .
Strang of nature, cor . . . .
Most lyke to Mars the . . . .
I list nocht now at this . . . .
The nobill deidis he did . . . .
Thairfoir this tyme I draw . . . .
For first to lufe and syne . . . .
All man thairof wald speik sui . . .
Thairfoir as now thairof I hald . . .
And to my purpois quhair I first [began],
Tell furth my taill the best way that [I can].
This Gathelus, of quhome before I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Throw rage of ȝouth and wanton insolence,
Ay till his nichtbour oft syis did offence.
In Macedone, and vther landis ma,
He sparit nother for to burne and sla.
Quhairof his freindis thocht mekill lak,
And schupe thame scharplie alway to corrack.
For dreid of thame right far awy he fled

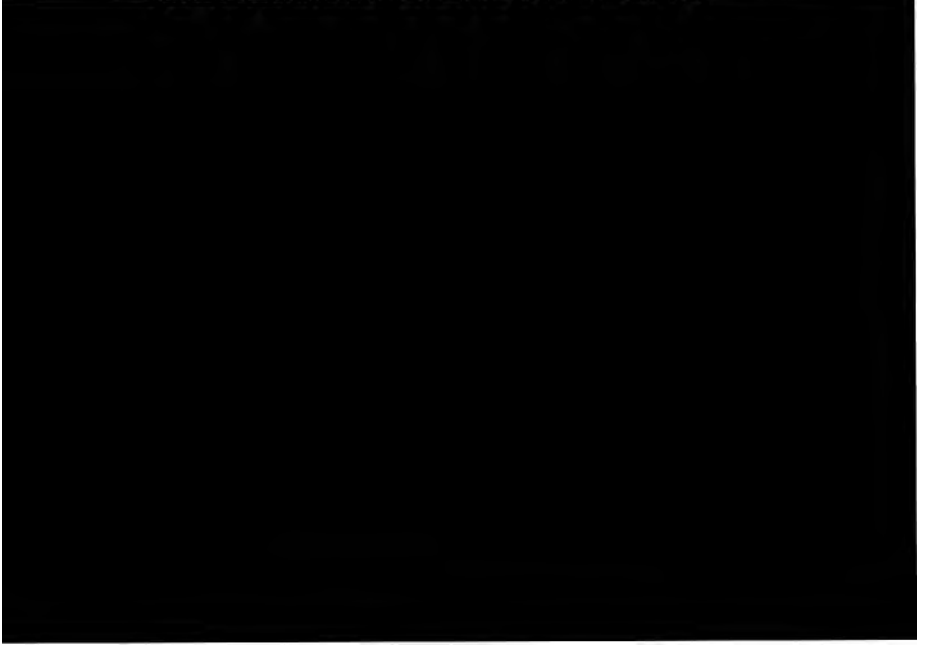
Bot fra the king beheld this Gathelus,
Strang of nature, corsie and corageous;
With visage large, and ene baith grit and reid,
Quhilk lyke tua sterris schone untill his heid;
With schoulderis braid and armis grit and squair,
With cumlie craig that wes bayth greit and fair,
With corpolent corce and middill that wes sm[all],
With hanchis braid proportionnat weill with all.
Lustie and large and rycht lang wes his theis,
Big in the brawnis and lenȝe in the kneis;
Of mid stature wes baith his fute and hand,
He semit weill to weir ane buirlie brand.
Sen he wes borne ȝit saw he neuir a deill,
Ane man he thocht wes liklie to do weill.
Of him that tyme the king sic curage tuke,
For saik of him all sadnes he forsuik.
In that beleif to wyn that he had lost,
He maid him than lieutennant of his host;
And he agane rycht manlie tuke in hand,
Other to de or to reskew his land.
Syne tuke his leve and furth with thame he gais,
For to revenge the king thair of his fais.
And how it hapnit tak tent and ȝe sall heir.

. . . . . .

[S]eigit and . . . also thair principall toun, Lib. 1, f. 3. Col. 1.
Brynt it in as, syne caist the wallis doun.
Fortoun gaif neuir ȝit to na levand man,
Moir victorie nor scho gaif to him than,
Quhilk he fra Memph[1] with greit honour and gloir
Come hame agane this nobill king befoir,
Quhilk of his cuming wes rycht blyth and glaid,
And freindfullie oft syis to him he said,
" We thank ȝow, Sir, forsuith ane thousond syis,
" For all our wit and wisdome in ȝow lyis;
" Blist be the tyme," he said, " that ȝe come heir,
" In all Egipt to me his nane so deir.

[1] In MS. *hunif.*

" For-quhy, he said, rycht weill I wnderstand
" ȝe be the haill reskewar of this land,
" And put ws out of servitude alsua,
" And me revengit of my felloun fa."
For the honour and victorie he wan,
He wes allouit than with euerilk man
As tenderlie as he had bene thair bruther;
Wes none of him that tyme that demit vther.
This king he had ane dochter than that wes fair,
And sum man said that scho suld be his air,
Ane virgin clene, ryght fair of nobill fame,
And Scota als scho callit wes to name.
This king gaif hir, with giftis that wer large,
To Gathelus as wyfe in mariage,
For the greit honor, laud, and hie renoun
That he had wyn to him and to his croun;
And he agane hes thankit him thairfoir,
With greit blythnes the langar ay the moir.
Syne efter this, rycht sone, as I hard tell,
Rycht perelus plaicis into Egipt fell,
Quhair throw tha said that mony sufferit deid;
Thair wes no man that tyme mycht mak remeid;
The hand of God, it smytis with sic pith,
Thair is no stait hes strenth to stand thairwith.
The caus quhy that thir plaigis all fell,
For the oppressioun of the pepill of Israell.



With bark and boit, barge and ballingar,
With tow and takill, anker, saill, and air;
Of Grece and Egipt ane greit multitude
Weill furneist wes to fair attour the flude.
Scota his wife, till him that wes so deir,
ȝeid with him als that tyme as ȝe sall heir.
Fra Nylis mouth thair passage that tha maid,
Syne laid thair schipis reddie in the raid;
Bayth tow and takill all wes red and clair,
With mansaill, musat, anker als and air.
Tha buklit bowsplatis for to beir the blind,
Syne all that nycht lay waittand on the wynd.
I . . . . . Col. 2.
By . . . . . .
Set sch . . . . . .
That pl . . . . . .
Of perverse . . . . . .
That in that p . . . . . .
Bot to the se he bownit . . . . .
And in that se lang saling the . . . . .
For it wes large of lenth and als rycht . . .
And in thair passage mony perrell fand
Quhilis on craig and vther quhilis on sand,
Quhilis in wynd and vther quhilis in wall;
Sic wes thair grace ȝit haif tha chapit all.
Rycht lang saling thai maid bayth day and nycht,
Quhilis in mirknes and quhilis in mvne lycht,
In mony flag that furius wes and fell:
Of thair trubill quhat suld I to ȝow tell?
For in this warld ȝe wait thair is no pane,
Nor ȝit na joy at all tyme will remane;
Bot at the last it will cum to ane end.
So hapnit tham throw aventure to wend
Out throw ane firth endlang ane cragie cost,
Quhair that tyme almost tha had all bene lost,
Throw wan tydis so stark ran by the land;
Bot at the last tha saw evin at thair hand

Ane he[r]bering place that wes baith lang and braid;
Sone tha let saill and straik into the raid,
And ankeris caist to hald thair schipis fast,
Syne in thair boitis all to land tha past.
That land that tyme, as my author did sa,
Callit to name it wes Yberia;
Now Portingall is callit be name,
Quhilk is ane realme of greit honour and fame,
And for this caus, as I rycht vnderstand,
That Gathelus in that place first tuke land.
Throw lang saling that tyme in wynd and waw,
Thair victuallis haill wer consumit aw;
Quhairfoir als fast as tha come to the land,
Tha maid forra about on euerilk hand;
In euerie part greit spulȝe that tha maid,
Syne to thair camp tha brocht rycht mony laid;
Wes na thing fre that tyme that tha mycht get,
As it had bene thair awin of proper det.
The toun men that tyme on fute and hors,
Gatherit all haill for to resist thair force,
And followit fast becaus that tha saw thame few,
Traisting rycht weill the spulȝe till reskew.
Bot Gathelus, that wes sa wys in weir,
Of all tha folk he tuke bot litill feir.
He put his men in gude ordour full sone,
Syne gaif command how all thing suld be done:

[redacted]

. . . . . all vpone this mak
. . . . . haist with Gathelus to tak,
[And] lat him dwell that tyme amang thame fre
Into that land at his awin libertie,
Quhilk efterwart that tha mycht gudlie ken
The stait, conditioun, and fassoun of the men.
Quhat thai mycht do in pece and als in weir,
Syne efterwart gif tha mycht do thame deir,
To wait thair tyme and tak it quhen tha list,
The haill consall thocht that that wes best.
To Gathelus sone haif tha send ane syer,
The quhilk to him hes schawin thair desyir.
Quhen he hard pece, thairof he wes content,
But contrapleid tharto gif his consent;
For of that place he thocht him weill applesit,
And of that wayis that malice all wes mesit;
With ferme faith and mony aithis deip
Both the parteis war sadlie sworne to keip.
All thing wes maid that tyme bayth ferme and stabill,
So wald gude fayth tha wes so ressonabell,
Thai oblist wer neuir other till invaid;
Betuix thame thus that tyme the pece wes maid.
Syne sone efter brak that pece agane;
Fra Gathelus schupe still to remane,
To big ane toun wallit for his defence,
For dred it sould do thame greit violence,
Grit diligence tha haif done da and nycht,
To stop that werk tha haif done that tha mycht.
And quhen thai saw that thai culd nocht prevaill,
And of thair purpois the farrer ay did faill,
And that thair laubour lang tyme sa wes lost,
Incontinent thai gatherit ane greit ost
On Gathelus in felloun feir of weir,
With bow and brand, buklar, scheild, and speir.
Bot Gathelus, that wes bayth wiss and wicht,
Rycht suddanelie hes consauit thair slicht,
Arrayit hes his men vpone ane plane
And schupe in haist to gif thame field agane,

And baldlie thair he maid him for till byde.
The Eberiens[1] than vpone the tother syde,
Quhen thai persauit that he dred thame nocht,
Amang thame self greit farlie that tha thocht;
Of strang men intill ane vncouth land
So hardelie to tak sic weir on hand,
And tha sa fell that vnder speir and scheild,
Col. 2. To fecht with y . . . . ouir gre . .
For tha had preuit of thair tre[ssoun] befoir,
And for that caus tha dred thame [a]ll the moir;
Therfoir tha thocht at that tyme and tha micht
But ony battell for to debait thair richt.
Than trewis tha tuke withoutin tarie that tyde,
And causit the captans on euerilk syde
To cum and commoun for gude pece and rest;
Than bayth the parteis thocht that that wes best.
And on this wyis accordit than war tha,
That Gathelus out of that place suld ga
On to ane feild rycht far on the north hand,
Lay on the north syde than of Yberia land,
With fair forrest, with firth and mony fell,
Quhair he and his in pece and rest mycht dwell.
Be prophisie tha gart him vnderstand
That strang men suld inhabite that land,
And bruke it als in heretage for euir;
Syne tuke thair leve and thus tha did disseuer.

Men had leuer haif all tyme to eik his pelfe,
His nychtbouris roume far erar nor him self.
And thus tha war aduisit lang at lentht,
Quhill at the last than haif tha fund a strenth,
Besyde ane watter on ane plesand plane,
Thair tha thocht best to big and to remane.
Tha fundit thair ane citie of defence,
For weir or wrang, or ȝit for violence,
Of nychtbour men that duelt than neirand by,
Tha wer so rude for malice and invie.
Als bissie than that tyme as ony beis,
Sum brocht stanis and vther sum brocht treis;
This wes thair labour lang and mony da.[1]
And for na sleuth that tyme tha faillit nocht,
Quhill all that bigging till ane end wes brocht;
Syne forcit it with fowseis mony one,
And dowbill dykes that stalwart wer of stone.
It stude rycht quhair it had strenth aneuche
Of wod and watter, and of craig and cleuch.
Quhen thai had biggit this citie of sic fame,
Brigantia tha callit it to name.
Then Gathelus, that wes rycht circumspect,
Knew be the caus quhat follow wald in effect.
And all his folk, for mair affinitie,
Callit thame Scottis all of ane clan to be,
Efter Scota, quhilk wes his wyfis name,
Out of Egipt he brocht with him fra hame.
And als at that tyme he ordand hes greit lawis,
Be the decreit of wysmen and thair sawis,
To stanche thift and weir, and wrang gare seis,
And put doun pley that men mycht leue in eis.
Lang efter that this toun changit the name
To Cambustell, quhair now duellis Sanct Jame.
Eberiens quhen tha this citie saw,
Quhilk wes so strang of watter and of waw,

Lib. 1, f. 2. Col. 1.

[1] Here a line seems wanting.

Full sair thai dred that it suld do thame wrang;
That causit thame all to counsall for to gang,
For to devyis quhat wer the best remeid;
And suddanelie tha tuke [it] in thair heid
To lay ane seig rycht sone about the toun,
Birg all the bigging and cast the wallis doun;
And sla thame all within, baith man and wyfe,
Without pietie and leue neuir ane on lyfe.
With lang prouision, and with mekle bost,
To Brigant toun tha brocht ane mekill ost,
And in ane vaill that is besyde the toun,
Eberiens stentit thair palȝeonis doun.

How Yberiens keipit the Toun of Brigance; and how Gathelus wan thame in Feild.

Than Gathelus, quhen he considderit sua
Tha folk all quhilk wes his mortall fa,
He left the toun, and come furth on the plane;
And schupe to fecht and gif thame feild agane.
Syne thus he said, in presence of his men,
" My knichtis kene, I traist rycht weill ȝe ken
" How that thir folk wer fals to ws beforne,
" And now agane ȝe se tha ar manesworne;
" The fals tressoùn to ws that tha haif wrocht,

" Fecht for ȝour gude, ȝour barnis, and ȝour wyuis,
" ȝour land, ȝour law, ȝour libertie, and lyuis."
Be this wes said, withoutin ony moir,
The bowmen bald hes tane the feild befoir:
Fra euerilk syde the fedderit flanis flaw,
Scharpe as the haill, and thik as ony snaw.
Syne men of armes gaif mony stalwart strak,
That contering gart mony cowart quaik;
Scheildis wer schorne with scharpe swordis in sunder,
Helmes wer hewin, and heidis [that wer under]; Col. 2.
Mony throw force war feblit in that [feild],
Mony lay woundit bleidand vnder scheild;
Bristis war brissin bayth bludie maid and bla,
Schulderis wer schorne and sched the bodie fra.
The Scottis than sa worthie war and wicht,
Eberiens agane thame had no micht;
Of thair dyntis thai wer so gritlie dred,
Turnit thair bak out of the feild and fled.
In that congres wes mony nobill slane,
On both the sydis la deid vpone the plane:
ȝit harme it wes sic duchtie men suld de,
Wes in that tyme of sic nobilitie.
Eberiens that da war all slane doun,
Worthy it wes, tha wrocht the haill tressoun.
Tha brak thair aith as it wes rycht weill kend,
Falsheid come neuir ȝit till ane better end.
Quhen tha had gottin the skayth, and als the lak,
Than war tha fane trewis agane to tak;
And Scottis als to haif both les and moir,
Tha landis all quhilk thai had befoir.
Greit bandis than on euerilk syde wes maid,
Neuir on of thame ane vther till invaid.
Fra that tyme furth tha weiris all did ceis;
The hetter weir, oft syis the sonner peis.
So mycht be said of thir Eberiens;
Fra tha of Scottis gat sic experiens

Of strenth, maneheid, of wisdome into weir,
Fra that [tyme] furth tha did thame no moir deir.
Sone efter that fra weir begouth to ceis,
Thai multipleit so in the tyme of peice,
That thair landis mycht nocht thame all sustene,
Quhairfoir thair mister wes the moir to mene.
Thus Gathelus he hes tane in his heid,
For thair mister sum for to find remeid.
Spyis he send about on euerilk [hand],
Gif thai culd find ylis or ȝit waist [land],
Quhair his pepill mycht still in pece r[emane].
Furth that tha fuir and sone tha come ag[ane],
And schew to him that tha had fund rycht [far]
Furth in the north, law vnder the laid st[a]r,
Ane plesand yle of wod, watter, and land,
Bot rurall folk nane vther thair tha fand.
This Gathelus had that tyme sonis tua,
Gottin with his wyfe that[1] callit wes Scota,
Ebar the ane, the vther Emecus;
Na ma he had, the storie tellis thus.
Thir tua he furneist reddie for to far,
With schip and bot, with bark and ballingar,
With men and meit, and all thing that [wes neid],
Tha tuke thair leve syne to the se tha ȝe[id];
With wyfe and barnis as tha sould ay . .

[redacted]

How Eber and Emecus the Sonis of Gathelus passit the Se for to seik new Ylis or Waist Landis.

To schoir thai ran as bissie as ony be,
For to behald thair passage to the se;
Full will of wane than weipit mony wycht,
Quhen euerilk freind tuke leve and bad gude nycht.
And syne to schipburd quhen tha war brocht all,
Thai drew ankeris and saillis doun leit fall;
Tow and takill and all wes reddie at rycht,
Befoir the wynd tha salit out of sicht.

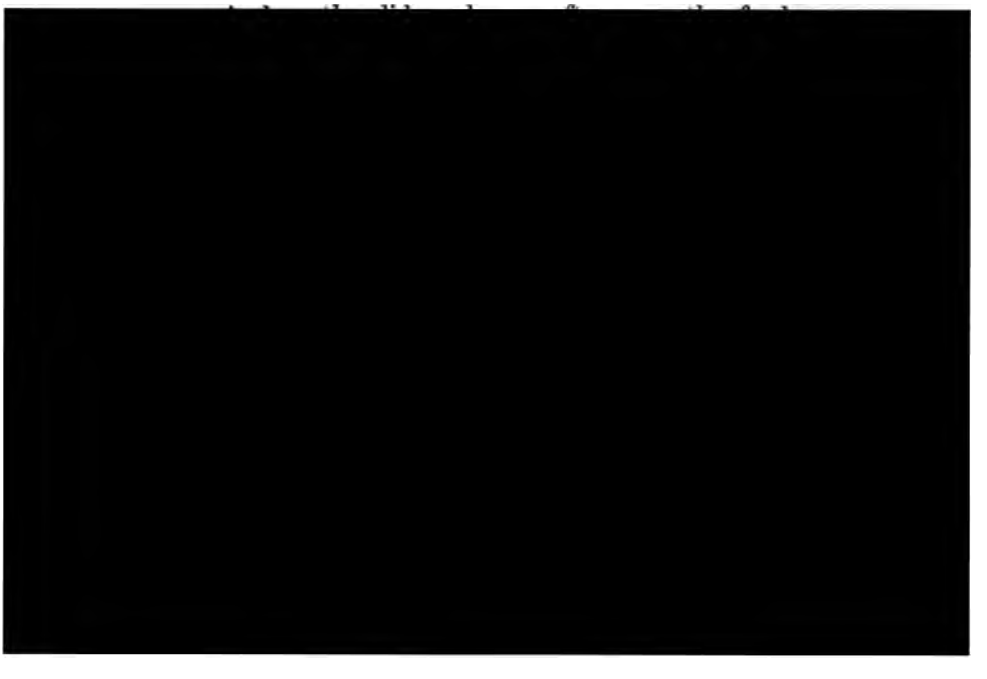
The Lamentatioun of Gathelus quhen he departit with his Tua Sonis.

Quhen Gathelus saw his sonis war gone
Out of his sycht, murnit and maid greit mone.
On to him self than prevalie said he,
" O ȝe, my sonis, sall I ȝow neuir se?
" Quhair wes my wit that leit ȝow fra me fair,
" Wittand sa weill I had na vther air;
" Fair weill," he said, " for we will neuir meit."
With that the teiris fell doun to his feit.
With siching, sobbing, and with greit hart sair,
Turnit his bak, ȝeid hame, and said na mair.
No moir of this; as now I will lat be,
And speik of thame wes passit to the se.
The wynd wes fair, the wedder wes at will,
Betuix tua scheittis thai salit lown and still,
Ay be ane burd fyve dais and fyve nycht;
Quhill at the last tha haif gottin ane sicht
[Of] ane hie land far furth befoir thair ee,
[Li]ke till ane yle within the occident se;
[We]ill culd tha nocht at that [time] vnderstand
[Qu]hat at it wes, the mist or the mane land:
[Sum] said it wes the cludis of the sky,
And gart men pas on to the meris and spy.

Quhen tha saw land than war [tha] all full blyth;
The langer ay the better it did kyth.
The wynd blew fair the langar ay the moir,
Syne at the last it brocht thame till ane schoir.
Endlang ane cost tha salit by the land
Tua dayis or thrie, till at the last tha fand
Ane firth full fair that wes bayth lang and braid:
Thair tha streik saill and maid thame to the raid.
. . . ters tha schot, and send on euerie hand
[Sp]yand the cost quhair tha mycht pas to land.
[Quhill] at the last, full laich vnder ane law,
Within ane nes ane rever mouth tha saw,
Rycht deip and wyde, with schoir on euerilk hand;
[Syne] thair tha passit all saiflie to the land.

Col. 2. HOW EBER AND EMECUS ENTERIT INTO YBERNIA AND SUBDEWIT THE PEPILL THAT HE FAND THAIR BIFOIR.

The puir pepill that wer inhabitouris,
Hes left all waist thair bigging and thair bouris;
Fast to the hillis with tha folkis fled,
For strong men so soir that tyme tha dred.
This Yber send efter thame in hy
Lycht leuer men, and bad thame pas and spy,
For to considder the fassoun of the land;



He welcumit thame with wordis wyss and warme,
Bad thame nocht dreid, he suld do thame no harme.
Than furth with thame he passit into hy,
On till ane hicht the land quhair he mycht spy;
And tha till him discryuit all the land
Endlang the costis, the cragis, and the sand;
The wood, the watter, the hillis, and the hewis;
The mos, the mure, the craigis, and the clewis;
The firth, the fell, the montane, and the mayne;
The feild, the flude, the pasture, and the plane;
The hart in hillis, the foullis in the firth;
The blumand bewis abundand with sic birth.
Quhen tha considderit that land so plenteous
Of corne and cattell, and so commodeous
Of wod, watter, firth, forrest, and fell,
Chesit ane strenth quhair [tha] thocht best to duell;
Pleasand for corne of all thair lyvis,
And syne sat doun thair bayth with thair barnis and wyvis.

How Yber passit agane in Brigancia, and left his Bruther Emecus to be Governour in that new fund Yle, and off the Deith of his Father.

Quhen this wes done and all thing put to rest,
To boun him hame than Yber thocht it best;
And left his bruther Emecus in that steid,
To be thair lord the law to thame to leid.
Quhen this wes done, and all man wes content,
He tuk his leve and syne to schipburd went.
Heir will I stand ane quhile and lay ane stra,
To Gathelus agane than will I ga. Lib. 1, f. 6. Col. 1.
This Gathelus quhilk murnit da and nycht
For his sonis so far out of his sycht,
And quhair tha war that tyme he culd nocht tell,
Levand or deid, in hevin or ȝit in hell,

Slane on the land, or drownit in the fame,
Full soir he dred that tha sould neuir cum hame.
For siching sad all solace he forsuik,
Weipand for wo the lang nycht all he wuk;
With murning maid so mynglit wes his mude,
That meit nor drink, nor sleip did him na gude.
With deidlie face discolorat of hew,
Like till ane schadow of his schap he schew:
With visage pale and lippis haw as leid,
His cristell eyne wes suckin in his heid;
His buirlie bodie, that wes bayth strang and stuir,
Wes pynit than rycht peteouslie and puir:
Thocht he wes stout sum tyme to stryk and stand,
Now is he wallowit and waik as ony wand.
The perelus poysoun, mortiferus melancolie,
That horribill edder with vipros invie,
That restles revar but reuth or ȝit remeid,
That dullie dragone that dois men to deid,
With forcieful furious infirmitie
In that distres hes done him for to de.
No moir of this: heir will I hald me still,
And onto Eber turne agane I will,
Quhilk wes the sone of Gathelus the gude,
With all his men that tyme vpoun the flude.
Tha salit fast that tyme befoir the wynd

[redacted]

Thai tuke blythnes the langar ay the moir,
Quhill thai forȝet all travell maid befoir.
Quhen Yber hard that his father wes deid,
Wailland in wa he wallowit as ane weid,
With trigland teiris kindlit fut and hand,
Suapit in swoun and mycht na langar stand.
With that his men that stude him neirhand by,
Tha huit him vp and had him hame in hy;
On to his place with force tha him led,
Tuke of his claythis, syne did him in his bed;
Doand ther cuir till him with all thair mycht,
Bot still he lay, spak nocht ane word that nycht.
Syne on the morne, sone be day beg[an], Col. 2.
To his bed syde come mony gudlie m[an]
Till confort him with wordis warm . . .
Quhill at the last tha maid him for to . . .
And causit him to slaik of all his sor[rowe].
Brycht wes the sone, and weill fair wes the [morrowe];
The daplit sky wes lyke the cristell clei[r],
The birdis sang that hevinlie wes till hei[r].

As Yber wes crownit on the Marbell Stone efter the Deid of his Father Gathelus.

Furth in the streit with hym syne ar tha go[ne],
And set him doun vpone the marbell stone,
Arrayit him in rob royall of reid,
Subbit him dig with diademe on heid,
And gaif him syne ane sceptour in his hand,
To be thair lord and leidar of that land.
And sua it wes, the suith gif I sall sa,
He wes thair lord and duke rycht mony da;
And maid his folk alway for to leif fre,
With law and laud keipand ay libertie.
In stait royall heir I leif him thus,
And turne agane to tell of Emecus,
And talk of him I will ane litill quhile,
Remanand wes than in the new fund yle.

EMECUS GYDIT THAT YLE ALL HIS TYME, AND CALLIT IT YBERNIA EFTER THE NAME OF HIS BRUTHER YBER, QUHILK CALLIT IS YRLAND.

He gydit weill that land ane rycht lang space,
In pece and rest with mony poleist pl[ese];
And all the folk that duelt into that [land],
Reddy tha wer all tyme at his com[mand],
And leill to him the dais of thair [lyfe];
Weill wes he louit bayth with man and [wyfe].
Efter his bruther as my author dois [sa],
Callit that land be name Yberni[a],
For loue of him wes of sic nobill fame;
Quhilk Yrland now it callit is to na[me].
Lang efter syne that Emecus wes de[id]
Amang thame self thair raiss greit [feid];
The perverst pepill that duelt first in that [land]
Agane the Scottis rebellit in ane band,
Chesand ane chiftane borne of ther awin blude,
Quhair the Scottis and thair lawis ganestude.
The Scottis als vpoun the tother side,
Chesit ane chiftane for to be thair gyde.
In batell ost tha met efter but baid,
On euerie syde greit slauchter that tha [maid].
The Scottis seand that tha culd nocht preva[il],
Bot da be da feblar and lyke to faill,

[redacted]

[Of] thair desyir rycht blyth and glaid wes he,
[An]d sone he set ane armye to the se;
Syne send with thame, for to defend their rycht,
His thre sonis quhilk war bayth wyss and wycht;
Ybert the tane, and Tholome the vther,
Emeneus that wes the ȝoungest bruther.
Than furth tha fuir with mony courtas knycht,
And tuke na sugeorne outher da or nycht,
Ay saland furth ouir salt se and ouir sand,
Quhill tha wer brocht sone into Yber land.
Fra tyme tha come the Scottis wan the feild,
The tother part wer baneist all and keild.
Into that land tha wald nocht lat thame dwell,
Quhat word of thame efter I can nocht tell.
Quhen thir brethir had discroyit all the land,
The wod, the watter, the se, and als the sand;
The fische in flude, the hartis on the hicht;
The foule in firth, quhair falcone mycht haif flycht,
The growand treis, with mony gudlie grane;
The lustie aik, with mony plesand plane;
Than tua of thame that tyme hes tane on hand
For to byde still, and duell into that land.
. . . . . Tholone and Ybertus his bruther,
[Th]a baid still and syne send hame the vther;
[Keip]and gude reule and gart all thing ga rycht,
[With bl]is and blythnes mony da and nycht.

How that the Successioun of thir Tua Brether efterwart straiff for the Superioritie.

[In p]ece and rest that land wes mony da,
[Lang] efterwart as I sall to ȝow sa;
. . . . y and efter that tha war deid,
[Bet]uix thair barnis rais greit stryfe and feid,
Quhilk of thame tua suld senȝeour be and syer,
Contendand ilk day bayth with blude and fyre.
In[to] that tyme thair duelt amang thame than
[Ane] hecht Thanas, that wes ane nobill man,

[Of] werk rycht wyiss, and als of consall gude;
[By] apperance rycht weill he vnderstude
[That] that discord wald bring that land to nocht;
[And] he for concord mony wayes hes wrocht.
[Th]e langar ay that he laborit thairin
Col. 2. He fand thair wit the langar ay in cheyne;
And quhen he saw that na better mycht be,
Befoir thame all than rycht plane said he:
" My friendis deir, na ma ȝe wnderstand
" The greit discord that now is in this land,
" With the presumptioun of the pairteis bayth,
" Quhilk is apperance of rycht mekle skayth;
" For sic diuisioun may nocht lest rycht lang,
" But weir and wrak and mekle opin wrang.
" Sen our God hes sic grace to ws schawin,
" Makand ws fre to lief within our awin,
" But outwart weir of ony erthlie wicht,
" Quhairfoir in fayth I hald it greit vnricht
" Amang ourself thus dalie till discord.
" Bot weill I wat, had we ane king or lord,
" He wald nocht suffer sic thing amang ws be,
" Than mycht we leif in greit tranquillitie.
" Quhen ony land is in the self deuidit,
" On verra force it man be rycht euill gydit;
" With stouth and reif and mekle wrang abusioun,

" My counsall is thairfoir to cheis ane king,
" And mak ws all vnder ane heid to ring."
Quhen this was said, than all the pepill by,
Rycht clamorous kest vp ane suddand cry,
And thankit him with wordis rycht benyng,
That he for thame devysit had ane kyng;
And bad him cheis quhome that he thocht maist meit,
And thai sould stand ilkone at his decreit.
Than this Thanas, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Thame to perswade on this way he began.
" Lordis," he said, "ȝe ma rycht weill considder
" Tua equale pairtis that hes bene lang togidder,
" And nane of thame hes had authoritie,
" Bot euerilk ane within him self ay frie,
" Neuir ane of thame will consent na accord
" To mak the tother his king ouir ȝit his lord;
" And thocht sua be, ȝe may knaw and ȝe will,
" Sone efterwart aperance of greit ill;
" Malice, discord, pryde and comparesone,
" Haitrent, invie, pomp and presumptione,
" Quhilk wilbe caus of mekill bost and schoir,
" And mak it war nor euir it wes befoir.
" All for the best sic thing to ȝow I sa,
" To cheis ane vther nor ony of thir tua.
" I knaw ane man of greit honour and fame,
" Quhilk Symon Brak is callit to his name.
" The kingis sone als [of Spanȝe is he], Lib. 1, f. 4. Col. 1.
" Of blude royall is his [genelogie],
" And of oure kin ane nobill man . . . [1]
" All my counsall with hartlie my[nd and will]
" To cheis him king, quhat sa ȝe all [thair till]?"
The counsall all thocht weill that that w[es best].
Without delay, respett, or [any] rest,
Than haif thai chosin ane messinger to ga
In Spanȝe land intill Brigantia.

[1] Here a line seems wanting.

How the Men of Ybernia send to Spanze for Symon Brak to be thair King.

To schipburd syne than ar tha went but tary,
And throw the se thai set thair cours to cary.
The wynd was fair and thai salit rycht fast,
To Brigant toun quhill thai come at the last;
To Symon Brak thair credens syne tha schew.
He wes content the cace quhen that he knew
Of thair desyir, that was so honorabill
To him and his, and also proffittabill.
With thame to pas he wes rycht glaid and blyth,
And to the se he bownit him rycht swyth,
With men and meit, and artalȝe for weir,
With hors and harnes, and all vther geir.

How Symon Brak come in that Land, and brocht with [him] the Chair of Marbell.

His leue he tuke, syne furth with thame is gone,
And brocht with him the chair of marbell stone.
Tha drew ankeris, and salis doun leit fall,
Syne salit furth but other wind or wall.
That tyme Neptunus wes rycht amiabill,
And Eolus rycht dulce and delectabill.
Rycht plesandlie tha salit nycht and da,
Quhill that thai come intill Ybernia.

Sex hundreth ȝeir nyntie and sevin beforne,
Or Jesu Christ wes of the Virgin borne,
Symon Brak that tyme wes crownit king
Into Yrland, and first gydit that ring.
Ane better king wes nocht into his dais,
Or ȝit sensyne, as that my author sais;
And fourtie ȝeir in stait royall he rang,
. . . . . Col. 2.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . wa . . .
. . . . . he tuke purpois . .
Thair he duelt rycht lang . . . . . .
Syne callit it to name B . . .
The Yle of Bute, as my author [say],
Efter his name gart call it Ro[thissay].
In this same tyme thair com fra Yberla[nd],
Ane messinger quhilk gart thame vnderstand,
That his father Metaselus wes deid.
But ony rest than has he tane to reid,
To Yberland in all the haist he ma;
He tuke his leif and syne went on his wa.
Efter his fader crownit syne wes king,
In pece and rest syne all his tyme did ring.
Still efter that, rycht lang and mony da,
The Scottis all duelt in Brigantia;
Ay quhill thai grew into sic multitude
Of corne and cattell, and of all vther gude,
That force it wes to thame to skaill and [thyn]
And vther land to labour and till wyn.
And so tha did, seikand be the se syde,
Towart the north quhill tha thocht tyme to byde,
In Carrik, Kyle, and als in Cuninghame,
Quhilk efterwart syne had ane vther name.
The Lennox, Lorne, Lochquhaber, and Ergyle,
Endlang ye cost beȝond that mony [myle].

That tyme the south pairt of this yle [Albione],
Callit Britaine rycht lang befoir ago[ne],
Thair duelt the Britis, as my author [sais],
Now Ingland it callit is in thir dais.
Tha held the north part, ay endlang the se,
Into the plane vnder the hillis hie.

How that the Clanis begouth first in Scotland efter the away passing of Rothissay.

Lord no king was nane amang [thame than],
Quhairfoir thai haif creat of eueri [clan]
Ane principall to gar the l . . .
That thai may leif in pece . . . .
And honour him intill all ky . . . .
With all seruice siclike as to . . . .
Lang war tha sa but ony king or . . .
In pece and rest without stryfe and . .
Lang efter syne, as my author did [tell],
Harkin and heir sic aventure [befell].

Lib. 1, f. 4 b. Col. 1. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . intill Yber . . . .

[redacted]

Saland rycht lang by Albeoun the cost,
Towart the north quhill tha war neirhand lost
On the cragis that la foirgane the land,
Quhile on the schald and quhile on the sand;
Amang the ylis for stremis and wan tyde
Tha fand na place that tyme quhair tha mycht byd.
Sua throw the se salit rycht mony da,
Quhill at the last thai come in till Orkna;
Syne in thair boittis passit to the land,
Rycht few or nane into that place tha fand.
Tha thocht that place wes ouir far fra the south;
Tha sailit syne on till ane rever mouth,
Betuix the landis for stormes to tak girth;
That se sensyne is callit Pentland Firth.
Than tha tuke hevin, and syne passit to land,
Ay seikand fordwart on the south hand,
Throw Ross and Murray fleand fra the north,
Quhill at tha come on to the watter of Forth;
Thair tha tuke purpois first for to remane,
Within schort space syne planeist all that plane,
On baith the sydis baith be north and south,
Ay quhill thai come rycht on to Tueidis mouth.
In all that tyme wes nane of thame had wyvis;
Than to considder the schortnes of thair ailyvis,
Efter thair deid that airis had thai nane
[To t]ake tha landis quhen thairselfis war gane.
[Syne to] ane counsall passit tha rycht sone,
. . . . . t quhat best wes to be done.
. . . . . syne with ane consent and will,
[Ane mes]singer the Scottis to send till,
[To schew] to thame all thair desyre and charge,
[Saya]nd with thame tha wald make mariage,
. . . to haif thair dochteris to thair wyuis,
[Leva]nd with thame for terme of all thair lyuis,
[And ta]k thair pairt aganis ony vther.
. . . . . .

Col. 2. [How the] Pechtis at [thair] cuming maid Mariage [with the] Scottis.

[Quhen thi]s desyre wes to the Scottis laid,
. . . . . leuch amang thame selfis and said,
. . . . it war dishonor and grit schame
[To gif] oure barnis in mariage to thame
[S]yne knawis nocht of thair genelogie,
Thevis, revaris, or leill men gif tha be.
Also thai said, gif thai richt vnderstude,
Tha come fra hame bot for rycht litill gude.
Than spak ane man wes wysar nor the laif,
" Ceis now," he said, " heir ȝe do bot raif.
" Sen tha for freindschip hes send to ws hidder,
" Thingis to cum now lat ws weill considder;
" Rycht weill I wait, as wyss men he[s] me tald,
" Brytis till ws ar ennimies of ald;
" Be tha and Britis baith intill ane band,
" Tha ma richt lichtlie gar ws leue this land.
" Forsaik thame nocht that hes send to ws hither,
" For weill I wait, be we and tha togidder,
" In ony tyme, other in pece or weir,
" Britis till ws ma do bot litill deir.
" Also I knaw Britis full blyth wald be,
" Of sic freindschip and thair affinitie;
" Siclyke wald gif thame of ther guidis rycht

Hame at he ȝeid with his deliuerance,
And schew the suith with all the circumstance.
Tha war rycht blyth fra tyme that tha hard tell
Thay suld get wyuis dalie with thame to duell;
Syne buskit thame rycht sone on the best wyss,
Makand thame garmentis of ane gudlie gyss;
Sone efter that within ane litill quhile
Come to the Scottis, for tha war in Argyle.
Quha had been thair that da for till haif sene
Sic freindfull meitting as wes thame betuene;
The ȝoung virgeins with blenkis amorus,
To luke on thame was so delicious;
The Pechtis als vpone the tother part,
Jocund tha war than with ane joyfull hart;
Thair plesand prent, and eik thair tender age,
Kendlit in thame the lufe of hete rage.
Than euerie man hes chosin him ane maik,
Wes none of thame that tyme for till forsaik;
With braid seillis than haif tha maid the bandis,
Confermand thame with halding vp of handis,
Ilkane till other to be leill and trew, Lib. 1, f. 5. Col. 1.
And neuir to faill for ald feid or for new.
Syne sikkerlie wes sworne on euerilk syde,
In pece and weir all in ane will to byde.
Quhen this wes done, syne on the auchtane da,
Tha and thair wyvis tuke leue to pas thair wa,
And efter that thai leuit in greit confort
In hunting, halking, and in pla and sport;
At meit and drink, in sporting and greit pla,
In pece and rest, quhill efter on ane da,

How that the Britis put Discord betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis with ane subtill Wyle.

The belleall Britis full of melancolie,
With viperos vennum and odious invie,
With greit dissait assalit hes ane cast
To brek that band the quhilk wes bund so fast.

Ane king thai had wes callit Coilus,
Doggit and dour, mad and malicious,
Quhilk with the Pechtis maid ane quiet tryst
To brek that band with tressone did thame tyst;
And so thai did, as ȝe sall efter heir
Of thair counsall at lenth the haill maneir.

AS THE KING OF BRITIS CALLIT COILUS CAUSIT THE PECHTIS BE ANE SUBTILL TRANE TO BREK THE BAND THAT THA HAD MAID WITH THE SCOTTIS.

This Coilus, that wes full of dissait,
With goldin toung and lippis laureat,
In presens thair of mony nobill man
His oresoun on this wayis he began.
" O ȝe Pechtis, of blude imperiall,
" Clene but corruptioun, and so honest with all;
" We mervell mekill how ȝe wnderstude,
" Quhen that ȝe mixit with sa vyle ane blude,
" As with ȝond Scottis sa full of vilitie,
" But faith or fame, honour or honestie;
" The laikast leid in all the warld I ken,
" Withoutin faith to Godis or to men;
" Plesure, or plentie, or welfair, haif tha nane,
" Bot hunger and cald, with mony waistid wane.

" For to decerne betuix the g[ude and ill], Col. 2.
" Weilfair and welth we haif all tyme at will;
" And, plesit ȝow with ws to maik ane band,
" All that we haif salbe at ȝour command.
" Cheis ȝow," he said, "for I can say no mair,
" With ws or thame quhilk at ȝe will repair."
Quhen that the Pechtis hard thame speik so kynd,
The perelus poysoun enterit in thair mynd
Of the ambitioun and of the warldlie gloir,
Reddie to brek the band tha maid befoir:
Quhilk wer betrasit with ane subtill trane;
Oftymes fair hechtis makis fuillis fane.
Ardent desyre of gold, riches and land,
Hes gart thame mak with the Britis ane band,
And fyle thair fayth, and for to be mensworne,
And brek the band the quhilk tha maid beforne.
Rycht mony wyle syne seikand in thair heid,
With Scottis men how tha sall fall at feid,
That thai mycht caus that band for to be brokin,
And sindrie syis amang thame this wes spokin;
Syne to thair purpois that they mycht applie,
Tha gart proclame and mak ane oppin crie,
That na Scottis sal cum as tha wer [wont],
Within thair boundis for to halk and hunt.
Thairof the Scottis greit ferlie tha th[ocht];
For all thair bost ȝit tha forbuir it nocht
To hunt and halk siclyk as of befoir.
The Pechtis than, with mekill bost and schoir,
Hes thame offendit baith in word and deid,
Quhill at the last evin to the werst it ȝeid;
Greit slauchter oftymes wes maid yair,
With thift and reif, and mekill oppin weir.
Fra fyre, and blude, and spulȝe spair[it nocht],
Quhill the bordour wer till confusioun brocht.
This beand done, into that samin quhile
The Scottis all convenit in Argyle;
At thar meitting wes mony nobill man,
And speciallie the heid of eueirilk clan,

To find ane way of Pechtis to be wrok
Of thair injure and band that tha had [brok].
Sum bad dissimull quhill tha saw thair [tyme],
And sum agane without ressone or [ryme],
Tha war so bald tha mycht nocht byde the [bost],
Bot gaif counsall to gather ane greit ost,
And thame persew bayth with fyre and [blude];
The laif thocht all that that counsall w[es gude].
Than spak ane man of greit authoritie,
The wysest man him semit weill to be,
" Oftymes," he said, "it preues weill to [reid],
" That ouir greit haist cumis hulie [speid].
" Be weill aduisit quhat ȝe tak [in hand],
" Will ȝe considder and ȝe ma vnderstand
" We ar ouir . . . . . agane
" Be . . . . . I ken
Lib. 1, f. 5 b. Col. 1. " . . . . vaid ather in word or deid,
" With oure power we will cum hulie speid.
" My counsall is, in all the haist we mai
" Send for supple sum till Ybernia.
" Sen we and thai ar cum [all] of ane blude,
" I traist thai wilbe weill content to dude.
" Writ to that king; beseik him, gif he can
" In ony part prouide ws to ane man
" Of blude royall, gude fame and honour,
" To be oure king, oure lorde and governour.

[redacted]

How the Scottis send in Yreland for Supple agane the Pechtis and Britis.

Into that land that tyme ther rang ane king,
Quhilk Farchart hecht, rycht nobill and conding,
Full of fredome and als of nobill fame;
In all land wes notifeit his name.
The message come befoir the kingis grace
With his credens, and schew him all the cace;
This nobill king fra that he vnderstude
All his desyre sa honorabill and gude,
He wes content, sayand it wes grit rycht
In thair mister to help thame and he mycht.
Ane sone he had, callit Fergus to name,
Worthie and wyss, of greit honour and fame,
Honest and heynd, gentill, courtas and frie,
Laulie and large, full of humanitie.
Strong in ane stour quhen tyme wes till stand;
Bald as ane bair, and big to weild ane brand;
Manlie and wyss, and rycht war into weir;
And of his fais tak wald lytill feir.
Farquhart his father him furneist to the se,
With men and meit ane rycht greit companie.
The marbell stone he send with him alsua,
At Symon Brak brocht fra Brigantia.
This fatall stone, sic fortone hes ane werd,
Quhair it wes brocht in ony land or erd,
Into that land Scot ay suld be king;
Of verrie det the Scottis thair suld ring.

As Fergus the Sone of Ferquhart come into Scotland and brocht the Marbell Stone.

Then leue tha tuke a . . . . . .
With wyfe and bar[ne] . . . . . .
. . . that . . . . . .
. . . . tha 1200

Col. 2. Quhilk tuke the name, the storie tellis thus,
Efter ane man callit Argathelus.
Tha set to schoir, and syne passit till land;
Mony fair man befoir [thame] thair tha fand,
Ressaueand him with trew hart tenderlie,
And he agane thankit thame courtaslie.
Blyth wes the Scottis Fergus quhen tha saw;
In him tha thocht apperit lufe and aw.
Blyth and benyng, and manlie als thairwith,
Lustie he wes, and large of lym and lith.
His forme, his figure, and his countenance,
Tha thocht that tyme rycht gudlie till avance.
To his palice tha did him than convoy,
With laud, honour, reuerence and joy;
To make him blyth than haif tha done the best,
Tua dayes or thre quhil he had gottin rest.
Be he had tane sic recreatione,
The Scottis all war cuming to the toun,
Witht capitanis of [all and] sindrie clan;
Thair mycht be sene rycht mony lustie man.
Quhen tha war sett all with sic circumstance,
Amang thame all in oppin audiance,
This ȝoung Fergus, that wes ane nobill man,
His oresoun on this wayis he began:
" My freindis deir, to ȝow I mak it knawin,
" How ȝour desyre to my father is schawin;

" Sen of our blude fra ws ȝe ar discendit,
" Ressone it war by ws ȝe war defendit,
" Efter our mycht na skayth to lat ȝow tak;
" Quha lichleis ȝow, we think tha do ws lak.
" We sall mak threip ȝit or we [ar] ouirthrawin,
" All ȝour injure we repute as our awin.
" Tha hurt the tre that wald offend the fruit;
" ȝe ar the branchis and we stok and rutt.
" And for this caus ȝe ma rycht weill considder
" In ȝour supple we ar cumit to ȝow hidder,
" To tak ȝour part quhat euir ȝe pretend,
" Gude or ill, and byde the latter end.
" And als I ferlie greitlie of ane thing,
" In pace and rest how ȝe may rax or ring,
" Without ane heid, ordour or vnitie,
" So lang to leif in ane communitie,
" And euerie clan obey onto his lord,
" [Quhil]k may be caus of greit strife and discord.
" Quhairfoir [I] traist for terme of all oure lyuis, Lib. 1, f. 8. Col. 1.
" To leue in peace for thame bayth men and wyuis.
" And als I traist all outwart weir is gane,
" And ennimeis within ws haif we nane,
" Quhairfoir as now I ask at ȝow this thing,
" Prouide in tyme for ane to be ȝour king,
" Quhilk is ane man of greit authoritie,
" Efter my deid quhen it hapnis to be."
Than lord and lord, and bald barroun and knycht,
And all the laif with ane loud voce on hicht,
" Fergus," tha said, " and his successioun,
" In heretage sall euer bruke this croun."
Syne war all suorne to keip that leill and trew;
For moir effect, in greit lettres of grew,
Grauit this thing intill ane mekill stane,
Weill gilt with gold as it suld neuir be gane.
Quhen this wes done, than gude Fergus our king,
Thocht planelie than, proponit hes this thing;
" My counsall is," he said, "[ws] till prouide
" In equall pairtis this kinrik to diuide;

" Syne euerilk man efter his degrie,
" His stait, conditioun, and his facultie,
" His maner, honour, and his nobill birth;
" Gif him thairefter as ȝe think him wirth."
Of that desyre content was euerie wicht,
Tha thocht it wes rationabill and richt.
Than haif tha chosin, and send on euerie hand,
Wyiss men to spy and considder the land;
Quhilk veseit hes the hie land and the vaill,
The mont, the mure, the dounis, and the daill,
And equalie proportionat the plane;
Till Argatelium syne come hame agane,
Syne cavillis kaist for till devyde the land.
Than euerilk man with cavill reddie in hand,
Bydand his chance into dame Fortonis will,
As plesit hir that tyme to gif him till.
Of Scoteis blude ane worthie nobill man,
Cornath to name the quhilk wes callit than,
All fra ane nes lyis far within the se,
Quhilk at this tyme is callit Dummisbe,
On till ane flude that callit than wes Tayne,
Quhair Orknay ylis lyis evin foirgane,
Fell till his pairt that tyme, as I hard sa,
And efter him we callit it Cornana;
That wes the name ane lang tyme as I ges,
And now to name it callit is Catnes.

[redacted]

Quhilk efter him hecht Wares I hard sa,
And now to name it callit is Murra.
Syne Thaalus, quhilk wes ane man of gude,
Fell all the land lyand by Speyis flude,
And he to name callit it than Tharla,
Efter him self, so did my author sa;
Contenand now Strabogy land all throuch
Abune Bochtquhane and Garioch.
Martach ane other, than till his pairt fell he
Fra Thoala all till the Irland se,
In heretage ay till bruke but clame,
And he thame callit Merthia to name,
Quhilk now contenis mony sindrie land
Mar, Badzenoch, Lochquhaber be the sand.
Ane nobill man, callit Nouantius,
Gat till his part, my storie tellis thus,
Fra Ma[r]thia, ay endlang the se syde
Till Yrland cost, tha landis braid and wyde,
And efter him callit Nouantia;
Kyntyre and Lorne now callit is this da.
Syne Atholus, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Borne into Spane and of the Scottis clan,
Into Yrland he come quhen he was zoung,
In Scotland with gude Fergus our king,
Gat all thir landis within thir landis la,
Syne efter him callit Etholia;
And euer sensyne zit than hes the name,
For saik of him wes of sa nobill fame.
Lelgothe also, quhilk wes ane man of pryde,
Fra Argatelium to the watter of Clyde,
Gat all tha landis frelie to dispone,
Syne efter him wer callit Lelgone;
That now the Lennox, efter Levin that flude,
Callit to name quha that rycht vnderstude.
Salurth, ane man of greit authoritie,
Be cut and cavill than till his part fell he
Fra Clyde alhaill on to Brigantia,
Wes efter him callit Saluria;

Quhilk is diuidit in thir landis now,
In Carrik, Kyle, Cunynghame and Renfrow.
Quhen this wes done and all man wes content,
This King Fergus, with all thair haill consent,
Hes maid the law to gar men leve in peace,
To stanche thift and reif, and wrang gar ceis,
Remaid for murthure and all sic mischeif,
For slauchter heid, and for [to] hang ane theif;
For ilk treaspas diuisit wes ane pane,
So that no falt vnpuneist suld remane.
Syne biggit hes ane citie of greit fame,
Quhilk Berigone than callit wes to name,
In to Lochquhaber law doun by the se,
With worthie wallis and mony touris he.
It stude rycht stark quhair it had strenth aneuche
Betuix ane watter and ane hingand heuche;
In middis of Scotland for the tyme did stand,
Lib. 1, f. 8 b. Col. 1. Quhilk wes most ewast bayth for Ylis and land.
And thair wes ordand for to execute
Iustice and law, and pleyis for to mute.
Quhair euerilk man suld with solace compeir.
And sua thai [did] rycht lang and mony zeir,
Quhill that he maid all weir and wrang to ceis;
Syne all his dais leuit into peace.

Beseikand him rycht humlie and benyng,
As that [he] wes of blude royall ane king,
In sic mister to cum and mak remeid,
Amang his friendis for till stanche sic feid;
In thair credens also tha schew him till
How baith the pairteis referrit thame to his will;
And baith wer sworne at his decreit to byde.
This king Fergus gart haistelie prouide
Rycht mony galay, and put thame to the se,
Wyth men and meit prouidit at plentie;
Syne tuke his leve at bald barroun and knycht,
To schipburd went with mony worthy wycht;
Fra Argatelium thair passage that tha maid,
Till Yrland syne bownit hes but baid.
Wo wes the pepill with him for to depart,
With lamentatioun soband fra thair hart;
With murning mude changit wes thair cheir,
And how it hapnit efter ȝe sall heir.
To schip tha went, and syne set to the schoir,
The wynd blew up the langar ay the moir;
Bayth tow and takill festnit wer all fast,
Within schort quhile ȝit war tha all agast.
Fra Eolus so loud he blew his horne
On thame all nycht lang or the tother morne,
In Yrland cost rycht darflie did thame dryve;
In at ane craig he made thame till arryve.
In all that schip chapit nather ald nor ȝing,
Bot perreist all with gude Fergus thair king;
Efter his name, my storie tellis thus,
That place sensyne is called Craigfergus.
The tuentie ȝeir and fyve als of his ring,
This gude Fergus, of Scotland the first king,
Hes tane his leif out this lyfe and gone,
Of everie man with grit murning and mone.
Worthie he wes quha list of him till reid, Col. 2.
And in his tyme did many nobill deid.
Peace and policie, riches and renoun,
Welth and weilfair in castell, tour and toun,

Plesure and plentie ar war in his dais,
With law and lawtie, so my author sais.
Ouir all Europe his fame did spreid and spring,
In Albione for the most famos king.
The king of Pechtis, callit wes Camelon,
Foundit ane citie wes callit Camelidon,
At Carroun mouth, vpone the water of Forth,
Wallit about be south and als be north;
Quhilk efter wes ane citie of honour,
Of wisdome, strenth, of riches and valour,
As[1] ȝe sall heir quha lykis efter luke;
Loving to God, heir endis the first buke.

HEIR ENDIS THE FIRST BUKE; AND BEGYNNIS THE SECUND, MAKAND MENTIOUN OF KING FERGUS SUCCESSIOUN, AND OF MONY SINDRIE STOREIS CONTENIT THAIR INTILL, AS ȝE SALL SE AT MOIR LENTHE.

Efter the tyme of king Fergus wes deid,
Tua ȝoung childer he left into his steid;
Fergus quhilk wes the eldest bruther,
And Maynus to name als hecht the tother;
Thocht tha war ȝoung, ȝit tha wer farlie fair,
His naturall sonis and als his lauchfull air.
The lordis all that tyme witht ane consent

" That he and his suld alwayes bruk this croun,
" Ay lineallie discending fra him doun;
" Now is he deid, as ȝe weill considder,
" And for that caus we ar all cuming hidder
" To croun his sone, quhilk wes of sic honour,
" Till be our king, our prince and governour,
" That we may leif into gude pece and rest;
" Saif better counsall, for me I hald that best."
Quhen he had said, vpstude ane vther man,
Among thame all the wysast he wes than.
Callit he wes Frathaus I-hard sa,
And lord that tyme [wes] of Brigantia.
" Lordis," he said, " I traist ȝe haif ane feill,
" He suld be wyss suld gyde the commoun weill.
" It feiris nocht for barne, nor ȝit for page;
" Ane king sould be of grit wisdome and age,
" That hes the kinrik haill into his cuir;
" And of this thing sicker I am and suir,
" Tak the ane barne this tyme to be ȝour king,
" It sall ȝow hurt efter in mony thing.
" Be weill aduisit, and traist that this is trew,
" Do nocht this da the morne that ȝe will rew:"
Quhen he had said, sat doun and held him still.
The tother ansuerit wit ane eger will:
" As ȝe haif said, I think it sould sa be
" Sa at this [tyme] and we micht all be frie
" Of oure conditioun, oblissing and aith,
" The quhilk to brek we suld be verra laith,
" That we maid first be gude Fergus our king,
" That he and his eternallie suld ring
" In heretage but contrapley or pleid.
" How haif we now so sone tane in our heid
" To fyle our faith, and for to be mensworne?
" And we do sua I hald ws all forlorne,
" Vnstedfast men without stabilitie,
" But faith or fame, traist or tranquillitie,
" Reddie to rave at ilk mannis requeist;
" Tha ar no better nor ane brutall beist.

Lib. 2, f. 1. Col. 1.

" Also for me I hald it but ane scorne
" To sueir to da the thing we brek the morne;
" And mairattour, I mervell of ane thing,
" Quhair is the kyndnes we suld haif to our king?
" Considering he wes so honorabill,
" So kynd till ws, so trew, so proffittable,
" That fra his freindis so far come ws till defend,
" Into ane cuntrie quhair he wes nocht kend,
" And pat his bodie oft syis in sic perrell,
" And speirit neuir the caus nor ȝit the querrell.
" He leit ws nocht with no leid be ouirthrawin,
" Maid ws to leve ay fre within oure awin;
" The nobill Britis quhilk wer of sic valour,
" For all thair pryde rycht law he gart thame lowr;
" Vnder his feit he gart thame lurk full law,
" In all his tyme thai stude of him sic aw.
" Als in his dayis flour wes of chevalrie,
" In Albeone the nobillest king wes he.
" For ws richt oft he stude in mony stour,
" And wan till ws greit riches and honour,
" And sparit nocht for ws his blude to bleid;
" And now we think we quit him weill his meid.
" Do we now so, that dar I vndertak,
" Will neuer man trow conditioun that ȝe mak."
Quhen this wes said, befoir thame all in plane,
The tother rais and ansuer maid agane:

" Quhat is ane barne bot like ane brutall beist,
" And reddie ay to raif at ilk requeist
" Onto quhat purpois thai will him apply?
" Quhateuer men ask ane barne can nocht deny.
" And mairattour, I wait this is no leis,
" And it war sua, that euerilk man suld preis
" To haif the king into his gouernance;
" Quhilk wald be caus sone efterwart perchance
" The commoun weill to fruster and to faill,
" And euerie man se for his awin availl.
" And he that war maist[1] inwart with the king,
" At his plesour wald gouverne euerilk thing,
" Rewardis tak, and justice dalie sell,
" This wilbe trew, traist weill ȝe heir me tell;
" And ilk seruand he hes, be the leist knaif,
" Will think him self na fallow to the laif;
" Bot roundand ay into the kingis eir,
" Makand greit menis to wyn wrangus geir,
" And caus the king to mak retrugressioun
" Of leill mennis land and riche men be remi[ssioun];
" And he that is ane traitour or ane theif,
" Ane rank revar reddie till all mischeif,
" Cumis till court and giffis thame reward,
" He wilbe set full heiche abone the laird.
" And thocht thair cum ane nobill or ane lord,
" Vntill the court his erand till record,
" Tha lat him nocht get presens of the king,
" Without sum bud till ane of thame he bring;
" And in his hand his heid that he man hald,
" And bek till him thocht he wer neuir so bald,
" And call him Schir, suppois he be ane knaif,
" And hecht him als all thing that he wald haif;
" Thus for ane loun than lichlyit is ane lord.
" It wilbe caus of malice and discord,

[1] In MS. *nocht.*

" Quhen nobill blude haldis nocht than thair rycht;
" And ilk court knaif maid fallow till ane knycht.
" Better it wer be but ane prince or king,
" Nor in ane regioun lang suffer sic thing,
" To se the pepill soir puneist wit oppressioun,
" But dome or law, parliament or sessioun,
" Throw auerice with sic horribill abusioun,
" The quhilk will bring ane kinrik to confusioun.
" Ane king suld be of honor, full of aw,
" Walkryfe and wyss, expert into the law;
" Richt full of fredome and of fortitude;
" Honorabill, equale bayth to ill and gude,
" Curtas and kynd, constant with discretioun,
" Reward gude work, and puneiss for oppressioun;
" Gratious and gude, but gredines of geir,
" Plesand in pece, and awfull into weir.
" Sic propirteis pertenis to ane king,
" Quhilk in ane barne rycht semdell ȝe se ring.
Lib. 2, f. 9 b. Col. 1. " I can nocht how that [sikkin] ane but leis
" Can be ane king outher in weir or peace.
" Ȝit sall I find ane way to pleis ws baith,
" To keip our band and do no man greit skaith,
" Kyndnes and treuth for to keip to oure king,
" And Fergus hous wnhurt in ony thing.

HOW THAT THE LAW WAS MAID IN CHESING OF

" And Fergus sonnis, quilk ar of tender age,
" Nureis thame weill, and spair nocht for no wage;
" Put thame in cuir of wyiss [and] awfull men
" Quhilk knawledge hes all cunnyng thame to ken,
" And wisdome leir, for all maner of thing,
" And speciallie perteyning to ane king;
" Sua till remane quhill passit be [the] rage
" Of rakles ȝouth, and cum till lauchtfull age.
" Efter the deith syne of this Feretar,
" Tak Ferlegus, the lauchtfull sone and air
" Of gude Fergus, and croun him to be king;
" Sua Fergus hous is hurt into nathing.
" My counsall is to institute sic law,
" For greit perrell that efter may befaw;
" Quhen euerilk king, the quhilk hes bot ane child,
" Efter his deith but age or perfite eild,
" That is unabill for till be ane king,
" Without wisdome to reull or gyde ane ring,
" Put him in cuir ay quhill he is ane page,
" Of rycht wyss men quhill that he cum till age;
" Syne of that hous to tak the most conding,
" And for his tyme croun him for to be king;
" And syne efter that governour be deid,
" The kingis sone to ring into his steid;
" Sua sall we haif one man ay to our king,
" And Fergus hous vnhurt in ony thing."
Quhen this wes said in presence of thame aw,
And euerie man assentit to that saw;
Commendand him than of his prudens,
His wit, his wisdome, and his eloquence,
His afald will, his counsall with gude ȝeill,
He schew that tyme thair for the commoun weill;
Than thai decretit all into ane will
To fortifie, and also to fulfill
That law he maid in crowning of our king,
Eternallie amang [thame] for to ring.

How that Feretaris, the Bruther of Fergus, wes crownit to ring for his tyme and efter him, because the Sonis of Fergus was nocht of lauchtfull Age.

Col. 2.

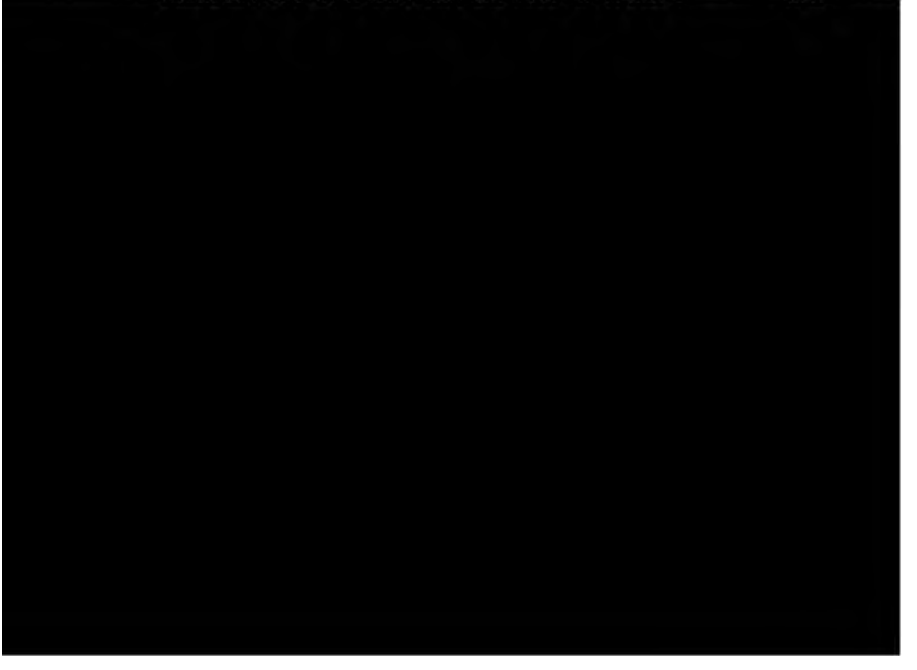
On Ferretar the counsall hes gart call,
Rycht planelie than in presence of thame all,
Beseikand him for till accept sic thing,
For all his tyme to be thair lord and king,
As he that wes als abill as ony vther,
To gyde the barnis of gude Fergus his bruther;
And tha suld bind till him all but discord,
Him till obey as to thair prince and lord,
And follow him in all kynd of thing,
Siclyke as tha did to gude Fergus thair king.
Rycht sone vprais this Feretaris than,
As he that wes ane wyss and nobill man,
Of greit honour, also of hie renoun,
Nobillest he wes in his tyme narrest the croun.
" Lordis," he said, " I thank ȝow with gude will,
" Of this houour ȝe wald prouide me till;
" And thocht ȝe knaw vnsufficient I be
" To so greit honour and to sic dignitie;
" Vnganand I am also into sic thing,
" As for till be ane governour or king;
" ȝit neuirtheless thairof I mak na pley,
" Sen that it is ane dewtie[1] till obey;
" Reddie I am at this tyme to fulfill
" Quhat euir it be ȝe pleis to put me till.
" As for myself, I think nocht to ganestand;
" Bot, or I tak sic office ȝit on hand,
" Heir I protest planelie befoir ȝow all

" Also to ȝow I mak it cleirlie kend,
" That I preis nocht in purpose to pretend
" To hurt the air in ony kynd of thing,
" As for my tyme, thocht I be chosin king."
Quhen he had his orisone said and endit,
Greitlie he wes amang thame all commendit
Of his wyiss saying and his sapience,
His wisdome, honour, and his eloquence.
With haill consent of thame wes thair ilkane,
Tha set him doun vpoun the marbell stane;
With diademe, rob royall, and with ring,
And croun of gold, thair wes he crownit king.
Quhen this wes done, and all man wes content,
With haill devyiss of all the parliament,
King Fergus sonnis tha haif gart put in cuir
Of wyiss ald men that sicker wer and suir,
Thame for till gyde and teiche in till all thing,
That neidfull war to ony prince or king,
And diuerss langage and lawis for to leir.
And so thai did richt lang and mony ȝeir;
The kingis barnis, ay quhen thai war ȝoung,
Tha taucht to speik with diuerss [kynd of] toung, Lib. 2, f. 10. Col. 1.
And kennis lair quhill thai cum till age,
And sparit nocht for ony cost or wage.
Sone efter this, as ȝe sall vnderstand,
King Feretar renewit hes the band
With the Pechtis befoir that Fergus maid.
For mair effect with seillis round and braid,
Tha oblist war for till obserue and keip
All thing wes maid with aithis sworne rycht deip.
Quhen this wes done, and all man wes content,
Tha tuke ther leif, syne ilk man hame thai went.
King Ferretar tuke na rest day nor nycht,
Quhen ocht ȝeid wrang quhill all wes put to rycht.
Curtas he wes, and tuke on him greit cuir,
Equall also baith to the riche and puir.

Greit luck and blythness in his tyme abundit,
Welth and weilfair, and greit riches redundit;
Ressoun and law, justice and equitie;
In all his tyme ane nobill prince wes he.

How Ferligus, the eldest Sone of King Fergus, be euill Counsall of thame that had him in keiping, desyrit the Croun fra his Eme, and of the wyss Ansuer agane of the King Feretar.

The eldest bruther wes callit Ferlegus,
That sone and air wes till king Fergus,
Throw ill counsall consauit in his heid
Dissaitfullie to put the king to deid.
Thocht he was ȝoung, ȝit had he greit desyre
To riches, honour, and to hie impyre,
Throw thair counsall that had him than in cuir.
Tha thocht his dait wes ouir lang to indure;
And he war deid richt weill thai knew that thing,
That Ferlegus suld efter him be king.
Amang thame than thair wes ane man of gude,
And all the tressoun quhen [he] vnderstude,
Vpoun ane tyme he passit to the king,
And secreitlie he schew him all this thing.
This nobill king, the caus quhen that he knew,
Richt secreit wes and till no man it schew:



Kinrik and croun all in his handis ȝeild,
Becaus that tyme he wes of lauchtful eild,
Sayand it wes his awin of heretage,
Giffin till him quhen he wes within aige,
Nocht as ane king, bot for till keip ane quhile.
With that the king did sobirlie than smyle; Col. 2.
With lauchand luke, and with ane lustie cheir,
He said till him, as I sall say ȝow heir:
" Dear friend," said he, "quhome I lufe with my hart,
" Traist weill also that I sall do my part
" To my bruther gude Fergus that wes king,
" Till all his hous and till his haill ofspring;
" And ay sall do quhill my tyme may induir.
" It wes for ȝow on me I tuke the cuir,
" Quhen ȝe war ȝoung to help ȝow in ȝour rycht,
" And ay sensyne I haif done that I micht
" To keip the croun wes gevin to my bruther,
" That it war nocht translatit till ane vther;
" And sen this croun in to the parliament,
" Wes gevin me with all thair haill consent,
" In parliament I man agane resing,
" At thair command that tyme that maid me king.
" Thus ordourlie bot gif sic thing be wroucht
" With haill consent, traist weill it vaillis nocht."
Quhen this wes said, this ȝoung man Ferlegus
Held him content, and syne said till him thus:
" I thank ȝow, sir, thair is no moir to sa."
Then tuke his leue, syne passit hame his wa,
He and his folk togidder all in feir;
And how it hapnit efter ȝe sall heir.

How the King at Berigone wald haif resingit the Croun to Ferligus, and how the Lordis thairof war richt displesit.

The da wes cuming the parliament sould hald
In Berigone, quhair mony berne full bald

Convenit thair befoir this crownit king,
For till devyiss for mony speciall thing.
Quhen tha wer gatherit on ane gudlie gyss,
This nobill king, that worthie wes and wyss,
Amang thame all bayth sword, sceptour and croun,
In parliament befoir thame hes laid doun.
This Ferligus als, as I vnderstand,
Besyde himself he sat on the rycht hand;
Syne gaif command to keip silence and ceis,
Till heir him sa he gart thame cry o peis.
Than euerilk man but ony noy drew neir,
And how he said, tak tent and ȝe sall heir.
" Lordis, ye knaw, into plane parliament
" This croun I gat with all ȝour haill consent,
" Befoir ȝow all that I haif heir laid doun;
" Baith sword and sceptour, regimen and croun;
" Of ȝour giftis greit goddis ȝow forȝeild.
" And now I am assaillit so with eild,
" Throw febilnes and grit infirmitie,
" Vnabill I am till sic authoritie.
" My wit growis waik, my curage dull and blunt,
" Nothing expert[1] befoir that I wes wont:
" Travell befoir quhilk did me greitlie pleis,
" Now is but sturt with pane and greit vneis.
Lib.2,f.10b. Col. 1. " The thing for me this tyme that I think best,
" In all this warld is[2] quietnes and rest.

" Liberall and leill, richt gentill and benyng,
" My counsall is now for to mak him king."
This beand said into plane parliament,
With eger will all intill ane intent,
And scharpe wordis, my storie tellis thus,
Sair blamit hes this ȝoung man Ferlegus.
Hardie he wes, thai said, till tak on hand
To lichtlie thame, or ȝit thair law ganestand,
Quhilk thai had maid into plane parliament;
Quhairfoir tha said that he sould soir repent.
No moir at him as than [thai] wald inquyre,
For weill tha wist all come of his desyre.
This Ferlegus, quhilk than excuiss had nane,
Amang thame all he wes so will of wane,
Thair talk that tyme he thocht so vndiscreit,
For verrie wo that he begouth to weip.
Ane of his men, the quhilk had all the wyte,
Quhen he saw that he had rycht greit dispyte;
Mouit with malice and melancolie,
This Ferlegus than hes he drawin by,
And bad him thair no langar till remane,
Bot in all haist to speid him hame agane,
And tak his tyme syne efter as he mycht.
The lordis than persauit hes that slicht,
And handis laid vpoun ȝoung Ferlegus,
And his counsall that bald wer and bustus,
Syne hes thame bund rycht sicker fit and hand;
No strenth thai had that tyme for to ganestand.
Ane of his men that knew the counsall all,
Befoir the king on kneis doun did fall,
And schew him all the tressone that wes wrocht,
Traistand thairwith his lyfe for till haif bocht;
And how his maister, Ferlegus the ȝing,
By tressone thocht for to haif slane the king;
And quha it wes the tressone first began,
Thair word be word he schew of euerie man.
And quhen the pepill hard him tell in plane,
How that he thocht the king for till haif slane,

Sic rancour raiss fra the rutis of thair hart,
That euerilk man decreitit for his pairt,
That Ferlegus thairfoir suld want the heid,
And all the laif hangit quhill thai war deid.
And had nocht bene for lufe of gude Fergus,
Quhilk father wes to this ilk Ferligus,
He had bene slane amang thame that same da,
For ocht the king micht other do or sa.
Throw counsall and requeist of the king,
The lordis all consentit to that thing,
Col. 2. That Ferlegus that tyme sould be maid fre
Of all that cryme and als forgiffin be,
And put in keiping of discretar men,
Quhilk knawledge had him [for] to teche and ken.
The tratouris all syne that the tressoun wrocht,
Without dome in all the haist tha mocht,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to die;
Sua endit thair all thair greit tratorie.
This beand done, the parliament tuke end,
And euerie man is till his hame wend.
King Feretar, as he wes wont befoir,
Greit cuir he tuke the langar ay the moir,
Keipand alway his kinrik in gude rest,
With lufe and lautie quhill his tyme mycht lest.
Riches and rest in all his dayis rang;
[redacted]

For all the pepill planelie with dispyte
On Ferlegus thairof laid all the wyte;
Makand greit duill for the deid of thair king,
For in his lyfe tha luifit him attour all thing;
So wes he louit for liberalitie,
His manheid, meiknes and humanitie.
Ane saxtene ȝeir amang thame he did ring,
Efter the day that he wes crownit king.
Quhen Ferlegus knew thai held him suspect,
To saue his lyfe he fled in greit effect
Amang the Britis, quhair he baid all his dayis
Rycht wrachitlie, as that my author sayis.
His wratchit lyfe syne maid ane wratchit end,
For sua wald God, as all the warld kend.

MAYNUS THE SONE OF FERGUS, EFTER THE DEITH OF HIS EME FERETHARUS AND THE FLEING OF HIS BRUTHER FERLEGUS, WES CROWNIT IN BERIGONE.

The pepill all that tyme with ane assent,
At Berigone into plane parliament,
The ȝoungest sone of Fergus to be king
Crownit thai haif thair Maynus the ȝing.
Thocht he wes ȝoung that tyme, he wes no page,
For twentie ȝeir and foure he wes of age;
Waldin and wicht, and wyss aneuch thairwith,
Liberall and large, lustie of lim and lyth.
Richt just he wes and full of gentres,
Amiabill, awfoll, worthie, wicht and wyss.
The king of Pechtis, that callit wes Strynus,
Hes till him send, the storie tellis thus,
For till renew the band wes maid befoir;
And sua thai did with greit louying and gloir.
The ambaxat, quhilk wes of nobill fame,
With greit reward tuke leve and passit hame.

Lib. 2, f. 11. Col. 1.

How that Mammitrie wes first institute in Scotland, and prophane Places ordanit thairfoir.

The king considderand that all thing was wrocht,
Be goddis help war till perfectioun brocht,
And in this warld thair wes nothing availl,
Without thair help bot it behuuit faill.
Quhairfoir he has gart suddanelie devyiss
Prophane places for till mak sacrifice,
Vpoun the feild rycht far fra any toune,
Efter the law of Egipt that regioun.
Greit eragis of quhin thai tuke, as I considder,
Syne in ane cirkill set thame all togidder,
And in the south the grittest stone thai set,
Thairon to do thair sacrifice and dett
On to thair goddis with greit reuerence;
Sic was the vse than of thair observance.
In sindrie pairtis thir places dois remane;
Quha likis ȝit to luke I bid [thame] lane.
Of Diana, ane ymage fair and bricht,
[He] hes gart mak, syne set it vpoun hicht,
To honour hir for thair goddis and quene
Of woddis wyld and hunting als betuene.
Of sone and mone tua ymages als hes maid,

[redacted]

Quhat suld I moir remane heir in this thing?
In Albeoun wes nocht ane better king,
In all his dayis quhill that tha mycht lest;
For all his tyme he had baith pece and rest.
And ȝeiris nyne aboue tuentie he rang,
Syne tuke his leif quhen he had rung so lang.

DORNADILLA THE SONE OF MAYNUS, EFTER THE DECEIS OF HIS FATHER WES CROWNIT TO BE KING.

Efter the tyme that Maynus wes deid,
Than Dornadill succeidit in his steid;
His eldest sone, and als of lauchfull age,
Baith wyss and war, and constant with curage.
Quhilk with the Pechtis also maid gude pece, Col. 2.
And with the Britis also, or he wald ceis.
Amang the Britis Elgone that tyme did ring,
And Thaales also of Pechtis wes king.
This Dornadill hes maid all weir to ceis,
For in his tyme he louit nocht bot pece.
Peace and pastance, plentie and all plesour,
In all his tyme he had with greit honour.
The maist pairt than of his plesour it stude
In till hunting, he thocht the game sua gude;
He ordand als that euerie man of micht
Tua houndis haue, and rache that culd rin rycht,
To the greit game quhen he thocht tyme till go,
For his plesour and thair proffeit also.
Als gaue command with ane generall indyte,
As my authour dois now cleirlie write,
Quhen ane jolie persauit wes ane beist,
Greit or small, or all way at the leist,
Scho suld be keipit closlie vnder cuir
Baith fra hir sone and hir progenitour;
And scho war lynit with ony of that birth,
Sic hundis thai said for hunting ar na worth,

For sic sibnes and also sic incest
For till abhor, him thocht that that wes best.
And gif ane man that rynis in the faid
War lamit, hurt, or ȝit mankit be maid,
Quhairthrow he war vnabill for till hunt,
To ryn or gang befoir as he war wont,
Or fra all laubour gif that he war lost,
To be sustenit of the commoun cost,
And haif his neidis, in all thing moir and les,
In sufficience withoutin distres.
Quhat euer he war that put ane wolf to deid,
That he sould haif, but ony pley or pleid,
For his reward that tyme to haif ane kow,
Quhair he thocht best out of the kingis bow.
And als thairwith he maid the hunting law
To this effect, as I sall to ȝow schaw,
That nothing sould but law be at the leist;
Quhat hound he wes that ledrit first ane beist,
Sua to the deid that he did with him byde,
For his rewarde that he sould haif his hyde.
He that bait neist and baid quhill he wes slane,
Bayth heid and hornis to his part suld remane.
And gif it hapnis sic thing to be in dout,
To cheis ane syis than of the best about;
Be Diana thair goddis gar thame sweir,
To keip the law and leill witnes to beir.

Confirmand wes to the law maid beforne
By king Fergus richt lang or he wes borne.
For ilk transgressioun ordand hes remeid,
For thift and reif, and for oppressioun deid;
For sic transgres he thocht na les mycht gane,
For les trespas he ordaned hes les pane.
And thame to keip deliuerit hes he than,
To ane discreit and circumspect trew man,
Quhilk callit wes interpretour of law,
In jugement ay for to reid and schaw,
Quhen ony wes condampnit for his deid,
In jugement that he sould planelie reid,
And opinlie befoir thame all to schaw
For his recet quhat wes the pane of law.
Moir of this king quhat sall I to ȝow sa?
In pece and rest he leuit mony da,
And all his liegis louit him richt weill,
And he thame [als] for he wes trew as steill.
In all his tyme salfe thai war and saucht.
Syne tuentie ȝeir fra he had ring and aucht,
Into eild, as that my author sayis,
Payit his dett into his latter dayis.
To Berigone thai buir him on his beir,
On sic fassone that tyme as did effeir;
With laud and gloir, pomp and hie honour,
Tha sesit him thair in his sepultour.

How Nothatus, the Bruther of Dornadilla, was crovnit, efter the departing of his Bruther Dornadilla.

Quhen Dornadill his dais had so endit,
Quhilk in his tyme his legis neuir offendit,
Reuthar hes sone, quhilk wes his narrest air,
Richt ȝoung he wes, bayth plesand and preclair,
Wes put in cuir, that tyme as wes the gyss,
Of leill trew men quhilk aigit war and wyiss,

Him for till teiche, but ony violence,
All policie pertening to ane prince.
Nothatus syne, this Dornadillis bruther,
Quhilk oblist wes that tyme afoir ony vther,
With haill consent than to be crownit king,
For all his tyme amang thame for to ring.

THIS NOTHATUS, SONE EFTER HE WAS CROWNIT, WAS ANE RYCHT ILL VICIOUS MAN AND RYCHT ILL LOUIT.

Sone efter that, within les nor ane ȝeir,
Perturbit wes all stait and maid on steir.
Sic wickit wayes amang thame hes he wrocht,
That he wes lyke to bring thame all at nocht;
Wes never none intill his tyme so nyce,
So full he wes of auerice and vyce;
Rycht fals but fredome, withoutin fayth or fame,
In all hic tyme he doutit neuir schame.
Col. 2. Sopit and sweir, sleipand into sleuth;
Ontrew all tyme withoutin ony treuth;
Wrangus, wilfull, but ony wit or skill;
Infectit with folie, followand ay his will;
Cruell and crabit, and cankerit of kynd;
Mad and malitious as man out of his mynd.

[redacted]

How Dowalus, the Lord of Brigantia, conspyrit agains Nothatus, and slew him in ane quyet Place.

In that same tyme, as my author did sa,
Ane nobill man, lord of Brigantia,
The quhilk Dowalus callit wes to name,
Ane man he wes of greit honour and fame,
At this ilk king that tyme he had greit invy,
Quhilk mouit him with grit melancoly.
So sad and sair into his mind did sink,
Quhilk of desyre he drukin hes ane drink,
Quhilk did infect the langor ay the moir,
Into his mynd rycht suddanelie and soir
Agane this king ane counsall he hes wrocht,
Quhilk suddanelie brocht Scotland all to nocht.
In that counsall, quhair thair wes mony man,
Amang thame all Dowalus thus began:
" Lordis," he said, " and tender freindis deir,
" This is the caus we ar convenit heir;
" For to reforme, alss far as that we ma,
" Inormitie befoir oure face ilk day,
" Of murthure, slauchter, and all vther thing,
" Quhilk is committit throw this cruell king.
" No king he is, bot monstour mervelous,
" Till all this warld horribill and odious,
" Quhilk abill is this kinrik to distroy,
" That lang hes rung befoir in welth and joy.
" Thairfoir in tyme provyde for sum remeid,
" Or dreidles than we man all suffer deid.
" So wrangus wayes agane us he hes wrocht,
" Quhairthrow he will sune bring us all to nocht.
" The nobill blude he has distroyit haill,
" The commoun weill rycht far he hes gart faill;
" Leill lawboraris for law hes left the land;
" Stakkis no stoir into na stait ma stand.

" My counsall is, suffer no moir sic thing,
" Bot to revenge ws on[1] ȝond crwell king,
" Of sic ane way for his iniquitie,
" That efterwart it may exempill be
Lib. 2, f. 12. Col. 1. " To king and prince, or gouernour, ilk deill,
" Wysar in tyme to gyde the commoun weill.
" And ȝoung Reuthor, this tyme quhilk is our prince,
" Mak oure gyde, oure forte, and oure defence.
" I[f] salbe he sall tak this thing on hand,
" Quhat euer we do be callit his command."
Sic haitrent than thai had all of thair king,
That euerilk man content wes of that thing;
Decretit hes, quhen tyme wes oportune,
As he hes said, that all thing suld be done.
And so it wes, within ane lytill space
This king beand intill ane quiet place,
Vpoun ane tyme as hapnit so to be,
At the hunting bot witht ane few menȝie;
Quhen this Dowalus sic thing did considder,
Into all haist rycht sone he sped him hidder.
Syne quhen he come in presence of the king,
He arguit him of money sindrie thing,
Desyrand all sua till reformit be;
And he agane ansuerit rycht crabitlie,
And sueir oft syis ane mendis for to haif
Of him and his, and als of all the laif,

How Dowalus, Lord of Brigantia, agane the Law gart croun the Prince Routhar quhilk wes within Age.

The prince Routhar that tyme, thocht he wes ȝing,
In Berigone wes crownit to be king.
Ane man thair wes into that tyme alsua,
Callit Ferquhart, lord of Novantia,
Had to his wyfe the dochter of that king,
Commouit wes richt far agane that thing;
And day nor nycht suithlie he cessit nocht,
Quhill that his purpois till ane end wes brocht.
In Berigone ane counsall he gart call,
And warnit hes the lordis that tyme all,
To gif presence in that place to prouide
In peace and rest the kinrik for till gyde;
And speciallie that tyme to mak debait
Contrair Dowalus and his fals dissait.
The day wes cummit that this counsall suld hald,
Quhair mony lord and money barroun bald
Come in that tyme with anefald mynd and hart,
To follow Farquhart and till tak his pairt.
So suddanelie sic thing wes nocht ȝit done,
Quhill this Dowalus thairof knew rycht sone.
Fra he that knew thairin he wes nocht lidder,
Bot in all haist he had him rycht sone hidder,
With armit men ane rycht greit companye,
Vncallit come to that counsall in hy.
Amang thame all he enterit thair in cace,
As he wes wynt, sat doun into his place.
Quhen all wes set in saittis by and by,
This ilk Ferquhart vp that he stude in hy, Col. 2.
Witht laureat language and pret for till prys,
His[1] orisoun begouth he on this wyss.

[1] In MS. *He.*

How Ferquhart, the Lord of Novance, set ane Counsall in Berigone aganis Dowalus for the Deid of the King.

" Lordis," he said, "heir is ane felloun thing:
" First to considder the slauchter of oure king,
" Rycht tratourlie this tyme as ȝe may se,
" But law or dome or ȝit authoritie.
" Traist weill," he said, "gif I rycht wnderstand,
" Lakit we ar thairfoir in euerilk land,
" And till ws all it is bayth skayth and schame,
" And to the realme perpetuallie defame.
" Vnpuneist now and ȝe lat pas sic thing,
" Ane dog wilbe moir doutit nor ane king.
" So mony wayis we ar put to the war,
" For-quhy oure law contempnit is rycht far
" Be priuat counsall into mony thing,
" Quhilk crownit hes ane barne to be our king,
" Agane the law, and als far as I haif feill,
" At thair plesour contrar the commoun weill,
" Quhairthrow thai may exerce thair tyrannie,
" That fals counsall quhilk hes at ws invie."
Quhen this wes said, Dowalus, fell of yre,
Him ansuer maid als het as ony fyre:
" Tratour," he said, " rycht loud I heir the lie

This wes the caus sone efter of greit sorrow,
Sic in Scotland was neuir sene beforrow;
Of weir and wrak, and mekill wrang abusioun,
Quhilk brocht the kinrik efter till confusioun.
Ouir all the land lord or laird wes nane,
Bot he tuke part at that tyme witht the tane.
The kinrik than diuidit wes in tua;
Quha had the rycht I can nocht to ȝow sa.
Be ȝe juges ȝe present in this place,
And how it was I sall tell all the cace,
And baith thair richtis befoir ȝow I sall la,
Considder syne and put the werss awa.
Thocht this Dowalus faillit in sum thing,
As for the first in slauchter of the king,
He did that tyme but authoritie
Of the haill realme or ȝit communitie,
His mynd wes gude, suppois his deid wes ill,
Sua that he had gane ordourlie thairtill.
For he pretendit to na vther thing,
Bot reformatioun that tyme of the king,
And for till put the pepill out of pyne,
And all the land quhilk wes in poynt to tyne:
His will wes nocht that tyme the king to sla,
On auenture suppois it hapnit sua.
To say the suith syne to the secund thing,
To croun ane barne to be ane prince or king
Agane the law, I grant he did nocht weill;
He wes to pardoun, neuirtheles, sum deill;
For he traistit, throw his authoritie,
Fra all his fais to defend him frie.
This Farquhart, of quhome I spak of befoir,
Inclynit wes to vanitie and gloir;
In all his tyme he wes of sic conditioun,
That he desyrit stait and greit ambitioun.
That wes the caus that gart him mak debait,
For weill he wist that it pertenit stait
To him that tyme, and he mycht victour be
Of this Dowalus and his company;

Lib.2,f.12b. Col. 1.

Quhairthrow he mycht cum to so greit honour
Trowand that tyme to be maid gouernour,
As he that tyme wes of sa hie curage,
Quhill that the king come till perfytar age.
And, for to stand into the pepillis grace,
He fenzeit all thing with ane doubill face;
Sayand he did all for the commoun weill,
Quhairby he thocht their freindschip for till feill.
Heir haif I laid thair rychtis bayth togidder
Befoir zow heir, quhairfoir lat zow considder
Quha hes the rycht, and argo weill zairfoir;
Syne cast the werst as ze think ouir the stoir.
And to my purpois, as I first began,
Now will I pas the narrest way I can.

How Dowalus mareit Routhar vpone the Dochter to Gethus, the King of Pechtis.[1]

Quhen this counsall wes endit so and done;
Then euerilk man, quhen tyme wes oportune,
Prouidit hes with mony gudlie man,
Ilk for him self the best way that he can.
This Dowalus that wes rycht full of slicht,
Considderit hes how he micht hald his richt.
The king of Pechtis callit wes Getus,
In to the tyme my storie tellis thus;

[redacted]

Vnfenetlie all haill power and micht,
Him to defend baith in wrang and rycht.
The tother pairt also wes nothing sueir, Col. 2.
On all the land sendand baith far and neir,
To gather men with wisdome and with wylis
In Yrland, Orknay, and ouir all the Ylis.
With schip and boit, fra euerilk cost to cost,
Within schort quhile gatherit ane rycht greit ost.
Ten thousand men, as my author did sa,
Syne semlit hes togither on ane da,
To follow him alway quhair euir he will.
And tak his pairt baith in gude and ill.
Quhen thai war gatherit of ane gudlie gyiss,
This ilk Ferquhard said till thame on this wyiss:
" My lordis all, it is weill to ȝow knawin,
" The fals tressoun sa opinlie is schawin,
" Be the tratour, dissaitfull Dowalus,
" The quhilk hes slane oure gude king Nothatus.
" Riches and rest all in his dais rang,
" Plesour and plentie without weir or wrang;
" Larges and luk, honour and honestie;
" In all his tyme ane nobill prince wes he.
" And als it is weill knawin till ȝow aw,
" How that he has far abrogat oure law,
" Into the crownyng of sa ȝoung ane king,
" Quhilkis hurtis ws in mony sindrie thing;
" And be it nocht remeidit into tyme,
" Sen ȝouthheid is without ressoun or ryme,
" All wilbe lost [or] we haif leuit lang,
" Be way of deid, be mekill oppin wrang.
" And mairattouir, I traist weill that ȝe ken,
" Bot laitlie now so mony nobill men
" Rycht crewalie he gart put to the deid,
" At Berigone quhair thair wes no remeid;
" The king of Pechtis Getus dochter ȝing
" He weddit hes with him that he maid king;
" Traisting by him and his affinitie
" Of ws to haif the haill authoritie.

" Ane secreit seruand of his hes me schawin,
" Quhilk to ȝow all now heir I mak it knawin,
" That he pretendis, throw malice and invy,
" Gif hapnis him to haif the victorie,
" As God forbid of ws that sua be sene !
" Of euerilk man to put out bayth his ene,
" Bayth nois and eiris circumsyde also,
" And secreit memberis cut the bodie fro.
" Syne all oure tyme, we that ar nobill blude
" Leif vnder him into vyle seruitude.
" O stus gallandis now blumand into ȝouth,
" Baitht fresche and fair, the quhilk hes strenth aneuch,
" Agane ȝour fa in feild for till defend ;
" And als thairwith I mak it to ȝow kend,
" That oure godes sall gif ws victorie
" Of ȝone tiranne sa fell is his envie,
" In no jornay rycht fair that he may fall,
" So far contermit hes oure godis all,
" And vilipendit bayth thair fayth and law,
" Quhairfoir on force now he man haif ane faw.
" Sen sua it is that we haif all the rycht,
" And godis help with sic power and mycht,
" Quhy suld we[1] dreid ȝone tratour till assailzie,
" In all his tyme wes neuir ȝit worth ane melzie ?
Lib. 2, f. 13. " Now lat ws fecht, thair is no tyme to flie,

[redacted]

How that Dowalus and Ferquhard met in plane Battell at Berigo.

Be this Dowalus, with ane royall ost,
Come at the hand with mekle schoir and bost;
And syne in feild he lichtit doun anone
Vpone ane plane wes neir by Berigone.
Na joy thair is in erth that ay will lest:
Scotland befoir into gude peace and rest
Ane hundret ȝeir but ony weir it rang;
Quhen it had rung into gude pece so lang,
Be tua tratouris it wes maid all on steir
Throuche thair vane gloir, as I haif said ȝow heir.
Singular proffit and ȝoung counsall also,
And auerice that no tyme will cry ho,
Pomp and pryde, and prodigalitie,
Brocht all Scotland to greit miseritie.
For sic mischeif ȝit with na levand man
Was neuir sene sen that the warld began.
The tyme wes fund, thair wes no langar ho,
That euerilk man fuir fordward till his fo,
With swordis scharpe, weill schroudit vnder scheild,
Freklie on fute thair haif tha tane the feild.
The dartis flew lyke fyre out of the flynt,
Darfful and dour, with mony deidlie dynt.
Tha rappit on sa rudlie with greit reird,
Quhill schawis schuik, and trimlit all the erd.
Into that stour so stiflie that thai stude,
Quhill all the brym wes breirdit ouir with blude.
The grittest stait that wes in all that stound,
In his bodie buir mony deidlie wound.
Scheildis war schorne, and helmis hewin in tua,
Full mony duchtie deit thair that da.
Tha faucht so lang quhill tha wer neir confoundit,
In bayth the pairteis mony slane and woundit.
Into that feild so furiouslie thai fuir,
That tha micht nocht lest langar to induir:

Trewis thai tuke that tyme quhill efter none,
Traistand thairefter better till haif done.
All wes for nocht suithlie, sa God me sane,
Of greit tressoun thair followis mony trane:
Thair wes no tretie that tyme mycht availl,
Bot to the feild agane bot ony faill.
The tyme wes cuming that the trewis past,
Than euerilk grume, rycht gudlie vnagast,
On to the feild as that tha did befoir,
Col. 2. Bownit agane with mekle bost and schoir.
Thair wes no let that tyme, tha war nocht lidder,
The men of armes rudlie ran togidder.
Speiris brak, and scheildis sched and claue,
Helmes wer hewin quhill all the ruvis raue.
The brandis brycht so bitterlie did byte,
That all thair malzeis mendit nocht ane myte;
Sa stoutlie than togidder that thai straik,
Quhill rochis rang, and all the erd did schaik.
Dowalus faucht so lang into that stound,
In his bodie buir mony bludie wound,
And all his men that tyme than tuke to flie;
Sic force it wes Ferquhard wes ma nor he.
On till ane strenth, that tyme wes neirhand by,
He and his men thai drew thame haistely;
Quhair he wist weill tha micht [thame] nocht invaid,

Dowalus than quhilk had greit noy all nycht,
Rycht glaid he wes quhen he beheld that sicht;
Sic curage than of his cuming he tuke,
He and his men all cowardnes forsuik,
And pertlie than arrayit on the plane,
Rycht suddanlie to gif thame feild agane.
This king of Pechtis that come in his supple,
With ane loud voce he cryit vpone hie,
Exhortand thame to tak curage ilkane,
For to revenge the skayth that tha had tane.
" Dreid nocht," he said, " for we ar men anew;
" Rycht weill I wait that we will all be trew.
" We ar all fresche vnfulȝeit into feild,
" Oure fais woundit and may nocht wapynis [weild].
" No maistres till ws without ganestande
" Ȝond folk on force to bind bayth fute and [hand]."
Vpone sic wayes as he did thame exhort,
Hes causit thame to curage and confort.
Ferquhard also, vpoun the tother syde,
Buskit for battell baldlie for till byde;
And till his men that samin tyme said he,
" Dreid nocht this tyme for all ȝond folk ȝe se;
" We ar anew to fecht agane thame bayth,
" For at this tyme we haif tane litill skayth;
" Of ȝame richt mony we haif maid till die,
" And all the laif rycht schamefullie to fle.
" All ȝond folk ȝe se befoir ȝour ene,
" Cowartlie tha fled fra ws ȝistrene;
" In thair bodeis beiris woundis wyde
" Quhilk nocht [thame] suffer in ane feild to byde." Lib.2,f.13b. Col. 1.
" No moir:" he said, " lat goddis schaw the rycht!"
With that the trumpettis blew ilkone on hicht,
With sic ane reird, quhill all the rochis rang.
Fra bowis bent thai lute braid arrowis gang.
Tha raschit on with mony rudlie rap,
Frekis war feld with mony ferslie flap;
Mony war stickit stark deid in that stound,
Liand in feild with mony bludie wound;

Heidis war hewin evin to the hals all doun ;
Schulderis war sched, and mony laid in swoun ;
Breistis did birst, and bokkit out of blude ;
Thair wes no stuff thair steill wapynis ganestude.
Fell wes the fecht, and rycht strang wes the stour,
Indurand ay with mony dyntis dour,
But victouri onwittin of ony wicht.
Tha ceissit not quhill twynnit thame the nycht,
In falt of licht, quhilk to thame wes no lak,
Rycht softlie than thai skalit bayth abak ;
For lose of licht thai left the feild that tyme,
Langar to fecht thai micht nocht se ane styme.
In Albeoun, sen weiris first began,
Wes neuir sene ȝit with no levand man,
So muche sorrow as that tyme mycht be sene,
Quhair tuentie thousand lay deid on the grund.
Bot aucht hundretht amang the levand than,
On baith the syidis thair wes nocht left ane man ;
For thair wes slane the tirrane Dowalus,
And king of Pechtis that callit wes Getus ;
The nobill blude and baronis of this land
Of Scotland, als that tyme I vnderstand,
Deit that da with mony woundis wyde ;
Ferquhard the fox als on the vther syde.
Baitht lord and laird, and mony nobill man,

Quhen ȝe haif senc than sa as euir ȝe will,
As for myself I say no moir thairtill.
Dowalus men that tyme that left the feild,
On to ane strenth thai drew thame and ane beild.
Syne on that nycht, ane lytill forrow da,
Tha tuke purpois and passit hame awa.
Vpoun the morne quhen it wes fair day lycht,
The tother pairt saw thai war out of sicht;
Tha maid ane chace, as my author dois tell,
[To] Celidane castell, callit now Dunkell.
Thame thai ouirtuke tha chaipit neuir nane,
[Bot] Rauthor the ȝoung king that wes tane. Col. 2.
Tha sparit him becaus he wes sa ȝing,
Saikles he wes, tha wist weill, of sic thing.
To Berigone with him ȝeid hame agane,
Into that citie still thair to remane.
My dullie wit dow[is] nocht till indyte,
Nor ȝit my pen with patiens for till writ,
Of Scotland, Pechtland, the greit meseritie,
The sair complaynt of infortunitie;
The murning mude of euerie wyfe and man,
Wareand the wicht quhairin the wyle began;
The dule, the dolour thairof bayth da and nycht,
The weiping virgen, the wo of euerie wycht.
Greit harme it wes in hart thame for till heir,
The bäill, the barrat, and the daylie beir,
The sorrowfull sound that tyme of ȝoung and ald,
The clamorous cry with cruell tairis cald,
The greitting, gowling, and the greit distres,
The murning, meaning, baith of mair and les.
In Scotland, Pechland, suithlie, sa God me saue,
Wes nocht ane left wes worth to gyde the laue;
Or fra thair fais that culd thame defend.
Alace! thairfoir all maid ane wratchit end:
As word by word befoir ȝow ȝe sall find,
For all the werst remanis ȝit behind.

How the Britis pat the Scottis and the Pechtis baith out of thair awin Landis be the space of xiii zeiris.

The fame, the fascum of this wickit weir.
Rudlie wes rung in euerilk mannis eir:
Swift as ane swalloun throw Albeoun it flaw.
Throw Scotland, Pechland, and Britane aw.
And quhen the Britis knew and vnderstude
How in Scotland wes spilt sa mekill blude.
And how thai had so greit penuritie
Of men of gude to haif authoritie;
And how the captanis trewlie wes slane doun.
And all the pepill put haill to confusioun;
Ane king tha had, callit Oenus,
Bayth fers and fell, mad and malitious.
Rycht glaid he wes that tyme quhen he hard tell
The greit mischief amangis his fais that fell:
Bayth da and nycht it wes his desyre
Of Albeoun to haif the haill impyre;
Syne quhen he saw the tyme wes oportune.
In gudlie haist contractis hes rycht sone
Ane royall ost of mekill pomp and pryde.
Syne enterit sone in at the berdour syde.
Amang the Pechtis bayth with fyre and blude:

[redacted]

Baith ȝoung and ald, and waik that mycht nocht fle,
War with the Britis put in captiuitie;
And als the land ilk bit of breid and lenth,
Tha occupeit with euerie toun and strenth.
Quhen that wes done and tha had no ganestand,
With haill power thai come into Scotland;
At Calidone wod, ane lytill fra ane toun,
Tha lichtit thair and stentit palȝeonis doun.

How the Britis and the Scottis faucht first at Calidona and the Scottis tynt the Feild.

Exploratouris than haif tha send in hy
That war expert, to speir about and spy
Gif ony Scot apperit on the plane;
And sua thai did, and sone tha come agane,
And schew to thame, besyde thame that tha saw
Ane small power beȝond in till ane schaw
Come at thair hand thair reddie, as I wene.
With that the Britis arrayit thame bedene.
The Scottis men thair power wes rycht small,
Befoir in feild thai war distroyit all;
Ȝit neuirtheles the laue war leuand than,
Come to the feild that tyme baith wyfe and man;
Tha thocht far better in ane feild to de,
Nor vnder Britis leue in captiuitie.
The Scottis than quhilk cuming war in sycht,
With mony trumpet blawand loud on hycht,
The braid arrowis als fers as fyre tha flew,
As schairp as haill, and thik as ony dew;
Into the air fleand with ane greit sound,
Ay quhair tha hit makand ane werkand wound,
That scharplie schure throw bane and branis bayth,
Quhair throw the Britis sufferit hes greit skayth.

The Scottis bowmen baldlie did thame abyde;
The Britis als vpoun the vther syde
With sword and knyfe, with lang speir and with scheild,
Fraklie that tyme thai enterit in the feild.
The Scottis oist wes bot ane lytill knot,
Ten Britis tha war [thair] for euerie Scot;
Becaus thair number that tyme wes sa small,
That day in feild fortoun gaif thame ane fall.
Tua thousand men than of the best wes slane,
The laue all fled, no langar might remane.
All Scottis then sic dreddour thairof tuke,
Fra thai dayis furth to fecht mair tha forsuik;
Behaldand to the better end at lentht,
And euerie man syne drew him to ane strentht.
Dreidand richt soir thai war for sic ane fall,
Prognosticat it wes amang thame all,
Fra Fergus hous faillit for to be king,
Scottis in Scotland na langar suld ring.

How that the King of Britis seigit the Toun of Berigone rycht lang, and syne tuke it be Tressoun.

Col. 2. The king of Britis maid him b[oun]
With all power to pas to Berigone.

And worthelie hes worne thame fra the wa[ll],
Braid arrowis schot, and grit stanis lute fa[ll].
The Britis than, for all thair renoun,
Disparit wes that tyme to wyn the toun,
Had nocht fortoun turnit hir fikkill quheill,
It had bene so that tyme I wot rycht weill.
Tha ar nocht suir that standis in hir grace,
No moir war tha within ane lytill space.
It preuit weill, as eith mycht be presumit,
Or euir tha wist thair victuall wes consumit.
Meit or drink rycht lytill than or nane
Was left that tyme within tha wallis o[f stane].
And than to counsall ar thai passit [sone],
To be aduisit quhat best wes till [done].
Sum gaif counsall for to gif ouir
To the king of Britis and hald of him the [pouir],
And tribut ȝeirlie till him for to pa;
" We chaip rycht weill," tha said, " and he d[o sa].
" Rycht hard it is till ws to tyne oure ly[vis],
" Oure heretage, oure barnis and oure w[yvis],
" Be ony way and we can mak remeid.
" He dreidis nocht that can nocht [sic thing] dreid.
" Perforce on ws now and he wyn the [toun],
" Than sall we loiss bayth lyfe, kinrik [and croun];
" Wyfe and barnis all in bondage brocht,
" Oure heretage and airis put till nocht;
" Within schort quhill forȝet als quyt [as clene],
" Into this warld as we had neuir [bene].
" For me I hald for greit wisdome now,
" The narrest perrell first for till [vmschew]; . . .
" Quhill efterwart that fortoun turne . . . . .
" Hir fikkill quheill, and set ws vp on h . . .
" Quhen euir scho list rycht weill it [wilbe done],
" As tha ar now set ws als heiche abone.
" Sumtyme it is of fortitude ane grie,
" On till ane capitane better for to fle,
" And saiff him self vntill ane better . . .
" Nor tyne the feild, his lyfe and his . . .

" As for my self I can na better sa,
" Quha lykis nocht than do the best tha [ma]."
Ane vther said, " that counsall is nocht [gude],
" For weill I wait tha wordis we will [rewid],
" And we do sa, to lois oure l[ibertie],
" And wnder thame leif in pen[uritie],
" Dalie in bondage . . . . . ."
Lib.2,f.14b. Col. 1. [Ane uther] said, " that counsall is nocht gude.
" [Better it is] to de witht honest fame
" [Upon ane] da, nor leif with lak and schame,
" [And byde to] se sic sichtis as wilbe sene.
" [Our wyfe] and barne dalie befoir oure ene,
" [To b]e defoullit and oure selffis ouir thrawin,
" [And nocht] dar say oure saullis ar oure awin.
" [Thairfoir] as now, for me I hald it best,
" . . . . rycht that we may leif in rest ;
" [Takyn] the chance that goddis will to ws send,
" . . . de and byde the latter end.
" . . . . . it is that oure victuallis ar faillȝeit,
" . . . . dalie als we ar rycht soir assailȝeit.
" [M]y counsall is ȝit byde ane grittar blast,
" [Am]ang oure selffis first cavillis for till cast ;
" By prouidence of oure goddis devyne,
" Quhome euir vpoun the cavillis dois inclyne,
" [Quhithi]r gude knycht, capitane or knaif,

[redacted]

Sa mekle falt tha had of lyuis fude,
That mennis flesche tha thoucht sueit and gude;
[An]d day be day the moir ay for till mene,
[For] sic distres thai mycht nocht lang sustene.

How Colanus in the Releif of the Sege of Berigone wes slane, and all that war with him.

In that same tyme, my storie tellis thus,
Ane nobill man was callit Colanus,
Heid of ane clan, as my author did sa,
The grittest man in all Novantia,
Greit petie had of thair penuritie,
Heirand thair mister and miseritie,
Dreidand full soir that thai sould all be lost;
[Qu]hairfoir ane haist he gatherit hes ane ost
[Of] Novantynis in till ane gude array,
[And] all the laif that levand wes that day.
[Fra] Argatill and vther landis by,
[To] skaill the sege he haistit him in hy.
[To] Berigone quhen that he come anone
[With] bowis bent to battell ar thai gone.
[This Co]lanus that principall wes than,
[Ane hun]dretht men he had of his awin clan;
[Manlie he wes], wyss and of greit valour,
Befoir thame all he enterit in the stour. Col. 2.
The Britis als vpoun the tother syde
In that battell richt baldlie did abyde,
Without affray togidder all ar gane;
So mycht tha weill, thai war ay tua for ane.
The gude Colanus on the tother part,
With bowis bent and mony deidlie dart,
The Britis bald, for all thair greit valour,
Rycht strait wer sted with him into that stour.
Of this melle quhat sall I sa ȝow mair?
Fell mony wicht buir wounds werkand sair.

The Scottis than so baldlie did abyde,
Quhill mony berne vpoun the vther syde,
That wes fell bald, lay bulrand in thair blude;
Thair wes no strentht that thair straikis ganestude.
That day tha faucht so furiouslie and fell,
That wounder wer to ony toung to tell,
How that sa few folk in so waik estait,
Agane so mony maid so lang debait.
Tha thocht moir honour in the feild to de,
Out of the feild ane fute or tha wald fle;
And so thai did, as my author did sa,
Faucht to the deid the leist ane man that da,
So wes the end that tyme of all that weir,
Fra that tyme furth Scottis did thame na deir.
The Scottis than, that wes into that toun,
Fra tyme tha saw thair awin confusioun,
Out of the toun at ane bak ȝet tha fled
On to the se, and als with thame tha had
Reuthar thair king intill ane gay gala,
With all his men, and syne tha tuke the wa,
Out throw the se rycht sone that tyme tha socht,
Till Ireland quhill tha war saiflie brocht;
And thair he baid rycht lang and mony ȝeir,
Quhill efterwart as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
Displesit wes the Britis of sic thing;

Tha stanchit nocht, for no man thame ganestude,
Quhill all the stretis ran ouir with reid blude;
Dispytfullie that tyme tha sparit nocht,
Quhill to the deid bayth ȝoung and ald wes brocht;
Syne all the strenthis that war in Scotland,
Tha segit all and sesit in thair hand.
All Scottis blude that tyme richt far did fle
Fra Albioun furtht in the occident se;
Into the Ylis that tyme fled ilkone;
Rycht few remanit into Albione,
Except ane sort that laith war for till fle,
And far lather subjectis for to be.
Tha left the plane and drew thame to ane strenth,
To hillis hie, and wodis large of lenth,
And montanis cald, quhair thai mycht byde vnsocht;[1]
To thame that byding wes richt deirlie bocht.
For hunger and cald thai sufferit in that wane,
Meit nor drink the lang symmer gat nane;
Bot herbis grene and frutt baith evin and nune,
Syne watter cald to drink quhen tha had done;
And quhilis milk but other breid or aill,
Without kitching or ony kynd of kaill.
In winter syne baith in frost and snaw,
In schouris scharp and mony felloun flaw,
In craig and cleuche, in mony bus and breir,
Thair wer thai fed than of the fallow deir,
And mekill spulȝe than oft maid on the plane;
Quhat euer thai gat thai gaif richt nocht agane;
And of the Britis sindrie als tha slew,
In contrair thame that come to mak reskew.
Ane lang quhile thus thai leuit on thair pra,
Tuelf ȝeiris and ma thai weiris lestit sa;
In the begynning of the threttene ȝeir
How it hapnit harkin and ȝe sall heir.

Lib. 2, f. 15. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *unsoft.*

How the Scottis and the Pechtis wan thair Landis agane fra the Britis.

Reuthar the king, in till Ybernia,
[Gr]eit diligence he hes done nycht and da,
And ay [the] langar with the mòir desyre
So till obtene his croun and his impyre.
His seruandis also oft syis hes he send
In till Orknay, with hartlie recommend
To Getus king of Pechtis, da be da
Remanand wes that tyme in Orknay;
He wes the sone, gif I richt wnderstand,
Of Getus king that slane wes in Scotland;
Beseikand him that he wald cum anone,
With all power meit him in Albione
At tyme and place quhair he sould him advert.
Getus agane rycht glaidlie with his hart
Promittit hes, rycht trewlie be his hand,
At tyme and place to meit him in Scotland;[1]
And so he did, as my author did sa.[1]
Reuthar the king, out of Ybernia,
With ane greit armie passit to the se;
Throw all the Ylis than saiflie saillit he,
By craig and cleuche, and mony sinkand sand,
Till Lugia[2] quhair that he tuke the land,
[No]w callit Ros, and thair landit sone

[redacted]

The Scottis met him baith on fit and horss,
Thair at ane place callit Dingwall in Ross.
Greit joy it wes to se thir kingis meit
With sic solace and salussing sa sueit,
And countenance quhilk wes rycht amiabill,
With wordis warme rycht dulce and dilectabill.
Tha salute vther oft and mony syis
With langage boun vpoun ane gudlie wyss;
Syne fordward fuir and fraklie tuke the feild,
Toward the south with mony speir and scheild.
Quhat freik befoir thame in thair gait tha fand,
Tha gart him lig rycht law vpoun the land;
And all the laif for feirdnes ilkane fled
On fit and horss with all the speid tha had,
And left all waist about on breid and lenth;
To saue him self ilk man drew till ane strenth.
The Scottis all than, quhilk in the mont did duell,
Rycht blyth thai war fra tyme that tha hard tell
The end wes cuming of thair greit distres;
And all the laif of Scotland mair and les,
And Pechtis als, thai gatherit sone anone,
Quhilk duelland war that tyme in Albione,
In gudlie haist tha come and met the king.
Rycht blyth tha war fra [thai] haue sene sic thing;
Thankand thair goddis of thair mekill micht
Befoir thair ene that thai mycht se that sycht,
Of thair pepill sa lang into distres
Deliuerit than of langour moir and les.
In Albioun wes nother Scot nor Pecht,
On fute and horss that abill wes to fecht,
Or arrow schute, or ȝit ane sling culd sling,
Bot he come thair that tyme and met his king.
Ane royall ost thai war, bayth lang and braid;
Towart the south thair passage sone thai maid,
And ȝoung Reuthar, quhilk wes of sic valour,
With haill consent wes maid thair governour,

To gyde thame all by his authoritie,
And that sicklike at his command to be.
The Britis fled rycht fast on enerilk hand,
And stuffit strenthis for to mak ganestand.
Tha tarent nother to seig tour or toun,
Bot to the bordour baldlie maid thame boun,
Amang the Britis for till exers thair ire;
Tha enterit in baith with blinde and fyre.

How that Reuthar, the King of Scottis, faucht with Orcelus, the King of Britis, and wan him.

Secelius in Britane quhilk did ring,
Fra tyme he knew and vnderstude sic thing,
The king of Britis wes into tha dais,
Sone to Oenus, as that my author sais.
In till all pairt gart speid be mony post,
And sone in haist hes gatherit ane greit ost,
And maid no tarie other da nor nycht
Quhill that he come intill his fais sicht.
Lib. 2. f. 15b. Col. 1. Than mony berne, rycht traist in thair intent,
For battell boun with bowis big and bent,
With sword and ax, with lang speiris and with scheild,

Was none so bald of hand, or ȝit of hart,
Or all wes done he wes full of his part.
Fell wes the faucht, and rycht strang wes the stour,
The victorie stude lang in aventour.
This king Reuthar persauyng that rycht weill,
With bernis bald weill stuffit all in steill,
But ony lat dilayit nocht richt lang,
Bot sone he enterit in the thickest thrang.
So furiouslie into that feild he fuir,
Quhill mony berne vpoun his bak he buir;
His knichtis kene war reddie at his hand,
War nane sa stout thair strakis micht ganestand.
The Britis than, for all thair pryde and micht,
Out of the feild rycht sone tha tuke the flicht.
Cecilius wes slane into the feild;
Ten thousand als thair of his men wes keild.
Of Scot and Pecht fywe thousand lost that da,
To nother pairt it wes na barnis pla.
Reuthar that tyme so strang wes in that stour,
He and his men than wan so greit honour,
That all the valour and the victorie
Wes gevin him for his greit cheualrie.
Quhairfoir the feild that tyme quhair tha did fecht
Efter his name ȝit Redisdaill it hecht;
Quhilk Reuthe the wallis, as my author did sa,
Lang efter that wes callit mony da.
Quhen that the Britis had so tynt the feild,
Haiffand thair king and mony lordis keild,
Tha war sa fleit sone efter thai war fane
For all thair pride to purches peace agane;
To Scot and Pecht agane for to restoir
All toun and strentht tha occupeit befoir.
Tua hundretht ȝeir and four to als beforne,
Or Jesu Christ wes of the Virgin borne,
This king Reuthar, rycht baldlie with ane brand,
Agains the Britis reskewit hes Scotland.

Tuentie ȝeiris and sax richt so he rang;
In pece and rest quhen [he] had rung so lang,
Passit the wa that euerie man man wend.
Off ill and gude sick is the latter end.

How efter the Tyme of Reuthar, his Father Bruther, quhilk wes callit Reutha, wes crownit and maid King.

Efter the deid of this Reuthar the king,
Ane sone he had that tyme bot he wes ȝing,
Quhilk Thereus wes callit to his name,
In Ireland borne quhen Reuthar wes fra hame.
Col. 2. His patruall, that callit wes Reutha,
They crownit him, as my [author] did sa,
At Berigone with sword, sceptour and ring,
And diademe of Scotland to be king.
He wes the first that euer tuke ony cuir
On deid corsis to gar mak sepultour,
In taik[y]nyng of thair honour and fame
That in this warld remane sould ay thair name.
The sepulture of men quhen[1] tha war deid
Wes maid that tyme in mony sindrie steid;
Sum by watter, and sum by hillis hie,
Sum in the wall, and sum law be the se;

And in that stone wes writtin to discriue
His fame, his deidis, and his nobill lyfe,
Efter thair ken that euerie man micht ken
Into that place that grauit wer sic men.
Thir placis ȝit remanis for to se,
Sum in the plane, sum in the hillis hie.
This Reutha als he wes the first began
Into Scotland for to bring craftisman.
He hes gart seik in mony sindrie land
Of euerilk craft for part that wes cunnand,
Bayth smyth and wricht, and masoun to and fro,
Leichis, lawmen, and mony vther mo,
To be sustenit of the commoun weill;
Sua wes the vse in thai dais ilk deill.
Into Scotland that tyme thair wes no cunȝe;
Than craftismen, withoutin ony sunȝe,
On force behuvit for thair craft to tak
For thair merchandice as vse wes than to mak.
Quhairfoir that tyme proclamit wes in plane,
Gif[1] ony beist to mannis meit war slane,
Ilk craftisman thairof to haif ane breid
For his laubour for to releif his neid.
The smyth the heid, the toung the man of law,
The wricht the neiris and the briscat smaw.
The theif takar suld haif the forder spald,
Darach to name quhilk callit wes of auld;
Part of the panchis with the lytch suld byde,
The medicinar tua ribbis on euerilk syde.
Of quheit and beir, meill, malt and all the one,
Ilk man of thame ȝeirlie ane portione.
Als generallie wes gevin in command,
None be so hardie for to tak on hand
Of seik or hurt men to tak ony cuir,
Bot he that war in till sic sciens suir.

[1] In MS. *Gif to.*

[illegible] hai thai nocht; 2965
[illegible] bed wes brocht
[illegible] al men did convene,
[illegible] til al men be sene,
[illegible] after his skill
[illegible] coumsall thair till. 2970
[illegible] of enerilk toun,
[illegible] wes all laid [doun].

[illegible] OF EGIPT, CALLIT PHELIDELFF, [illegible] IN SCOTLAND, FOR TO [illegible] SITUATIOUN THAIROF, AND [illegible]

[illegible] my self,
[illegible] Philedelf.
[illegible] Pinolome. 2975
[illegible] and se
[illegible] of the land,
[illegible] the sand
[illegible] the hewis;
[illegible] and the clewis; 2980
[illegible] hand.
[illegible] that land;
[illegible]

And all his landis by him thus war socht,
And all thair laubour till ane end wes brocht,
Syne in ane volume all wer put togidder;
Quha lykis ȝit to luke tha may considder
Into that buik, quhilk callit is for-yi
Of Pholome the greit cosmogrophi.
Aneuch of this; now I will tell no moir:
Pas to my purpois quhair I wes befoir.
Of thair cuming this king he wes full blyth,
Ressauit thame rycht suddanelie and suyth,
With honour, gloir, and greit nobilitie,
As did pertene till his hie majestie;
Feistand ilk da with dayntais dilectabill,
With game and gle, honest and honorabill,
In sic sporting on till ane weill lang space;
Syne at thair plesour send to euirilk place
Gydaris rycht gude, that culd thame weill convoy
Fra all perrell that nathing suld thame noy.
With quadrans, compas, and astrolog;[1]
The circulatioun of the sone celes;[1]
His proper muyn and his mot raptyne,
By eleuatione of the medit lyne,
Into quhat gre aboue the oriȝunt,
By calculatioun and by craftie cunt,
Of signifer the greit obliquitie,
Fra Aries to Cancer gre be grie,
Be intersit of equanocticall,
Fra the coluyre to tropic estiwall;
Quhairby thai mycht considder weill and se
Of day and nycht the greit diuersitie,
The lenth and breid of euerie regioun,
The distance als of euerie place and toun.
Also thairwith tha kest thame for to ken
The multitude and maneris of the men,

Col. 2.

[1] Two lines apparently wanting.

Thair law, thair air, thair language and [illegible] leidy,
The [illegible] and [illegible] of thair weed.
Quhen all sic thing wes [illegible] to thame kend,
Tha tuke thair leif quhen tha thocht tyme to wend.
Befoir this king law kneilland on thair kne,
Thankand him thair of his [illegible].
And he agane [illegible] thame [illegible]
Tha tuke thair leve and syne hamewart did go.
This king Reuthal, but ny weir or wrang,
Neir fourtene tier in peace and rest he rang;
Syne efter that, I knaw nocht his intent,
Into Bergone in plane parliament
Resignit hes bayth sword, sceptour and croun.
To Thereus quhilk wes of hie renoun.
Wes sone and air maist lauchtful to succeid
To king Reuthal, befoir as te ma reid.
Be his greit aid he did him self excuse.
Quhairby he said that he mycht weill refuse
So greit office, for-quhy he mycht na mair
Sic travell mak, nor tit sic curis bair;
Beseikand thame sen he mycht nocht indure,
Exoner him of sic office and cure.
The lordis all than present in that place,
Quhen that thai knew and vnderstude the cace,
To hald ane man tha thocht it greit folie
Agane his will in sic authoritie;

[redacted]

Sone efter syne, be the sevint ȝeir began,
He changit syne in till ane vther man.
Fra mansuetude and greit humanitie,
To tigirnes and greit tirannitie;
He flemit law, put justice to the horne,
Religioun als he dalie draue to scorne;
He gaif him alway to gelocitie,
To fleschlie lust and foull faminitie;
He luikit nocht to ressone nor to ryme,
Quhill mony theif and tratour in his tyme
Raxit and rang, and hereit all the land;
Wes nane of him that tyme that aw did stand.
Thairof the lordis had rycht grit dispyte,
Wittand sa weill that he had all the wyte.
Quhairfoir to counsall ar thir lordis gone
Rycht quietlie than into Berigone;
And in that counsall thair wes nocht ane man
Amang thame all, bot he consentit than,
Without delay of ony kynd of thing,
To be revengit on this tirrane king.
Decreittit als, quhen tyme wes oportune,
As thai haif said that all thing suld be done.
So quyetlie this counsall wes nocht wrocht,
To Thereus quhen all this talk wes brocht;
Quhen he that knew, so soir for thame he dred,
And tuke sic feir, richt far away he fled
Into Britane, seikand at thame supple;
Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald not be.
In all his dais, the langer ay the les,
That all his tyme he leuit in distres.
In Eborak, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Sone efter that closit his latter end;
This Thereus, efter that he wes king,
Maid sic ane end the tuelf ȝeir of his ring.
In the tyme of his exulatioun
The lordis maid gude reparatioun;

Lib. 2, f. 16b. Col. 1.

Ane nobill man, of wisdome and honour,
For all that tyme thai haif maid governour,
Callit Conan, as my author did sa,
Ane lord he wes als of Brigantia;
Quhilk mony falt reformit in his tyme,
And mony lymmer lappit in the lyme;[1]
And on ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And leill men leve in greit tranquillitie.
All thing befoir he fand that wes misdone
In till his tyme he gart reforme rycht sone.
Syne quhen tha knew deid wes this Thereus,
In Berigone, my author sayis thus,
Befoir the lordis that tyme auld [and] ȝing
This Conanus his office did resing.

How Josina wes maid King efter the Tyme of his Bruther Thereus.

With haill consent than of the lordis all,
On Josina the haill counsall did call,
As he that wes most abill for sic thing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Bruther germane he wes to Thereus;
He had no child, my author sais thus.
Ane nobill man in all his tyme wes he

How Tua schip-brokin Men war fund in ane Yle, and brocht to Josina the King; the quhilk begouth the first Studie in Scotland.

Sone efter this ȝe heir me tell anone,
This nobill king beand in Berigone,
Tua plesand men wes brocht than him beforne,
Naikit and bair almaist as thai war borne,
Fund in ane yle schip-brokin with the se,
Quhilk drevin war out of ane far cuntrie.
The king wes curtas of considerance; Col. 2.
And suddantlie, but ony circumstance,
He gart convoy thame till ane secreit place,
Quhair tha mycht sojorne for ane tyme and space;
And meit and drink, fyre, claithis and easment,
That neidfull war, he hes to thame sent;
Quhill that thai war refreschit weill agane,
And had forȝet the maist part of thair pane.
Syne efter that, the fyftene day and moir,
Thir tua ȝoung men gart present him befoir;
And reuerentlie he did at thame inquyre
Quhat that tha war, or quhat wes thair desyre?
Rycht curtaslie tha maid ansuer agane,
Sayand tha war tua priestis borne in Spane,
The quhilk had bene ane long tyme at the lair
In till Athenis plesand and preclair,
Quhair all science war kennit craftiuslie
Musick, phisick, art and philosophie.
Be Eolus and his authoritie,
And Neptunus, quhilk god is of the se,
In that disert and danger did they dryue,
Syne in ane craig fortoun maid tham aryue;
" Quhair all the laif, except we tua alone,
" In the salt se wer perreist thair ilkone."

This nobill king, quhen he hard thame declair,
That tha wer men of cunnyng and of lair,
To talk that tyme with thame in theologie,
And sindrie questionis sperit that war hie.
And first he sperit into generall
Quhat wes the nature of thair goddis all?
Thair godis than, thai war botht les and moir,
Bot stok and stone, as I schew ȝow befoir:
The similitude maid of the sune and mune,
And brutell beistis set vp in ane trune.
Maid ansuer be thair philosophie,
Cunnyng thai war als in mortalitie,
The law of nature than tha had perqueir,
Sic ansuer maid as I sall schaw ȝow heir:
" Excellent prince," witht wordis rycht benyng,
" We studie nocht tha said into sic thing;
" Our studie is in sciens naturall,
" As for to tell of thingis menerall,
" Of gold, siluer, and mony sindrie vre,
" Vnder the erd out of all mannis cuir;
" Into the bowellis of the erd we ken
" Thair is mair proffeit for the vse of men,
" Nor is aboue of herb, corne or tre,
" That we ma ken superfacialitie.
" As for ȝour goddis we hald thame for nane;
" In all this warld thair is no God bot ane.

" Thair is na will that may haif rectitude
" Into the self nor ȝit na vther gude;
" Nane bot his will of sic sublimitie,
" To quhome all willis suld conformit be.
" Vnlefull is als, I wndertak,
" Of this greit God ane figure for to mak,
" Of gold or siluer, stock or ȝit of stone;
" For in him self this God figure hes none."
This king he said, " It is mervell to me,
" Without ane figure how that God ma be."
" Ȝis," said he than, " God is immensurabill,
" In euerie place, and als inte[r]menabill,
" And infinite als he is in valour,
" Infinite repungis to figure."
" This tyme," he said, " that I considder weill;
" Ȝit neuirtheles I wald ȝe leit me feill
" How that I sall perfitlie wnderstand
" Thair is bot ane God both of se and land."
" Ȝe schir," he said, " ȝe may considder quhy
" Be men in earth and thair greit gerathy;
" Trewlie to tell, tranquilitie is none,
" Bot in that place quhair all obeyis one.
" For multitude withoutin vnitie,
" Lang but discord it can nocht rycht weill be,
" The quhilk repungis in ane god till ring,
" Quhairfoir I hald it bot ane folie thing
" To put in godheid sic pluralitie;
" In all this warld thair is no moir folie.
" And secundlie, that same thing for to preue,
" Ȝe sall considder, gude schir, with ȝour leue,
" The nature is of Godis hie impyre
" Till haif all that thing ay at his awin desyre,
" But contrapleid, ay as his awin self pleis;
" War it nocht sua than God war nocht at eis.
" He is na god that wantis of his will,
" Or he that ma restranit be thair till.

" Quhilk I sall preue, that it ma rycht weill be,
" In ȝour goddis put ȝe pluralitie."
The king he said, " Gude schir, gar me knaw,
" How that is suith ;" said he. " That sall I schaw.
" Considder weill this thing I tell ȝow till ;
" Sen euirilk god man haif his awin fre will
" To vse all tyme at his awin libertie,
" It is na will bot gif that it be fre ;
" Ma will that tyme na schour of rane to be ;
" Quhilk kyndlie is as I haif said to the,
" That euirilk god wirk efter his awin will ;[1]
" Thus in ȝour godis that sic scisma be,
" And als of power sic equalitie,
" For ony ressoun ȝe can schaw me till,
" The tane on force that tyme man want his will ;
" The quhilk repungis alwayis to deitie
" To want his will, or ȝit in thrall to be."
" Quhat is oure goddis than ? tell me," said the king ;
" Feinȝeit tha ar," he said ; " na vther thing ;
" Sic wes thair nane,[2] nor neuir ȝit salbe,
" Quhairfoir," he said, " tha ar bot vanitie.
Col. 2. " Thair is na God bot one that sittis abone,
" Quhilk gydar is baith of the sone and mone,
" Of starris als both moir and les, ȝe se ;
" Traist weill forsuith thair is na God bot he.
" He is the gydar of the coursis richt,

[redacted]

" Equall he is till euerie warldlie wicht.
" Ane king or prince is no moir in his sicht
" Nor the leist page, thocht he be neuir sa puir,
" Or ȝit in earth the vylest creature."
Than said the king, " Sen he is ressonabill,
" Quhy ar sum men to him sua acceptabill,
" Gif it be so that his will ay is fre,
" And vther als so far haitit to be?"
Said he agane, " That I can weill declair;
" And gif it is so plesand and preclair,
" And so resplendant into Godis sicht,
" That is the caus he louis ony wicht;
" All lyfe also the quhilk is to detest,
" To God and man, and earest to the best,
" Full of ill vice, as pride, ire and invie,
" That God thame hait, this is the verrie quhy."
Than said the king, " Gif he be of that sort,
" Thy argument thow hes done rycht report;
" Agane thi self ar preuis weill befoir."
The tother said till[1] him agane, " Quhairfoir?"
The king he said, " Becaus I hard the tell
" That vice and vertu dois thy God compell
" To luif the tane for his vertew and pryss,
" And hait the vther also for his vice.
" Gif it be trew that thow hes said to me,
" His will, me think, can nocht alwayes be fre;
" Be it nocht fre, I think in my intent,
" He is nocht God be thi awin argument."
" Ȝis," said he, " schir, as I sall to ȝow schaw,
" Into Godheid is sic nature and law,
" Ather to be fre, ather in will or deid,
" Ȝit neuirtheles to loue men for thair meid;
" And for this quhy that I sall schaw [the] till,
" Sen it is ay in Godis awin frie will
" Of euerilk man for till except his deid,
" Accept he nocht than it is of na meid,

[1] In MS. *tell.*

Ane nobill man, of wisdome and honour,
For all that tyme thai haif maid governour,
Callit Conan, as my author did sa,
Ane lord he wes als of Brigantia;
Quhilk mony falt reformit in his tyme,
And mony lymmer lappit in the lyme;[1]
And on ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And leill men leve in greit tranquillitie.
All thing befoir he fand that wes misdone
In till his tyme he gart reforme rycht sone.
Syne quhen tha knew deid wes this Thereus,
In Berigone, my author sayis thus,
Befoir the lordis that tyme auld [and] ȝing
This Conanus his office did resing.

How Josina wes maid King efter the Tyme of his Bruther Thereus.

With haill consent than of the lordis all,
On Josina the haill counsall did call,
As he that wes most abill for sic thing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Bruther germane he wes to Thereus;
He had no child, my author sais thus.
Ane nobill man in all his tyme wes he

How Tua schip-brokin Men war fund in ane Yle, and brocht to Josina the King; the quhilk begouth the first Studie in Scotland.

Sone efter this ȝe heir me tell anone,
This nobill king beand in Berigone,
Tua plesand men wes brocht than him beforne,
Naikit and bair almaist as thai war borne,
Fund in ane yle schip-brokin with the se,
Quhilk drevin war out of ane far cuntrie.
The king wes curtas of considerance; Col. 2.
And suddantlie, but ony circumstance,
He gart convoy thame till ane secreit place,
Quhair tha mycht sojorne for ane tyme and space;
And meit and drink, fyre, claithis and easment,
That neidfull war, he hes to thame sent;
Quhill that thai war refreschit weill agane,
And had forȝet the maist part of thair pane.
Syne efter that, the fyftene day and moir,
Thir tua ȝoung men gart present him befoir;
And reuerentlie he did at thame inquyre
Quhat that tha war, or quhat wes thair desyre?
Rycht curtaslie tha maid ansuer agane,
Sayand tha war tua priestis borne in Spane,
The quhilk had bene ane long tyme at the lair
In till Athenis plesand and preclair,
Quhair all science war kennit craftiuslie
Musick, phisick, art and philosophie.
Be Eolus and his authoritie,
And Neptunus, quhilk god is of the se,
In that disert and danger did they dryue,
Syne in ane craig fortoun maid tham aryue;
" Quhair all the laif, except we tua alone,
" In the salt se wer perreist thair ilkone."

Ane nobill man, of wisdome and honour,
For all that tyme thai haif maid governour,
Callit Conan, as my author did sa,
Ane lord he wes als of Brigantia;
Quhilk mony falt reformit in his tyme,
And mony lymmer lappit in the lyme;[1]
And on ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And leill men leve in greit tranquillitie.
All thing befoir he fand that wes misdone
In till his tyme he gart reforme rycht sone.
Syne quhen tha knew deid wes this Thereus,
In Berigone, my author sayis thus,
Befoir the lordis that tyme auld [and] ȝing
This Conanus his office did resing.

How Josina wes maid King efter the Tyme of his Bruther Thereus.

With haill consent than of the lordis all,
On Josina the haill counsall did call,
As he that wes most abill for sic thing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Bruther germane he wes to Thereus;
He had no child, my author sais thus.
Ane nobill man in all his tyme wes he

[redacted]

How Tua schip-brokin Men war fund in ane Yle, and brocht to Josina the King; the quhilk begouth the first Studie in Scotland.

Sone efter this ȝe heir me tell anone,
This nobill king beand in Berigone,
Tua plesand men wes brocht than him beforne,
Naikit and bair almaist as thai war borne,
Fund in ane yle schip-brokin with the se,
Quhilk drevin war out of ane far cuntrie.
The king wes curtas of considerance; Col. 2.
And suddantlie, but ony circumstance,
He gart convoy thame till ane secreit place,
Quhair tha mycht sojorne for ane tyme and space;
And meit and drink, fyre, claithis and easment,
That neidfull war, he hes to thame sent;
Quhill that thai war refreschit weill agane,
And had forȝet the maist part of thair pane.
Syne efter that, the fyftene day and moir,
Thir tua ȝoung men gart present him befoir;
And reuerentlie he did at thame inquyre
Quhat that tha war, or quhat wes thair desyre?
Rycht curtaslie tha maid ansuer agane,
Sayand tha war tua priestis borne in Spane,
The quhilk had bene ane long tyme at the lair
In till Athenis plesand and preclair,
Quhair all science war kennit craftiuslie
Musick, phisick, art and philosophie.
Be Eolus and his authoritie,
And Neptunus, quhilk god is of the se,
In that disert and danger did they dryue,
Syne in ane craig fortoun maid tham aryue;
" Quhair all the laif, except we tua alone,
" In the salt se wer perreist thair ilkone."

Ane nobill man, of wisdome and honour,
For all that tyme thai haif maid governour,
Callit Conan, as my author did sa,
Ane lord he wes als of Brigantia;
Quhilk mony falt reformit in his tyme,
And mony lymmer lappit in the lyme;[1]
And on ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And leill men leve in greit tranquillitie.
All thing befoir he fand that wes misdone
In till his tyme he gart reforme rycht sone.
Syne quhen tha knew deid wes this Thereus,
In Berigone, my author sayis thus,
Befoir the lordis that tyme auld [and] ȝing
This Conanus his office did resing.

How Josina wes maid King efter the Tyme of his Bruther Thereus.

With haill consent than of the lordis all,
On Josina the haill counsall did call,
As he that wes most abill for sic thing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Bruther germane he wes to Thereus;
He had no child, my author sais thus.
Ane nobill man in all his tyme wes he

How Tua schip-brokin Men war fund in ane Yle, and brocht to Josina the King; the quhilk begouth the first Studie in Scotland.

Sone efter this ȝe heir me tell anone,
This nobill king beand in Berigone,
Tua plesand men wes brocht than him beforne,
Naikit and bair almaist as thai war borne,
Fund in ane yle schip-brokin with the se,
Quhilk drevin war out of ane far cuntrie.
The king wes curtas of considerance; Col. 2.
And suddantlie, but ony circumstance,
He gart convoy thame till ane secreit place,
Quhair tha mycht sojorne for ane tyme and space;
And meit and drink, fyre, claithis and easment,
That neidfull war, he hes to thame sent;
Quhill that thai war refreschit weill agane,
And had forȝet the maist part of thair pane.
Syne efter that, the fyftene day and moir,
Thir tua ȝoung men gart present him befoir;
And reuerentlie he did at thame inquyre
Quhat that tha war, or quhat wes thair desyre?
Rycht curtaslie tha maid ansuer agane,
Sayand tha war tua priestis borne in Spane,
The quhilk had bene ane long tyme at the lair
In till Athenis plesand and preclair,
Quhair all science war kennit craftiuslie
Musick, phisick, art and philosophie.
Be Eolus and his authoritie,
And Neptunus, quhilk god is of the se,
In that disert and danger did they dryue,
Syne in ane craig fortoun maid tham aryue;
" Quhair all the laif, except we tua alone,
" In the salt se wer perreist thair ilkone."

Ane nobill man, of wisdome and honour,
For all that tyme thai haif maid governour,
Callit Conan, as my author did sa,
Ane lord he wes als of Brigantia;
Quhilk mony falt reformit in his tyme,
And mony lymmer lappit in the lyme;[1]
And on ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And leill men leve in greit tranquillitie.
All thing befoir he fand that wes misdone
In till his tyme he gart reforme rycht sone.
Syne quhen tha knew deid wes this Thereus,
In Berigone, my author sayis thus,
Befoir the lordis that tyme auld [and] ȝing
This Conanus his office did resing.

How Josina wes maid King efter the Tyme of his Bruther Thereus.

With haill consent than of the lordis all,
On Josina the haill counsall did call,
As he that wes most abill for sic thing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Bruther germane he wes to Thereus;
He had no child, my author sais thus.
Ane nobill man in all his tyme wes he

How Tua schip-brokin Men war fund in ane Yle, and brocht to Josina the King; the quhilk begouth the first Studie in Scotland.

Sone efter this ȝe heir me tell anone,
This nobill king beand in Berigone,
Tua plesand men wes brocht than him beforne,
Naikit and bair almaist as thai war borne,
Fund in ane yle schip-brokin with the se,
Quhilk drevin war out of ane far cuntrie.
The king wes curtas of considerance; Col. 2.
And suddantlie, but ony circumstance,
He gart convoy thame till ane secreit place,
Quhair tha mycht sojorne for ane tyme and space;
And meit and drink, fyre, claithis and easment,
That neidfull war, he hes to thame sent;
Quhill that thai war refreschit weill agane,
And had forȝet the maist part of thair pane.
Syne efter that, the fyftene day and moir,
Thir tua ȝoung men gart present him befoir;
And reuerentlie he did at thame inquyre
Quhat that tha war, or quhat wes thair desyre?
Rycht curtaslie tha maid ansuer agane,
Sayand tha war tua priestis borne in Spane,
The quhilk had bene ane long tyme at the lair
In till Athenis plesand and preclair,
Quhair all science war kennit craftiuslie
Musick, phisick, art and philosophie.
Be Eolus and his authoritie,
And Neptunus, quhilk god is of the se,
In that disert and danger did they dryue,
Syne in ane craig fortoun maid tham aryue;
" Quhair all the laif, except we tua alone,
" In the salt se wer perreist thair ilkone."

Ane nobill man, of wisdome and honour,
For all that tyme thai haif maid governour,
Callit Conan, as my author did sa,
Ane lord he wes als of Brigantia;
Quhilk mony falt reformit in his tyme,
And mony lymmer lappit in the lyme;[1]
And on ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And leill men leve in greit tranquillitie.
All thing befoir he fand that wes misdone
In till his tyme he gart reforme rycht sone.
Syne quhen tha knew deid wes this Thereus,
In Berigone, my author sayis thus,
Befoir the lordis that tyme auld [and] ȝing
This Conanus his office did resing.

How Josina wes maid King efter the Tyme of his Bruther Thereus.

With haill consent than of the lordis all,
On Josina the haill counsall did call,
As he that wes most abill for sic thing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Bruther germane he wes to Thereus;
He had no child, my author sais thus.
Ane nobill man in all his tyme wes he

[redacted]

How Tua schip-brokin Men war fund in ane Yle, and brocht to Josina the King; the quhilk begouth the first Studie in Scotland.

Sone efter this ȝe heir me tell anone,
This nobill king beand in Berigone,
Tua plesand men wes brocht than him beforne,
Naikit and bair almaist as thai war borne,
Fund in ane yle schip-brokin with the se,
Quhilk drevin war out of ane far cuntrie.
The king wes curtas of considerance; Col. 2.
And suddantlie, but ony circumstance,
He gart convoy thame till ane secreit place,
Quhair tha mycht sojorne for ane tyme and space;
And meit and drink, fyre, claithis and easment,
That neidfull war, he hes to thame sent;
Quhill that thai war refreschit weill agane,
And had forȝet the maist part of thair pane.
Syne efter that, the fyftene day and moir,
Thir tua ȝoung men gart present him befoir;
And reuerentlie he did at thame inquyre
Quhat that tha war, or quhat wes thair desyre?
Rycht curtaslie tha maid ansuer agane,
Sayand tha war tua priestis borne in Spane,
The quhilk had bene ane long tyme at the lair
In till Athenis plesand and preclair,
Quhair all science war kennit craftiuslie
Musick, phisick, art and philosophie.
Be Eolus and his authoritie,
And Neptunus, quhilk god is of the se,
In that disert and danger did they dryue,
Syne in ane craig fortoun maid tham aryue;
" Quhair all the laif, except we tua alone,
" In the salt se wer perreist thair ilkone."

Ȝit neuirtheles that tyme tha wer begylit.
This cruell king richt sone his fayth hes fylit.
For all that tyme with falsheid he thame fed,
As quha wald set ane girne befoir ane gled,
Or on ane lyne ane plesand bait to mak
Vpoun ane huke the hungrie fische to tak.
Rycht so this king, full of dolositie,
Crabit, but cours, throw greit crudelitie,
Quhen that he saw the tyme wes oportune,
In to the hall, quhen the dennar wes done,
Befoir thame all that tyme bayth les and moir
He fell in talk of all thing done befoir.
Rycht sone to scharpnes turnit all thir bourdis,
For ay the langar with ye caldar wordis,
Rycht crabitlie he did thame all accuiss:
" Traist weill," he said, " ze sall zow nothing ruiss
" Of ȝour tressone, tratouris, les and moir,
" Wes done to me nocht lang syne of befoir."
Meiklie to him ane ansuer maid agane:
" Traist weill," thai[1] said, " we did it for na trane,
" Nor for displesour of your majestie,
" Bot for the honour of ȝour rialtie;
" Thairfoir," thai said, " most hie excellent prince,
" Oure mynd wes nocht to do ȝour grace offence;
" All that we did wes for ȝour greit honour."

[redacted]

To hald and help thair husbands in the tyme,
Sum out of wit, without ressone or ryme;
Tha war so wild wist nother of ill nor gude,
Blawdit and browdin in thair husbandis blude; Col. 2.
Sum keipand straikis gat werkand woundis sair,
And sum rycht rudlie raif out all thair hair;
Sum held hir grip quhill all hir lyre wes revin;
Sum to the erd rycht dogitlie wes drevin;
Rudlie ouir run rycht law vnder thair feit,
In burnis of blude thair facis all did fleit.
The lustie lyre, quhit as the lillie flour,
Wes maid as reid as ross in symmer schour.
Greit petie wes for to behald thair harme;
Ilk lady had ane deid corss in hir arme,
And all thair bodie browdin ouir with blude,
So wo thai war wist nother of ill nor gude.
Quhat sall I say ȝow moir in this thing?
Sic wes the count than of that crwell king.
Of that denner me thocht the lawing deir,
Suppois the feist had lestit for ane ȝeir.
In this mater quhair is thair moir to sa?
Bot euerie ladie passit hame hir wa,
Weipand full soir and wareand hir werd
That euer scho wes ane woman wrocht in erd,
Quhilk losit had to hir that wes so deir:
And how it hapnit syne efter ȝe sall heir,

How that the Lordis rais aganes Drustus for the Slauchter of the Lordis in Ewon, and slew him in Battell.

The wrak that fell vpoun this crwell king;
For God wald nocht lang suffer sic ane thing.
Sum of the lordis that knew weill his conditioun,
Of his greit falsheid tuke ane greit suspitioun,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] hatel [illegible]
[illegible] multitude.
With [illegible] hinde
[illegible] self was shame.

No moir of this: heir will I hald me still,
And to my purpois turne agane I will,
And tell ȝow furth the laue of Drustus king,
The quhilk deit the nynt ȝeir of his ring.

How the Sonnis off Drustus efter his Deid fled in Ireland, and how the Lordis of Scotland chesit ane King.

Quhen his sonis hard [that] he had maid sic end,
Tha war sa wild tha wist nocht quhair to wend;
Bot in ane bate fled in Ibernia,
Rycht ȝoung tha war, sa did my author say,
Remanit thair rycht lang and mony ȝeir,
Quhill efterwart, as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
The lordis all than of that land ilkone
Convenit hes that tyme in Berigone,
For to prouide for mony diuerss thing,
And speciallie than for to cheiss ane king.
Quhen tha war set ilkone in thair degre,
Ane man that tyme of greit authoritie
Amang thame all, he tuke the spech on hand,
And thus he said, as I rycht wnderstand.[1]
" I traist ȝe knaw the greit crudelitie
" Of king Drustus, and sic mortalitie
" Of oure fatheris befoir as he hes maid,
" And now also as we did him invaid
" With mort battell rycht pertlie on ȝone plane,
" Quhair he him self and all ȝone folk ar slane.
" Quhairfoir I traist his successioun and we
" At pece and rest sall neuir perfitlie be;
" For weill I wait, get ony of his kin
" Auctoritie ather mair or myn,
" He sall neuir be at concord with the laif,
" Quhill he ane mendis or ane vengance haif.

[1] These eight lines from "The lordis" to "wnderstand" precede the first six in the MS.

" And tha pepill als ar so perelous,
" Full of dissait, doggit and dangerous;
" My counsall is richt speciall in that thing,
Col. 2. " Cheis nane of thame agane to be maid king,
" Bot cheis sum vther wyss discreit ȝoung man,
" Of ane gude hous and of ane nobill clan.
" Thair is anew that rycht nobill wald be,
" And tha war put in till auctoritie."
Ilk man that tyme, sa far as thai had feill,
Tha said for suitht that he had said full weill;
And said tha wald cheis of ane[1] vther clan,
To be thair king, sum wyss discreit ȝoung man.
Sum chesit Ragone, lord of Brigantia;
Sum Coreman, lord of Novantia;
Sum Cornell, lord of Ylis in the se,
Becaus he wes of sic auctoritie.
The commoun voce agane him did reclame,
For-quhy he wes ane man of brukill fame.
Thus[2] culd thai nocht concord into ane will.
Caranus than, the lord of Argatill,
Ane man he wes ay for to do the best,
And all his tyme he louit pece and rest,
Withouttin feid or ȝit ony offence,
And thus he said in opin audience:

" Sic wickit wayes betuix thame wes wrocht,
" Quhilk all the kinrik till confusioun brocht,
" Clenelie slane doun wes all the nobill blude;
" The puir pepill put in vyle seruitude
" By the Britis invaidand ws sa lang;
" At Berigone tha pat ws in sic thrang
" Quhill we war fane that tyme for falt of meit,
" And greit hunger, ilkane ane vther till eit.
" Colanus als, quhilk wes of knychtheid flour,
" Of manheid, strenth, wisdome and honour,
" For to releif thair greit miseritie
" In that distres thair wes he done to de.
" The nobill wemen of Novantia
" For sic displesour slew thame self alsua,
" And ȝoung Reuthar flemi[t] that wes our king;
" Discord, he said, wes caus of all this thing.
" Thairfoir in tyme bewar quhill all is weill,
" And do ȝe nocht, als far as I haif feill,
" Bot this discord, with greit abusioun,
" All wilbe brocht to vter confusioun.
" Then will the Britis enter in our boundis,
" And wirk ws wrang with mony werkand woundis,
" Quhen that we haif na strentht thame to ganestand,
" First sla our self and syne posses our land.
" Sen better is ane wisdome that is bocht
" Than other tua that gottin ar for nocht,
" And we befoir sic wisdome bocht full deir,
" My counsall is thairfoir to ws it heir."
Quhen he had said, bayth ill and gude ilkman
Of his wisdome tha thocht greit wounder than.
Becaus he said that tyme so neir the skill,
Cheis quhome he wald tha pat it in his will.
And he on hand the haill mater hes tane;
With wyss sad men to counsall syne ar gane,
Deliuerit als vpoun ane gude maneir,
On this same wyss as I sall schaw ȝow heir.

Lib. 2. f. 20. Col. 1.

How Ewenus, the Patruell of Drustus, quhilk flemit was be him in Pechtland, wes brocht hame in Scotland and crownit King.

Ane man thair wes that tyme into Pechtland,
Fra Scotland flemit. ze sall wnderstand,
Be this Drustus of quhome befoir I spak,
Becaus he schupe his faltis to corrak.
Be his counsall as he best wnderstude,
Becaus till him he wes so neir of blude,
His patruall ane man of nobill fame,
Quhilk Ewenus callit wes to name,
This Caranus with wordis meik and sueit,
Be his counsall hes giffin sic decreit,
This ilk Ewenus for to mak thair king,
For all his tyme amang thame for to ring.
For-quhy he wes neir of the kingis blude,
And of the best as all man vnderstude;
And till vnschew all malice and discord,
Thairfoir he wald cheis than na vther lord.
The haill counsall thocht haill that wes the best,
Thairfoir but respett, or thai wald tak rest,
Send for Ewenus, as I vnderstand,
With greit honour and brocht him hame in Scot-

And Ewenus had ressauit the croun
Of Berigone with honour and renoun,
Wycht just he wes till all men in his dais,
And circumspect, as that my author sais;
Liberall and large, weill louit with ilk lord,
Maker of peace and haitter of discord.
To till his tyme than sic ane law maid he,
Till 3oung childer sould rudlie nureist be
To meit and drink, in haping fra the cald,
Quhairby tha mycht than efter quhen tha wald
Suffer vneis and do thame litill deir, Col. 2.
Quhairthrow tha war moir abill for the weir,
To walk and fast at thair awin plesour bayth,
Withoutin pane or do thair bodie skayth.
With haill consent also of euirilk lord
Forbad all play the quhilk mycht mak discord;
And speciallie the cartis and the dyce
Quhilk causis men to fall in till all vice;
Commanding thame in 3outhheid for to leir
To schot and just, and harnes for till weir,
That thair fais no way suld wit thair wrang,
Thocht tha come sone or baid tha neuir so lang.
Greit justice als he hes maid ouir all quhair,
Fra place to place, for travell wald nocht spair;
And puneist thame that alway had gane wrang;
Sum he gart heid, and vther sum he gart hang.
And as he had perlustrit all the land,
The king of Pechtis send him ane seruand,
Beseikand him in gudlie haist to speid
Agane the Britis to help him in his neid;
For tha war cuming by Dieria,
Into Pechland that tyme the greit ost la,
And war tha nocht resistit sone anone,
Tha schupe to seig the said Camelidone.
Glaidlie this king than grantit with gud will
Into all haist that he suld cum him till;

And so he did, as he sail efter heir.
With mony wicht that worthie wes but weir.
Ane royall ost that wes hayth lang and braid
Semblit rycht sone, and syne thair passage maid
Vnto the king of Pechtis, quhair he la.
Quhilk come to him sone efter the thrid da.
Glaid wes the Pechtis quhen tha saw that sycht.
For in his gard wes mony gudlie knycht.
Weill bodin war with horss, harnes and geir.
And all wapynis that heidfull war in weir.
Thir tha kingis quhen tha war met toghidder.
Withoutin let that tyme tha war nocht lidder.
Bot maulie movit furth with all thair mane
Toward the Britis lyand on ane plane.

How that the Nycht twynnit the Pairtis, and how the Britis fled trowand tha had tynt the Feild.

The Britis als vpoun the tother syde.
Bownit for battell baldlie for till byde.
In gude array, quhair tha stude on ane grene.
Scharpe schutting thair ane lang tyme mycht be sene.

Be this wes done, it drew rycht neir the nycht,
Tha[t] ilk of vther rycht sone hes tint thair sicht.
Thir tua kingis to moustour ȝeid agane;
And quhen tha saw sa mony tha had slane,
And thryis als mony woundit war rycht sair,
Than tha forsuik that tyme for till fecht mair;
Syne passit on in all the haist tha ma
To Pechtland hillis, till on the morne wes da.
The Britis als abasit wes rycht far
Trowand siclike that tha had gottin the war,
And left the feild ane litil forrow da,
And all the spulȝe, and passit hame thair wa.
Tha war sa feird, and dred that tha suld fynd thame,
Tha fled like fyre and lukit neuir behind thame.
Syne on the morne, quhen it was fair da lycht,
Bayth Scot and Pecht quhair that tha la on the hycht,
Persauit weill, quhen tha beheld the plane,
The Britis war fled, quhairof tha war full fane.
Exploratouris that tyme tha send till spy
Gif ony baid in buschment neir hand by;
Trowand rycht weill it wes done for a trane,
Doun fra the hycht to draw thame to the plane.
The spyis come agane to thame and schew
That tha war gane; and when thir kingis knew,
In gudlie haist discendit fra the hicht;
In gude array syne raikit on full richt,
And all the spuilȝe in the feild tha fand,
Helme and habrik, bow, bukler and brand,
Gold and siluer, and all vther geir,
Dewydit hes amang the men of weir;
And all the heirschip, tane wes of befoir,
To euerilk steid tha gart agane restoir.
Greit riches als, as ȝe sall vnderstand,
This Ewenus that tyme brocht in Scotland;

And tha that had in feild thair fatheris slane.
Rewairdit war quhen he come hame agane,
And tratit weill with him in all thair dais.
Sone efter syne, as that my author sais,
He biggit hes vpone ane roche of stone
Ane strang castell that callit wes Ewone ;
Ewonewin than, efter Ewenus,
It namit wes, the storie tellis thus ;
Quhilk royallie with lyme and stane wes wallit,
And now to name Ewnstafage it is callit.
This nobill king in sporting and in playes,
In pece and rest, syne leuit all his dayes ;
Justice he gart exerce ouir all his land,
Than nane fauour quhomewith ane falt he fand ;
In euerie pairt ordanit ane speciall juge,
Sua that no faltour suld get na refuge ;
And sindrie seruandis for to seis the land,
In ony pairt quhair thai ane faltour fand,
Col. 2. Without refuge vnto the law him bring.
Syne efterwart, this worthie nobill king,
Quhen he had rung the space of nynetene zeir,
He tuke his leif and baid no langer heir.
The lordis all that tyme with greit honour,
Hes saisit him syne in his sepulture,
Besyde in Ewin, in till ane feild full fair,
Quhair that him self befoir chesit his lair.

[redacted]

How King Drustus Tua Sonis discordit for the Rycht of the Croun, and how fals Gillus with Tressoun slew thame.

Quhen passit wes this gudè king Ewenus,
In the same tyme tua sonis of Drustus,
The quhilk befoir fled in Ybernia,
Nocht lang gane syne, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Quhilk Ewenus brocht hame agane befoir
His deith ane quhile with greit honour and gloir,
And traistit thame, as he suld, in all thing,
As did pertene till sonis of ane king.
And thir tua syne, sone efter he wes deid,
Betuix thame selffis thair rais grit stryf and feid,
About the croun quhilk of thame had the rycht;
Twynnis tha war, and bayth borne on ane nycht.
Ane bastard sone thair wes of Ewenus,
Quhilk till his name wes callit Gillus,
Dissimulat, of greit subtilitie,
Vicious and vane, full of crudelitie.
Warlie he wrocht betuix thame da and nycht;
To gar thame [hait] he hes done that he micht,
Quhill with the ane, quhillis with the vther,
Garrand ilk trow he had mair rycht than vther,
To that effect tha suld discord and stryve,
Quhairthrow he thocht tha suld bayth loss the lyfe;
Trowand rycht weill gif his bruther wer deid,
To bruke the croun but contrapley or pleid.
And all the pepill he gart trow ilk deill,
All that he wrocht wes for the commoun weill.

How Gillus set ane Day to concord thir Brether, and syne slew thame baith, and than efter occupeit the Croun.

With haill consent that tyme of euery lord,
He set ane day to caus thame till concord.

Quhen cumin wes ilk part that tyme and place,
This foirsaid Gillus, witht ane fenzeit face,

. . . . . .
. . . . . .[1]

Lib.2, f.22. Col. 1.
How tratourlie agane him tha rebellit,
Fra toun and kinrik falslie him expellit ;
Beseikand thame with all humanitie,
Of thair kyndnes for to mak him supplie,
For till restoir him till his croun agane.
Befoir thame all he hes promittit plane,
On to Yreland that he sall gif rycht frie
The Ylis all liand within the sc,
For thair supple tha suld haif to thair wage,
Perpetuallie to bruke in heretage.
Of that conditioun thai war all content,
And euerilk man thairto gaif his consent.

How Gillus come furth of Yreland with ane greit Army into the Ylis.

Of men of weir ane rycht greit multitude,
With schip and boit, tha furneist to the flude;
And gaif Gillus to governe and to gyde,
At his command at lyffe and deid to byde.

[redacted]

Quhome thai wald cheis that tyme to be thair king;
For neid it war into sa greit ane thing,
Agane sic power of thair injure
Than with ane king that [thai] sould gydit be.

How the Lordis, at the Counsall of Cadallus, chesit ane King callit Ewenus, the Sone of ane nobill Man Coranus, the Bruther of Fenanus.

In that same tyme thair wes ane nobill man,
To name Ewenus he wes callit than;
The sone he wes of ane hecht Coranus,
That bruther wes to gude king Fenanus;
Intill ane yle he wes rycht lang vnknawin,
Flemit be Gillus, and durst nocht be schawin.
With haill consent that tyme of ald and ȝing,
This ilk Ewenus crownit than wes king.
Ane greit armye he laid at the se cost,
For to resist this Gillus and his ost.
Fra Gillus knew him gatherit on the land,
Turnit his purpois on ane vther hand;
Syne with his ost, in all the haist tha ma,
Left Albione and passit in Yla.
Within schort quhile he maid it all on steir,
Hereit and brint oure all, bayth far and neir;
He left na leid thair leveand vpone lyfe,
ȝoung or ald, other man or wyffe;
All thing siclyke, that micht nocht with thame pas, Col. 2.
Intill ane fyre tha brint it all in as.
Quhen he had done syne passit hame away,
With greit spulȝe in till Ybernia.

[illegible] PASSIT IN YRELAND WITH ANE [illegible] AND SLEW THIS FALS GILLUS.

[illegible] barne did persaue,
[illegible] mendis for to haif.
[illegible] wald he.
[illegible]
[illegible] ballingar.
[illegible] tuke thair leve to fair;
[illegible] governour.
[illegible] grein honour.
[illegible] that the maid,
[illegible]
[illegible] fast,
[illegible]
[illegible] the fand,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Gillus la,
[illegible] heir and thair;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] weir,

And for that caus rycht mony left Gillus
Into the feild, and come till Cadallus.
Quhen Gillus saw his men had left him sua,
He wes so will he wist nocht quhair to ga;
Traistand that tyme he sould be traisit be,
With few thairfoir tuke purpois for to fle;
In ane thik wod, that wes thair neir hand by,
To hyde him thair he fled rycht haistely.
And quhen his men persauit he wes fled,
Tha thocht rycht euill that tyme that tha had sped,
And all [for] wrang had[1] partit [with] thair pelfe,
To fecht for him wald nocht fecht for him selfe.
Without delay tha came Cadallus till,
Both les and mair, and pat thame in his will;
And he agane ressauit thame all sworne
For till be trew till him bot evin and morne.
Syne in this wod he hes send thame ilkone
To seik and se quhair this Gillus wes gone.
Rycht circumspect about with mony spy
Gart sett the wod rycht sone and suddanelie;
And sua tha socht ane da till end or tua,
Quhill at the last thai fand him quhair he lay
In till ane coif neir hungrit to the deid.
Tha slew him thair, and syne straik of his heid,
And on ane speir buir to the oist agane:
Quhen tha it saw than war thai all full fane.
This wes the end of Gillus and his deidis,
As in this buik yow ma se quhen yow reidis.

Lib.2,f.22b. Col. 1.

How Cadallus, efter the Slauchter of Gillus, come Home in Albione with Victorie.

Quhen this Gillus wes slane vpoun this wyss,
And endit wes Cadallus interpryss,

[1] In MS. *hard.*

How Cadallus passit in Yreland with ane greit Armye, and slew this fals Gillus.

Quhen Ewenus this greit harme did persaue,
He maid his vow ane mendis for to haif.
Postpone no langar in that tyme wald he,
Bot sone he set ane armie to the se;
With bark and barge, bot and ballingar,
Quhen tha war furneist tuke thair leve to fair;
And Cadallus he maid thair governour,
Quhilk efterwart that wan sua greit honour.
Fra Beregone thair passage that tha maid,
Leit saillis fall and passit of the raid;
The wynd was fair and tha salit rycht fast,
To Yberland the narrest way thai past,
And in ane firth ane nobill hevin tha fand,
Quhair tha in boittis passit all to land.
All flemit men into Ybernia,
Quhen that tha knew quhair that Cadallus la,
Tha drew till him in hundrethis heir and thair;
Ilk da by da his ost grew mair and mair.
And fra this Gillus sic thing vnderstude,
Sone he hes met him with ane multitude
Of nobill men that war rycht wyss in weir,
Weill put to poynt in horss armour and geir

And for that caus rycht mony left Gillus
Into the feild, and come till Cadallus.
Quhen Gillus saw his men had left him sua,
He wes so will he wist nocht quhair to ga;
Traistand that tyme he sould be traisit be,
With few thairfoir tuke purpois for to fle;
In ane thik wod, that wes thair neir hand by,
To hyde him thair he fled rycht haistely.
And quhen his men persauit he wes fled,
Tha thocht rycht euill that tyme that tha had sped,
And all [for] wrang had[1] partit [with] thair pelfe,
To fecht for him wald nocht fecht for him selfe.
Without delay tha came Cadallus till,
Both les and mair, and pat thame in his will;
And he agane ressauit thame all sworne
For till be trew till him bot evin and morne.
Syne in this wod he hes send thame ilkone
To seik and se quhair this Gillus wes gone.
Rycht circumspect about with mony spy
Gart sett the wod rycht sone and suddanelie;
And sua tha socht ane da till end or tua,
Quhill at the last thai fand him quhair he lay
In till ane coif neir hungrit to the deid.
Tha slew him thair, and syne straik of his heid,
And on ane speir buir to the oist agane:
Quhen tha it saw than war thai all full fane.
This wes the end of Gillus and his deidis,
As in this buik yow ma se quhen yow reidis.

Lib.2,f.22b. Col. 1.

How Cadallus, efter the Slauchter of Gillus, come Home in Albione with Victorie.

Quhen this Gillus wes slane vpoun this wyss,
And endit wes Cadallus interpryss,

[1] In MS. *hard.*

And bownit hame and wald na langer byde,
And tuke with him greit spulȝe in the tyde,
That he had wyn into Ybernia
To recompance the spulȝe of Yla.
This beand done, with all his men ilkone,
He tuke the se to cum in Albione.
With bark and barge, and mony gay gala,
To schipburd went syne efter on ane da.
Rycht souerlie tha salit for ane quhile
In half ane da the space of threttie myle;
Syne Eolus his bugill blew so loud,
That all the se with schouris he did schroud.
Thair wes no thing bot harrok, how and cry,
Sum bad on luffe, and vther sum hald by;
And sum bad how, and vther sum bad haill,
Sum bad on le, and vther sum strek saill;
Sum with ane bub had blawin doun hir blind,
Sum with ane torss la capand on the wynd;
Sum gat ane rais gart all hir ribbis rak,
Sum gat ane coup gart all hir [tymmaris] crak;
Sum in the wynd la capand thair so he
Quhill scho tuke in than bayth at lufe and le;
Sic fersie flaggis fra the hevin did fall
Tha war in poynt that tyme to perische all.
In that storme so stranglie tha war straist,

[redacted]

This ilk Cadallus, quhen he come to land,
Vpoun his feit for wanes mycht nocht stand,
Bot on his kneis la fell down in hy,
Syne to the hevin kest vp ane cairfull cry,
Wareand the tyme that he wes wrocht in erd, Col. 2.
And als fortoun had gevin him sic werd,
Of his awin men to se sa mony de,
Schort quhile befoir had win sic victorie.
Be this the king wes cumand at the hand,
And this Cadallus, as I wnderstand,
In armis tuke and maid him for to ryiss,
And confort him syne on ane gudlie wyss.
" Deir freind," he said, " of cheualrie the flour,
" Throw quhome this tyme we haif win sic honour,
" Rycht weill we aucht to wirschip the alway
" With haill power in all thing that we may;
" Aboue all man on erd to lufe the best,
" And honour the ay quhill thi tyme may lest.
" Thow art oure gyde, our governour and girth,
" Quhy murnis thow, haifand sic caus of mirth?
" Hes thow nocht done, doand thi self no deir,
" All thing pertenis to ane man of weir;
" Sauit thi self and vincust hes thi fa,
" Spuilȝeit the feild and brocht awa thi pra?
" How culd ane man in erd wyn mair honour
" Na thow hes wyn rycht stranglie in ȝone stour?
" Thocht oure godis and fals Fortoun this tyme
" Hes wrocht thair will, therof thow hes no cryme,
" Suithtlie to say that I dar vndertak,
" Thocht we haif skayth therof thow hes no lak.
" Nor to thi fa it can be na honour,
" No lak to the, suppois that aventure
" And fals Fortoun hes turnit so hir quheill,
" Is none to wit bot scho that I wait weill.
" Be blyth," he said, " sen this perrell is past,
" We man forȝet all dolour at the last;

" And all the skaith we haif tane in this place
" We will forȝet within ane litill space.
" Bot the wirschip that thow hes win and gloir,
" In to this erd it will lest euir moir,
" Quhill ony leid hes lyfe thairon to think,
" Or man levand can writ with pen and ink."
Wyslie this king, with wordis balme and sueit,
He spak till him for to confort his spreit,
Quhill at the last he gart him leve his mone;
Syne altogidder passit till Ewone,
And thair remanit quhill the auchtane da,
Syne tuke his leif and passit hame his wa,
He and his men on till Brigance agane;
And all his tyme thair still he did remane
In Epiacum, in that nobill toun,
In peax and rest with honour and renoun.
Quhen Ewenus knew that this Gillus wes deid,
And he mycht leve withoutin pley or pleid;
With his counsall that hes he tane on hand
Within schort quhill to visie all his land.
And so he did within ane lytill space,
Gude pece and rest syne maid in euerilk place;
In to na part that tyme wes ony pley,
And all his lordis did him weill obey.
Sone efter that, so did my author sa,

And for the honour this Cadallus wan,
This nobill king hes gevin till him than
All the strenthis in Brigantia
In heretage, suppois thai had bene ma;
And all the laue als of tha landis frie,
Euir till be haldin in regalitie.

How Ewenus weddit the King of Pechtis Dochter, callit Siora, and renewit the Band.

Quhen this wes done this nobill Ewenus
And his lordis, my author sais thus,
The king of Pechtis met at the bordour syde,
With his lordis that mekill war of pryde;
And thair agane renewit hes the band
Betuix thame tua, that it sould euir stand
In forme and effect siclike as of befoir.
Quhen this wes done withoutin ony moir,
The king of Pechtis, callit wes Gethus,
Ane dochter had, my author sayis thus,
The quhilk to name wes callit Siora,
Bricht as Lucene, and fair as dame Flora.
This king Ewenus for hir pulchritude,
Hir blewmand bewtie, and hir nobill blude,
In matrimonie hes tane hir till his wyffe,
To leue with hir for terme of all his lyffe.
At Epiacum, in that royall toun,
With mony lord and mony bald barroun,
And with the principall of the Drewedes,
This mariage wes maid that tyme but les,
With singing, dansing, and with nobill cheir,
With sport and play that hevinlie wes to heir;
In sic fassoun, quhill on the fyftene da,
Ilk man tuke leif, syne passit hame his wa.

The Scottis than, quhilk war of sic valour,
So wyss and wycht, so strang als in that stour,
Wyth litill force that da tha wan the feild,
Quhair Balus men al hallelie war keild.
And tha that fled in schippis to pas hame,
In Pentland Firth wer all drownit in the fame.
Of all his ost rycht few thair did remane
Come with him thair, bot ouyer tane or slane.
Quhen this Balus knew weill and understude
His men all slane, or ellis drownit in the flude,
And he onlyve wes left syne all alane,
Or he in handis levand suld be tane,
With ane lang knyfe that tyme himself he slew.
This endit he; ȝe ma weill traist it trew.
Syne this Ewenus, and his men ilkone,
Quhen this wes done passit till Berigone.
Syne efter that, as my author did sa,
Foundit ane citie upoun Lochia,
Into Lochquhaber, law doun be the se,
With doubill dykis and wallis that war he,
Quhilk Inverlochtie callit is to name,
And syne efter ane toun wes of greit fame;
Quhairat the schippis come ilk da be da,
Fra France and Flanderis, and fra Spane alsua.
Sone efter that ane litill, as I ges,
Foundit ane toun upoun the watter of Nes,
Quhilk Invernes to name that toun wes callit,
With stone and lyme rycht worthelie wes wallit.
Quhair mony merchand come ilk ȝeir be ȝeir
With merchandice as that tyme did effeir.
Quhilk callit is that same name in thir daies,
It callit wes than, as my author sayes.
Quhen foundit wer thir citeis tua rycht fair,
With all fassone rycht plesand and preclair,
Unto Brigance passit this Ewenus,
For till concord the sonnis of Cadallus,

Lib.2,f.23b. Col. 1.

The quhilk rycht sone efter thair faderis deid,
For his richis thai fell in stryfe and feid.
Bot fra thai come in presence of the king,
And schew till him the maner of all thing,
Then he consideritt also les and moir
The causis quhy that thai discordit soir.
Throw his greit wit that tyme, and his prudence,
Rycht circumspect als of intelligence,
Accordit hes thai brether in that steid,
Without offence of ony part or feid.
So weill this king louit this Brigans lord,
Efter his deid, his deidis till remord,
He hes gart mak of plesand marbell stone
Ane fair image till his figure anone,
Aboue his graif syne set it hie in trone.
Syne sindrie dais ordand till be done
Solempnitlie with sensin sacrifice,
Richt glorious as that tyme wes the gyis.
Quhen this wes done the king passit agane
To Berigone, quhair that he did remane
In pece and rest quhill that infirmitie
Hes tuichit him with sic melancolie,
Fra gude Cadallus did fra him depairt,
Quhome that he luifit als tender as his hart.
And quhen he saw that his seiknes alway
Lost him no thing, bot grew ilk day by day,

[redacted]

" To unjust men, and se scharplie thow luke
" In thi kinrik that nane sic office bruke.
" In greit causis be ay thi awin self juge,
" For euirilk falt se that thow find refuge;
" And beir thi self so wyslie till ilk wicht,
" That nocht in the be fand all tyme bot rycht.
" And, mairattour, put neuir the commoun weill
" Into the handis of Fortoun nor hir quheill.
" For and thow do, bewar rycht sone with all,
" Or euer thow wit thow will sone get ane fall."
This beand said, as I haif said ȝow heir,
Quhen of this king completit wes sevin ȝeir,
He tuke his leif and passit to the laue
In Epiacum, syne gaist wes in graif.
Heir endis now, quho[1] lykis sic to luke,
Ewenus deidis and the secund buke.

How Ederus, efter the Deid of Ewenus, wes crownit, and of [his] nobill Deidis. Lib. 3.

Efter the tyme of gude Ewenus king,
Ederus than wes crownit for to ring.
In all tyme quhilk wes sa acceptabill Col. 2.
To God and man, and als so honorabill;
Quhilk efterwart previt weill in deid,
As in this buik ȝe sall se quhen ȝe reid.
Greit rest he had the tyme of all his ring,
In Albione wes neuir ane better king;
Weill louit him all man into his dais,
Plesand he wes in euerie gudlie plais.
The maist plesour he had in ony pla,
In hunting wes, my author sa did sa.

[1] In MS. *quhy*.

Sua hapnit him, efter ane litill quhile,
Neir Argatill, quhilk callit is Argyle,
With mony nobill in his companie,
Amang the hillis at the hunting be.
Fra Argatill thair come ane messinger,
And schew till him, as ȝe sall efter heir,
Ane bellomy, that callit wes Bredus,
Quhilk cousing wes wnto the fals Gillus,
That Cadallus sumtyme in Ireland slew,
Not lang gane syne, befoir as I ȝow schew;
How that he come that tyme with ane greit ost,
And enterit in at Argatelin cost,
And waistit had the land all far and neir,
Bayth brint and slew, that horribill wes till heir;
Rycht cruellie gart sla baith ald and ȝing,
For to reveng the deid of Gillus king.
Quhen Ederus hard thir tydenis tauld,
As he that wes ane bellomy full bald,
He maid na baid, bot bownit him that nycht
To Argatill with mony worthie wycht.
Syne preualie that nycht and all his ost,
He come rycht clois unto the west se cost,
Quhair Bridus schippis and thair schip men la;
He slew the men and brint the schippis or da.
Syne on the morne, sone be the da wes lycht,
And Bredus war baith met into sycht.

How Ederus, efter the grit Victorie of Bridus come Hame agane, met with ane Herauld send fra Cassibilan for Help agane Julius.

And as he come hame, rydand be the way,
Thair hes he met, as my author did say,
Ane messinger wes cuming him forgane,
Wes send that tyme fra king Cassibelan,
King of the Britis, of greit honour and fame,
The messinger Androgeus hecht to name;
Askand at him that tyme help and supple,
Rycht meklie than with all humanitie,
Aganis the Romanis without ressone or rycht
That conqueist all the warld with their mycht.
Greit Julius Cesar als thair empriour,
Quhilk in his tyme of all knychtis wes flour,
In France that tyme wes cumand to the sie,
To cum in Britane with his cheualrie,
And for to weild all Britane at his will
Or tak the chance that godis will send him till.
Sayand also that thai had tane in handis
Exploratouris quhilk tha had bund in bandis,[1]
That Julius thame secreitlie did schew
The veritie of all thingis as they knew.
Of his desyre Ederus wes content,
Ȝit neuirtheles, or he wald gif consent,
Still at his rest he bad him thair remane
Quhill the thrid day, syne for to cum agane;
All his desyre that tyme bayth greit and small
He sould propone befoir the lordis all.
And so he did syne efter the thrid da
Befoir thame all; as he said I sall sa.

Lib. 3, f. 24. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *landis.*

How Androgeus schew his Credence befoir Ederus, King of Scotland.

This Britane lord, quhilk hecht Androgeus,
In all Britane wes nane mair curious
For wit and wisdome, honour and renoun;
He wes than best of Britane nixt the croun.
Befoir thame all that wes thair, ȝoung and ald,
On gudlie wyss his message thus hes tald:
" O king Edeir, and victor inuincibill!
" Traist well," he said, " this is no fenȝeit fabill;
" That my desyre is nocht, I mak ȝow plane,
" All for the weill of king Cassibilane,
" Nor ȝit salbe, as far as I haif feill,
" Bot quhilk pertenis to the commoun weill
" Of Albione, as ȝe ma weill considder,
" Quhen ȝe haif hard quhairfoir that I come hidder.
" Traist weill," he said, " sen our godis aboue,
" Quhome that we aucht to honour and to lufe,
" In Albione hes plantit, I suppois,
" The perfite pepill, bald and bellicois,
" To that effect, I vnderstand for me,
" To leif in pece, concord, and vnitie;
" And euerie ane in neid for till help vther,
" Siclike alway as to his carnall bruther:

" Efter the perrell for to seik remeid,
" As quha wald gif ane drogarie to the deid.
" Be this," he said, "ȝe ma considder cleir,
" In Albione sic perrell dois appeir, Col. 2.
" Quhilk is contrarious to the commoun weill
" Of Albione, als far as I can feill,
" Be the Romanis quhilk, in this warld wyde,
" Hes no compair of arrogance and pryde.
" Oure all this warld thair power hes bene schawin,
" For tha war neuir content ȝit of thair awin,
" Quhill euerie land, that la neir hand thame by,
" Wer subjugat vnto thair senȝeory.
" And now thai seik vnto the warld end,
" To ws Britis till thame befoir vnkend,
" And schaipis nocht for no leid for to lat
" Quhill we to thame be maid all subjugat;
" Syne occupie oure land and strenthis all,
" And we to thame be maid bundis and thrall;
" And sua to leue, for terme of all oure lyfe,
" In servitude with thame bayth man and wyfe;
" Syne schamefullie to be baith da and nycht
" Bayth [wyfe] and barnes defoullit in oure sycht.
" Far farar is ane thousand fald to de,
" Or leif witht thame in sic meseritie;
" Dalie with thame thus for to be ouir thrawin,
" Quhair we war wynt to be fre within our awin.
" Gif hapnis thame, as God forbid so be,
" Of ws this tyme haue superioritie,
" And tak oure strenthis all at thair awin handis,
" Subdew oure selffis and occupie oure landis,
" Baith wyfe and man all into bondage brocht;
" Quhen this is done, sone efter dout ȝe nocht,
" Bot tha will preue to do siclike to ȝow,
" Suppois rycht litill that ȝe dout thame now.
" My counsall is in tyme se for remeid;
" It is oure lait to juke quhen that the heid

And so he did richt haistelie anone,
That thai to counsall togidder all ar gone.
In that counsall thair wes no contrarie;
With schort auisement that tyme but ony tarie,
Tha haif decretit all into ane will,
Help and supple the Britis to send till.
Androgeus to thame syne hes gart call
This nobill king in presens of thame all;
To him he said than on ane gude maneir,
In gude effect, as ȝe sall efter heir.

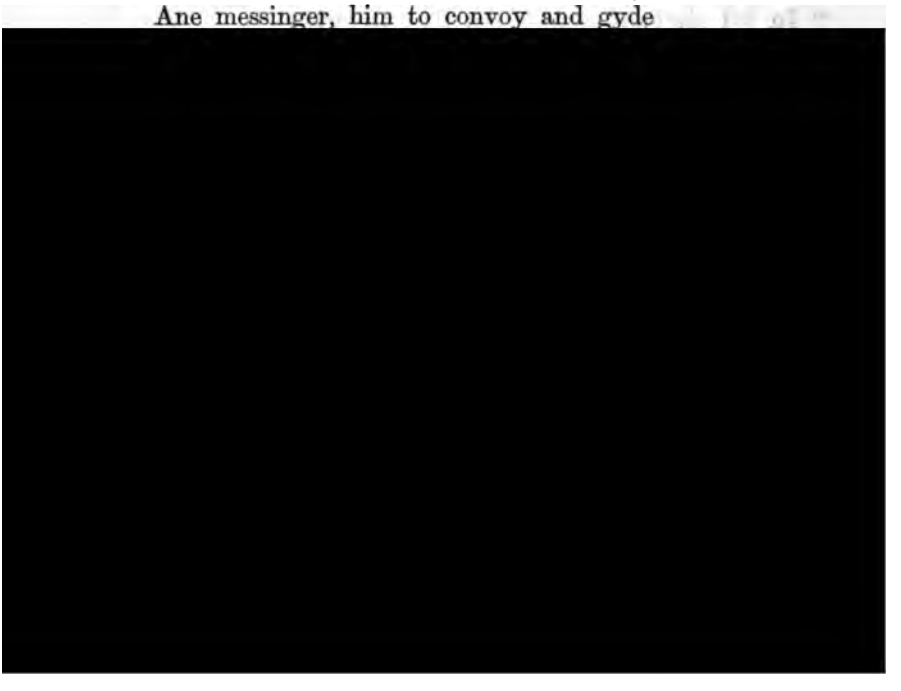
The Ansuer of Ederus, King of Scottis, to Androgeus, Lord in Britane.

"Deir freind," he said, "we haif considderit weill
" All ȝour deshir als far as we haif feill;
" Quhilk is till ws honest and honorabill,
" And ilk siclyke plesand and proffittabill,
" As to defend oure heretage and rycht,
" Grantit till ws be oure godis of mycht,
" In this perrell apperand till ilkone
" That setis hes this tyme in Albione.
" For weill I knaw the Romanis hes desyre
" Of all this warld to haif the haill impyre,
" As I hard tell of thair greit tirranie
" In till all pairt quhair tha haif victorie;
" The nobill blude put to confusioun all,
" The commoun pepill boundis maid and thrall;
" Bayth wyfe and barne defoullit in thair sycht,
" Wedowis or wyffis gettis bot litill rycht;
" The puir pepill of thame standis sic aw,
" In cart and wane tha gar tham drug and draw,
" Quhilk in this warld is horribill for till heir;
" And libertie to man, quhilk is so deir,
" Translatit is into vyle seruitude,
" And bondage maid of all the nobill blude.

" Quhairfoir," he said, " as I considder now,
" As God forbid tha be victoris of ȝow,
" That we suld find withoutin ony faill
" Tha suld sone efter scharplie ws assaill.
" As for myself, schortlie I say for me,
" Moir honest war with honor for till die,
" In just battell and in oure defence,
" Quhome to we did neuir wrang nor violence,
" Nor for to leif with thame in lack and schame,
" Efter oure deid syne haif so vyle ane name.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " we haif decretit now,
" In gudlie haist for to send help to ȝow,
" With all oure power to convene in vne
" That settis hes now in till Albione,
" For to defend ws fra oure commoun fa."
Col. 2. Quhen Androgeus hes hard him say sa,
He thankit him and all the lordis ilkone,
And tuke his leif and hamewart syne is gone.

How Ederus send ane Gyde with Androgeus to the King of Pechtis, callit Gethus.

Ederus king hes send with him that tyde
Ane messinger, him to convoy and gyde



And sone tha haif decretit in[1] that thing,
In gudlie haist withoutin tareing,
Efter thair power all help and supple
Him for to send in sic necessitie.

How Androgeus passit Hame, and schew his Ansuer befoir the King Cassibilan.

This Britane knycht passit hame his wa,
And schew his king, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Of baith the kingis the deliuerance,
Ilk word by word with all the circumstance;
Sayand, he trowit thai suld nocht langer byde.
Blyth wes the king of tha tydenis that tyde,
And thankit godis of thair mekill micht
Hes grantit him sic help into his richt.

How Ederus gart waill Ten Thousand Men, and send with Cadallanus in Britane.

Ederus king hes gart send in that tyde
Ouir all Scotland, quhilk wes bayth lang and wyde,
And chosin hes with thame that best culd ken
Ganand for weir that tyme ten thousand men,
Curious and kene, cupit of honour,
Stalwart, [and] lang to stand in ony stour;
Quhilk in ane feild far farar thocht to de,
Nor leif with lak out of ane feild to fle.
Deliuerit thame syne for to reull and gyde
To Cadallanus, lord wes in that tyde
Of Brigantia, my storie tellis thus,
The sone and air of nobill Cadallus,
That wan the honour in Ybernia,
Quhilk slew Gillus, as ȝe haif hard me sa;
And to ane lord of greit auctoritie,

[1] In MS. *in in.*

The quhilk to name Donaldus than hecht he,
Of Argatill the lord and senȝeour,
Worthie and wyss, and stalwart in ane stour.
To Britane than tha tuke the nerrest way,
Lib. 3, f. 25. Col. 2. Quhair that the king and all his lordis lay,
To Trynowairt that toun [1] of mekill pryde,
That Londoun now is callit in this tyde.
The Pechtis als vpoun the samin pairt,
Comperit thair with egir will and hart.
Blyth wes the Britis quhen tha saw that sycht;
Thair hairtis grew sa hallile on hicht,
Tha gart beleif the tyme that tha war in
Tha put na dout that tyme the feild to wyn.
In royall ost tha war than to behald,
Of mony berne that wes full big and bald,
In helme and habrick, and hecomont of steill,
With pissant pans wes maid to lest full weill;
With gude girgettis as ane lantren lycht,
With breistplait, birny, as the buriall brycht;
With sword and ax, bow, brand, and with speir,
And all wapynis that neidfull war in weir;
And pleven plait with mony riall rufe,
With courtlie cast of cot-armour abufe.

How Julius Cesar come first into Britane

[redacted]

Quhilk prysit hes his power of greit pryde,
Sayand he wes richt awfull for till abyde.
The Britis than, thocht tha war neuir so bald,
Wes stupefat that taill quhen tha hard tald.
Cassibilan quhen that he knew and saw
His men astoneist throw sic dreid and aw,
Befoir thame all than of ane gude maneir,
He said to thame, as I sall say ȝow heir.

How Cassibilan, King of Britis, maid his Oratioun to his Men befoir the Feild.

" O Britis bald! quhat causis ȝow to dreid?
" Haif ȝe nocht strenth, with mycht and grit manheid,
" Agane ȝour fais this tyme ȝow to defend?
" For weill I wat the caus and ȝe rycht kend,
" And als the querrell we fecht now foir,
" That ȝe wald be the langar ay the moir
" Of better will, and of moir curage hie,
" And nocht for dreid withoutin straik to flie.
" Knaw ȝe not weill, that this is thair desyir,
" To subjugat ws to thair hie impyre,
" But ony caus of ws this tyme or blame,
" Ws to invaid hes socht sa far fra hame?
" Tha haif no rycht till ws nor till our landis,
" Quhilk hes bene sesit sa lang into oure handis,
" Gevin to ws be oure goddis of mycht; Col. 2.
" Quhairfoir we haif ane just querrell and rycht.
" Ane vnjust caus, as it is rycht weill kend,
" On force man mak bot ane vnhappie end,
" Quhilk in oure godis fermelie that I trow,
" So sall thai do and tha deill with ws now.
" Haue we nocht heir, for to manteine oure rycht,
" The nobill Scottis, worthie, wyss and wicht,
" Rycht bellicois quhilk war in mony stour,
" Sa oft befoir hes wyn sa greit honour?

The Pechtis proude, thair [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] into weir haith [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] sen we haif sic power [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] oure querrell is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] na caus at this tyme [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] we do, we haif [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of knychtheid [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] man think on his [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] barnis, and land [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] sa lang tyme [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] be bundis maid and thrall,
[illegible] [illegible] this da that is mortall.
[illegible] [illegible] that godis will ws send,
[illegible] [illegible] is prysit be the end.
[illegible] [illegible] that we haif all the rycht,
[illegible] [illegible] the moir in godis mycht."
[illegible] [illegible] syne efter held him still,
[illegible] [illegible] with curage and gudwill,
[illegible] [illegible] with haill power and mycht,
[illegible] [illegible] to the flicht,
[illegible] [illegible] battell tha pretend,
[illegible] [illegible] that godis will thame send.

[illegible] [illegible] THROW THE PERSUASIOUN OF
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

With stremaris strait, and mony pinsall proude,
With taborne, trumpet, and mony schalme loud;
With clarions cleir, and mony bugall blast;
Tha grwmis gay, in nother syde agast,
Arrayit than rycht fraklie for the feild.
Thair mycht be sene rycht mony shynand scheild.
Cassibilan hes chosin furth that tyde,
Of nobill men that weill on horss culd ryde;
Quhilk war expert to ryde and rin ane speir,
On cursuris kene weill bardit for the weir,
Than for to brek thair ordour and array.
Thairof the Romanis tuke bot litill fray;
Bot manfullie tha met thame with greit mycht,
Quhill in that counter mony cruell knycht
Wes maid to kneill, and sum to licht full law,
With buffatis braid and mony bitter blaw.
Tha preuit vther pertlie on that plane; Lib.3,f.25b. Col. 1.
Mony war hurt, bot few of thame war slane.
The Romanis so wyss war into weir,
The Britane bernis culd do to thame no deir;
Bot drew abak the battell to renew,
Agane sic force tha thocht thame selfis ouir few.
On euerie syde, as that tyme wes the gyss,
Preikand in preis with mony interpryss;
And mony lord thair, for his ladeis saik,
To tak and gif rycht mony stalwart straik;
Quhair mony sadill temit wes on force,
And mony berne borne bakwart of his horss,
Quhill that the feild renewit wes agane;
With that tha preikit pertlie on the plane.
The Albionis, with mekill bost and schoir,
Fuir to the feild sic like as of befoir.
At that counter wes mony crwell knap,
With rewden rude sae mony raiss and rap,
Quhair tha sat on that tyme at the tane syde,
The Romane knychtis rycht baldlie did abyde,

Than stalwartlie and strang in to that stour,
Tha dowblit on with dyntis that war dour;
Rycht furiouslie tha fuir so for ane quhile,
That ane mycht pas the space of half a myle.

How Julius with all his haill Power and Cassibilan met in Plane Battell.

And syne or that intermell wes done,
The greit battell on euerie syd did jone,
With sic ane reird quhill all the rochis rang,
So thrafullie togidder that tha thrang.
Tha flappit on quhill all the fyre out flaw,
Quhilk mony freik on force hes maid to faw;
Helm[1] and habrek all wer hewin in sunder,
Ribbis war revin, and reft that wes thair vnder;
Freikkis throw force wer fellit in the feild,
Schouderis wer schorne, and sched war mony scheild;
Helmis war hewin to the schoulderis doun,
Mony ane swolt and mony fell in swoun;
Howchis wer als hewin law doun to the thie,
Leggis war likkit of hardof at the kne;
Bristis war brissin and bokkit out of blude,
Into that stour stalwartlie that stude.
Fell wes the fecht, and rycht strang wes the stour,
Induring sua moir nor ane large hour,

[redacted]

With mony semelie schroudit wnder scheild,
Als bald as boir hes enterit in the feild, Col. 2.
Bot laitlie come than to the feild witht few;
And quhen the Romanis saw the feild renew,
Tha war so ferit quhill that tha tuke the flicht,
Langar to byde had nother strenth nor micht.
Greit Julius that tyme, for all his pryde,
Into that battell mycht no langar byde;
For force it wes that tyme till him to fle,
Or in the feild thair fechtand for till de.
The Albionis fast followit on the chace;
Quhome tha ouirhyit into ony place,
Tha dang thame doun as dourlie as tha docht,
Zit neuirtheles thair following wes deir bocht.
The Romanis fled weill rayit vnder scheild;
The Albionis war skatterit in the feild,
Without array or ordour in that tyde;
Quhairfoir the Romanis, on the other syde,
Turnit agane the battell till renew
And in that semlie mony syir tha slew.
Suppois thair hartis than wes neuir so hie,
On force agane zit war thai maid to flie.
The Albionis than followit quhill tha micht,
And left thame nocht als lang as tha had licht.
This Julius that tyme he had grit pane
Or he culd get thame gatherit all agane;
And quhen tha war all semblit in his sicht
Rycht wyslie than gart euerie woundit wicht
Pas to his schip, and tak him thair gude rest,
Quhair leichis war that tyme of the best;
Syne pertlie purpost on the morne rycht plane,
To tak the feild and gif battell agane.

How Julius' Men of Weir wes nocht content to fecht agane, perswaidand him to leue Battell.

His men that tyme that wysast wer in weir,
Of that folie thai tuke ane richt greit feir
And of sic danger wer into greit dreid,
Sayand to him thai wald cum lidder speid
To fecht in feild agane thame on the morne,
Hes vincust thame so laitlie of beforne.
And als thai haif thair louit at grit lenth
The Albionis of thair maneheid and strenth,
So big thai war in battell and so bald;
And als thai wist sa weill that nane wald
Fle for na feir that tha wald tak or fray,
That victoris war befoir the tother day;
Considdering als that he had tynt the feild,
And had the maist pairt of his knychtis keild,
Quhairfoir the laif tha said wer soir adred
To fecht with thame quhome fra befoir tha fled.

How Julius perswadit the Secund Tyme his Men to pas witht him to Battell.

Lib. 3, f. 26. Quhen Julius knew weill that tyme and saw

‘ And now to ws it is greit schame and lak
“ With thir barbouris for to be put abak,
“ Quhilk hes no wit nor wisdome into weir,
“ No policie nor prattik wirth ane peir,
“ Bot hasartrie, evin as it cumis be hand.
“ And als,” he said, “ rycht weill I vnderstand,
“ Oure negligence and misgyding all haill,
“ Wes all the caus this tyme that gart ws faill,
“ Quhair we haif spilt sa mekle of oure blude,
“ And nocht thair force nor ȝit thair fortitude,
“ Nor ȝit thair wisdome, manheid, nor thair strenth;
“ And als I haif consideritt weill at lenth
“ Thair policie and prattik into weir,
“ Quhairfoir to ws thai can do lytill deir.”
To thame syne said, “ O ȝe, my knychtis all,
“ I ȝow beseik lat nocht ȝour honour fall;
“ Think on the wirschip that ȝe haif win befoir,
“ Till ws that is greit lak for euir moir
“ So schamefullie to flie fra thame for this,
“ On ws be spokin greit schame than it is;
“ Ouir all the warld it wil be planelie spokin
“ Sic barbour bodeis hes oure power brokin,
“ Faucht neuir befoir, nor ȝit wan victorie,
“ Nor prattik hes nor vse of cheualrie;
“ Syne schame oure men chaissit oure self with all,
“ Now God forbid that sic schame suld ws fall!”

QUHEN JULIUS HAD ENDIT HIS ORESOUN, HOW ANE SCHIPMAN SCHEW HIM THAT ALL HIS SCHIPPIS WAR IN POYNT TO TYNE.

Be he had said all that he wald sa than,
Fra his navin in haist thair come ane man,
Schawand to him his schippis on the flude
Without supple in grit perrell thai stude;
And gat thai nocht remeid into that tyde,
Neuir on of thame wald with ane vther byde.

The streme wes stark, and als the wind wes hie,
Sa stiff ane storme that tyme wes in the se,
That mony one of his schippis wer lost,
Tha la that tyme so neir ane cragie cost:
And sped he nocht, with all power and mycht,
All wald be lost, he said, that samin nycht.

How Julius left the Battell and passit to his Schippis that wer in Perrell for Falt of Help.

Col. 2. Fra Julius hard thir tythandis tauld,
As bist it was and so that tyme he wald
The narrest perrell first for to supplie,
Passit to his schippis and leit the battell be,
To saulfe him self vnto ane better tyme,
Quhen that he micht revenge him of that cryme,
Quhill efterwart he had ane better querrell,
To saue his schippis that war into sic perrell.
And so he did ane little forrow da,
Passit to the se quhair that his schippis la,
And all his ost he drew intill ane strenth,
Quhill that he mycht prouidit be at lenth.

The Albionis come to the place belyue,
Quhair that the schippis brokin did arryve;
In that same place also thair did tha find
The haill spulȝie the Romanis left behind.
Out of that place or tha wald forder gang,
Rycht equallie diuidit thame amang
Baith horse and harnes, gold and vther geir,
Romanis befoir had win into thair weir.
In the fourt ȝeir of Ederus ring,
Quhilk in Scotland into that tyme wes king,
And sixtie ȝeir no langer beforne
[That Jesu wes of the sueit Virgin borne],
That Julius come first in Albione,
With sic repulss syne bakwart is he gone.
Blyth wes the Britis quhen he went to the se,
Trowand that dreid hes causit him to fle:
All Albione beleuit weill that tyde
That Julius, for all his pomp and pryde,
In all his tyme suld be joyfull and fane
In Albione neuir for to cum agane.
Quhairfoir thai maid than of ane gudlie gyss
To thair goddis solemp sacrifice,
Baith said and sang with noitis that war he,
In thair tempillis of greit authoritie,
With loving loud thankand thair godis all,
Sic aventure and chance had gart thame fall.

How the Scottis and the Pechtis tuke Leif and passit Hame, and wes rewardit with the King.

Quhen this wes done into thair godis name, Lib.3,f.26b. Col. 1.
Than euirilk berne tuke leif for to pas hame.
Cassibilan, with wordis richt benyng,
Thankit the Scottis and Ederus thair king,

Quhilk throw thair power, thair grit strenth and mycht,
Defendit wes thair gude querrell and rycht;
And to the Pechtis siclike he did also.
Quhen this wes done thai tuke thair leif to go.
This Cadallan, this nobill Scottis knicht,
Of Brigance lord, and all his weirmen wicht,
In gudlie haist is passit hame agane;
In that conflit few of his men wes slane.
Quhen he come hame in presens of the king.
He schew till him at lasar euerilk thing,
Of thair melle the first da as tha met,
How that thai faucht twyis or the feild wes set,
Syne of the battell, and of the victorie,
And how that Cesar than fled to the se;
Sayand, he trowit that tha weiris suld ceis,
And Albione for thame ay leif in peace.
Of tha tydenis so blyth than wes the king,
Of his tempill the bellis all gart ring,
And warnit hes the pepill far and neir,
Prelat and preist, that tha suld all compeir
Solempnitlie thairfoir to sacrifie,
Thankand thair godis of that victorie.
Sone efter that, quhen this Ederus knew
Na outwart fa his boundis did persew,

And for till by thair merchandice agane,
As selch and salmone, scuir, pellat and pran ;
For fox and fulmart and of mertrik skin,
Anew thair wes tha landis than within,
Of woll and hyde thai gat at abundance
To fraucht thame with agane home into France.
Thir men of France thair to the king tha schew,
How Julius maid with ane armie new
That samin ȝeir in Britane come agane,
For till revenge him of Cassibilan.
Also thai said, as tha rycht wnderstude,
He had sic power and sic multitude,
Without richt wyislie thai convoyit all,
That Britis sould be bundis maid and thrall.
And quhen the king hes hard how that tha schew,
Traistand rycht weill it suld be verrie trew,
Ane messinger sone hes he send agane
With thai tydenis to king Cassibilane ;
And schew till him the fassoun all in feir,
Ilk word by word befoir as ȝe mycht heir.
Sayand also, gif neid hapnit to be,
That he suld send till him siclyk supple
As of befoir, with all power and mycht, Col. 2.
For to defend of Albione the rycht.
Thairat the Britis lichlie all tha leuch,
Sayand that tyme thai had power aneuche
To fecht witht thame tha vincust had befoir,
As for his help tha wald haif it no moir:
It wes no neid to send help and supple
To thame quhilk had win sic victorie.
This messinger, quhen he come hame agane,
He schew sic ansuer to the king in plane,
Word be word, befoir as I haif tald;
Quhairfoir the king had mervell mony fald,
Sayand thair hicht and thair presumptione
Within schort quhile wald put all Britan doun.

How Julius Cesar [illegible] the Secund Tyme in Britane.

And so it did, as he sall heir me sa.
This Julius, sone efter on ane da,
Come furth of France than with ane navin larg,
With craik, colvene, with mony bark and barge,
Ay sailand furth our salt water and sand
To Britane cost quhairet he tuke the land.
The maretymis that duelt neir be the cost,
Bayth men and gudis dreidand sold be lost,
Rycht fast tha fled quhill tha come to the king,
And schew till him the fassone of that thing.
The king that tyme lang tarie maid he nocht;
In gudie haist with all power he mocht
Of mony berne, rycht bellicois and bald,
That at his will to wirk quhat [that] he wald,
Towart the Romanis he bes tane the way,
And sone he come quhair that thair army lay.

Off the greit Battell betuix Julius Cesar and Cassibilan, and how Cassibilan tynt the Feild.

In gude array vpoun ane plesand plane

[redacted]

Bot baldlie buskit thre battellis that tyde,
In gude ordour tha bernis for till byde;
Quhilk hes thame met in middis of the way,
Or tha come neir quhair that thair greit ost lay;
Trowand tha had sum sle prattik in weir,
Quhairby tha dred that tha suld do thame deir.
Thir thre battellis jonit all at onis,
Quhair mekill blude and mony brokin bonis,
And mony semelie had rycht sowand syde,
And mony wicht buir woundis that war wyde,
And mony bald man of the Britis slane.
With that in haist the king Cassibilan
Come with his ost to help thame in the tyde;
Cesar also, vpoun the tother syde,
In rayit battell enterit him foirgane,
With haill power met bayth vpone the plane.
Fell wes the faucht and rycht strang wes the stour,
Indurand sua the space of half ane hour;
Quhair mony duchtie than wes maid to de,
The Britis all on force thair for to flie.
Androgeus, that worthie nobill knicht,
And vther mo that hardie war and wicht,
With vther tua of greit authoritie,
Into the feild war tane that tyme all thrie.
Fra that the king persauit syne rycht plane
Sa mony thousand of his men wes slane,
And [he] him self had tynt the feild and fled,
Help or supple rycht few as than he had,
His freindis all wer other slane or tane,
And he him self left dissolat alane,
Without beleif his kinrik to reskew,
Or ȝit power new battell till persew,
Thairfoir he put him into Julius will,
To quhat purpois that he wald put him till.

Lib. 3, f. 27. Col. 1.

How Julius ressauit Cassibilan to his Grace efter he had tynt the Feild, and maid him tributar to Rome.

This Julius, that gentill wes and hend,
Ressauit him richt hartlie as his freind;
To that effect that all his folk and he
Vnto the Romanis tributaris suld be.
Thre thousand pund of gude mony alsua,
Onto the Romanis ȝeirlie for to pa,
And hald of thame his kinrik and his croun;
Concord wes maid on that conditioun;
And all the Britis befoir that tha had tane
Tha suld be fred and all maid fre ilkane.
Syne suir plaigis of thame all he tuke,
And gart thame sweir, bayth on bell and buke,
At his bidding all tyme for till abyde,
For ony thing that efter micht betyde.

How Julius wes ressauit in Trenovant,[1] and remanit quhill his Men war haill.

This Julius, efter this wes done,
To Trynowant he tuke the way rycht sone;

[redacted]

How Julius, or he wald giff Battell to the Scottis and the Pechtis, send ane Herauld to thame to heir thair Intent. Col. 2

Decretit hes syne with his counsall haill,
Bayth Scot and Pecht with battell to assaill
Incontinent, withoutin tarie moir,
For the supple that tha had send befoir
Incontrair him to Cassibilan,
Quhair he that da sa mony men had slane.
And first he thocht thair ansuer he wald heir,
Thairfoir in haist than with ane messingeir
All his desyre sone he hes send thame till,
To lat thame wit that tyme quhat wes his will.
This wes the text that tyme of his desyre:
Gif that tha wold to the Romanis impyre
Rander thame rycht, and hald of thame alsua;
Syne sobir tribut ȝeirlie to thame pa,
Into ane takin of thair authoritie,
Quhilk suld defend thame fra all noyis fre;
And wald tha nocht, [syne] schortlie to conclude,
He suld persew thame baith with fyre and blude.
The messinger tuke leif to pass his wa,
And maid no tarie nother nycht nor da,
Ane quhill that he befoir this king Edeir
Come and schew him all as ȝe sall heir.
With mony lord and mony crwell knycht
Befoir thame all he said rycht hie on hicht:

How Julius Herauld passit to Ederus, and maid ane Oresoun in his Presens.

" O king Edeir, to the I mak it knawin,
" The Romanis haldis this warld all for thair awin,
" Grantit to thame be thair godis of micht,
" Quhairfoir tha sa thairtill tha haif greit richt.
" As God will, so all thing it man be,
" Ma nane resist thair greit auctoritie.

" As be experiens we ma vnderstand,
" How thai triumph in mony sindrie land,
" In Perss, in Meid and in Asseria,
" In Affrik, Egipt and Arabia,
" Phalistene, Poll, and als in Portingall,
" In France, Flanderes and in Spanze all.
" And schortlie syne," he said, " for to conclude,
" In all this warld thair is no fortitude
" That ma resist thair strenthis in a stour;
" Quhairfoir," he said, " to zow it is honour,
" Sen that zour power is sa waik and small,
" Quhome tha ma rycht sone boundis mak and thrall,
" That tha this tyme so gentill ar and hend
" Zow to ressaue to thair fallow and freind,
" Quhilk to zow all greit honour is and gloir,
" Perpetuallie for now and euir moir.
" Forsaik thame nocht that will lat zow leue fre,
" And bruik zour land, zour law and libertie;
" And do no moir bot curtaslie and hend
Lib.3,f.27b. Col 1. " To hald zour self ay for the Romanis freind."
Ederus king, and all the haill repair,
Tha dred dissait becaus he spak so fair:
Tha wer misleivit of his langage far,
Sone efterwart[1] that it suld turne to war.
But suddanelie, withoutin ony baid,
The king to him this ilk ansuer hes maid.

QUHEN JULIUS HERAULD HAD SAID HIS CREDENCE,
KING EDERUS WITH COUNSALL OF HIS LORDIS

" For-quhy," he said, " to ws it wes weill kend,
" ȝour word so walkis to the warldis end,
" That ȝe ar men of sic conditioun,
" With gredie mynd and hie ambitioun,
" To weild this warld alway as ȝe wald,
" Sic talk of ȝow rycht oft I haif hard tald ;
" With auerice mynd and beistlie appetyte,
" In weir and wrang ȝe put ȝour haill delyte ;
" For gredines of gold and vther geir,
" This warld all ȝe haif opprest with weir ;
" But ony caus, heir schortlie to conclude,
" ȝe haif gart spill rycht mekill saikles blude,
" Reiffand thair rycht and thair possesionis all,
" And syne thame selff hes bundis maid and thrall.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " I say schortlie for me,
" Far better is in just querrell to de,
" In oure defens for oure barnis and oure wyuis,
" For land and law, for libertie and lyuis,
" Na vnder ȝow leue in miseritie,
" And syne sic sorrow dalie for to se
" Of mony prince that ȝe haif maid full puir,
" Come of fre will and pat thame in ȝour cuir,
" At ȝour plesour put thame in pouertie,
" But ony rycht at ȝour authoritie.
" Quhen euir ȝe lyke ȝe can sone find a caus
" For ȝour availl for to alledge the lawes.
" Rycht semdill it is that ȝe ar fund in trew,
" For no conditioun other auld or new,
" That ony wit or mannis mynd can mak,
" Quhen euir ȝe pleis ȝeill find ane caus to brek ;
" Fra ȝour falset rycht euill is to defend.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " to ȝow I mak it kend,
" Quhen euir ȝe cum we schaip nocht for to fle ;
' All on ane da we sall far erar de,
" Or we till him mak ony aith or band,
" Quhill ane of ws ma other stryk or stand."

How Julius Herauld passit fra Ederus to Julius his Lord, and schew Ederus Ansuer.

Quhen this wes said, this royall Romane knycht
He tuke his leif and passit on full rycht
To the king of Pechtis, for to wit his will;
And he siclyke ane ansuer gaif him till.
Col. 2. Fra thyne he passit on to Trynowant,
Quhair Julius at that tyme maid his hant;
He schew till him sic ansuer as he gat.
Then Julius, quhen he persauit that,
That tha culd not apply thame to his will,
The secund tyme ȝit hes he send thame till,
With bost and schoir, and wordis pungetyue.
The messinger syne tuke his leif belyue,
Quhill that he come befoir Edeir the king,
Without tarie that tyme of ony thing,
And mony lord with him that tyme in feir,
And said till him as I sall say ȝow heir.

How Julius Cesar send the Secund Tyme to Ederus and to the King of Pechtis.

" O royall king, and lordis of counsall,

[redacted]

" Trow ȝe," he said, "for to debait ȝour rycht
" With strenth, with force, with manheid, or with mycht,
" Agane the Romanis of sic multitude
" Of men, of riches, gold and vther gude.
" Far eithar is to ony man to win
" This warld wyde, and all that is thairin,
" Baith king and knycht, and all the laif ilkane,
" Nor Julius to vincus him allane.
" The quhilk fortoun hes set on sic ane hicht,
" For in his tyme neuir king nor knycht,
" That micht haif strenth agane him to defend,
" Ouir all this warld his victorie is kend.
" And ȝe," he said, "with sa small power,
" To him ȝe schaip for to mak ȝow compeir,
" Quhilk and ȝe preue ȝe sall find rycht grit perell,
" Suppois that ȝe haif neuir so just ane querrell.
" And gif ȝe think, as I traist weill it be,
" That ȝe pryde ȝow in to ȝour montanis hie,
" ȝour wallis law, with mony moss and myre,
" Quhairthrow ȝe traist the Romanis for to tyre,
" ȝour self and gude syne into sic ane strenth,
" At laser ly evin as ȝe lyke at lenth,
" Quhair na Roman dar cum ȝow till assaill,
" Quhill all thair victuall be consumit haill ;
" Syne into wynter trowand that tha wald,
" For verrie hunger and for cruell cald,
" To pas thair way without ony remeid,
" And so ȝe trow for to vmschew thair feid.
" My counsall is that prattik nocht to preve, Lib. 3, f. 28. Col. 1.
" For weill I wait that is ane fals beleif,
" For Julius hes in [his] ost sic men
" The quhilk of weir all prattisis do ken,
" And abill als that ar of lith and lym,[1]
" Oure craig and clewchis bayth for to creip and clim,

[1] In MS. *lym and lith.*

" To walk and fast, and for to thoill greit cald,
" Bustious thai ar, baith bellicois and bald,
" And spair for nothing ather weit or dry,
" Thair is na sorrow that tha will set by.
" As for victuall he neidis nocht to faill,
" Hes all this warld at his weilding haill,
" Quhair tha ma bring fra with sic abundance
" Fra Almany, fra Flanderis, and fra France.
" And thus," he said, " ȝour wisdome is sma[1] worth,
" Rycht gude it war, gif that ȝe wald haif girth,
" To tak exempill be the Britis now,
" Trowit sum tyme als far now as ȝow,
" Into thair strenth, thair manheid, and thair mycht,
" And now ȝe se it is maid law to lycht.
" For all the wisdome thai culd haif in weir
" Thair power now it is nocht worth ane peir.
" My counsall is," he said, " thairfoir that ȝe
" Awyiss ȝow weill, and lat sic folie be,
" Or ȝe on force be bundis maid and thrall,
" And loiss ȝour lawis and ȝour landis all,
" And all ȝour barnis, and ȝour nobill blude,
" Be put on force syne in vyle seruitude."
Quhen this wes said, than ilkane that stude by,
At his langage thai had rycht grit invy,

How Cadallanus, the Lord of Brigantia, gaiff Ansuer to the Romane Legat agane.

" Traist weill," he said, " oure mynd will nocht be brokin
" For ony speche that ȝe haif to ws spokin,
" Ȝour facund fleching, and ȝour wordis sueit
" Of rithorie in quhome ȝour toung do fleit,
" With sic wisdome gif ȝe can find ane wyle
" Oure sempilnes trowand for to begyle.
" Rycht weill we knaw ȝour fraude and ȝour dissait;
" Quhairfoir in tyme now erar nor ouir lait
" We will prowyde how we may best remeid,
" Sen force it is to suffer all ȝour feid.
" As for ȝour bost, ȝour manassing and schoir,
" We dreid it nocht, for-quhy we said befoir
" We haif ȝow previt pertlie into feild,
" Quhair mony one of ȝour knychtis war keild; Col. 2.
" Cesar him self wes maid on force to fle,
" Quhil he[1] wes fane than for to tak the se.
" We ken ȝour prattik that ȝe vse in weir,
" Quhairfoir of ȝow we tak the far les feir;
" And we be trew, as I traist weill we be,
" Amang oure self, we count ȝow nocht ane fle,
" For all ȝour power and ȝour mekle mycht;
" For weill I wait that we haif all the rycht.
" Thairfoir we think we are in litill perrell
" Ws to defend into sa just ane querrell;
" And for this caus ȝe micht lat ws allane.
" Now vther ansuer get ȝe of ws nane."

[1] In MS. *he he.*

[illegible] this legat Roman knycht
[illegible] thame all gude rycht
[illegible] his wa.
[illegible] quhat he wuld sa
[illegible] hes in plane,
[illegible] agane:
[illegible] as king Edeir;
[illegible] for to speir.
[illegible] mair to sa,
[illegible] hame his wa
[illegible] plane,
[illegible] tha said agane.
[illegible] hard tald,
[illegible] tha he so bald
[illegible] nane sic rycht
[illegible] and mycht?
[illegible] counsal haill,
[illegible] thame till assaill.
[illegible] nor frist
[illegible] how or brist.

[illegible] CALLIT LABIANE, [illegible] SCHEW HOW THAI DID

[illegible] a man

And how thai had, withoutin ony moir,
Slane thair awin king that tha had maid befoir.
Sayand also siclike that Newstria
Rebellit had and all Armorica,
And come he nocht with his supple rycht sone,
All wald be lost befoir that he had done.

Lib. 3. f. 28 b. Col. 1.

How Julius left Britane and passit into Gallia, and fra that furth come neuir agane in Britane.

Quhen Julius than vnderstude and knew
Sic falt in France wes maid him of the new,
The quhilk perceuit perrell and greit skaith,
Quhairfoir the Scottis and the Pechtis baith
He hes postponit till ane vther tyme,
For to revenge him of ane grittar cryme.
Syne with his armie passit to the se,
Saillit in France and leit the Scottis be;
Fra Britane thus rycht haistelie is gone,
Fra that tyme furth come neuir in Albion.
In that same tyme neir Brigantia cost
Ederus la with ane royall ost,
Adreid the Romanis sould his land invaid,
And for that caus thair with the oist he baid.
Syne quhen he knew Cesar had tane the se,
And fuir in France with all his haill armie,
Of tha tydenis richt blyth he wes and fane,
With all his ost syne passit hame agane.
And as he wes hame passand by the way,
Thair hes he met, as my author did sa,
Ane messinger fast cumand fra the Ylis
Quhilk hailsit him with mony staitlie stylis,
Sayand to him that ane hecht Murkthetus,
That wes the oy of umquhill fals Gillus,

The quhilk Cadallus into Yreland slew,
Rycht schort quhile syne, as I befoir heir schew,
Cuming he wes out of Ybernia,
With schip and boit, and mony gay gala,
[illegible] had the Ylis far and neir,
[illegible] and slew that horribill wes to heir.
[illegible] mycht nother fend nor fle,
[illegible] thame all to de,
[illegible] sic thing,
[illegible] with the king.

[illegible] CADALLANUS WITH ANE OIST [illegible] WAR CUMING TO [illegible]

[illegible] hard tald
[illegible] and bald
[illegible] royal oist
[illegible]
[illegible] before him far
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And on ane gallous syne wes hangit hie,
And all his men siclyke wer maid to de.
Gude king Edeir, the laif of all his lyue,
The quhilk contenit fourtie ȝeir and fyve,
In pece and rest, and greit tranquillitie,
Fra that tyme furth all his dayis wes he,
As be his deidis ȝe ma rycht weill heir.
Syne of his ring the aucht and fourtie ȝeir,
He tuke his leif and bad thame all gude nycht,
On till his rest syne raikit on full richt.
Ane better king nor he wes in his dais
In peice and weir, in ernist and in playis,
Tha sall not find, quha listis for to luke,
Quhen thai haif socht ane grit part of this buke.
Efter his deid tha tuke of him greit cure,
And sesit him into his sepulture
Besyde Ewone, as that tyme wes the gyss,
Into ane plane quhair ȝit thair still he lyis.

How Ewenus, the Sone of Ederus, wes crownit efter his Faderis Deid, quhilk wes ane of the werst Kingis that euir was in Scotland.

Eftir the deid of nobill Ederus,
Ane son he had wes callit Ewenus,
Quhilk crownit wes in that tyme to be king,
As he that wes maist richteous for till ring.
Of him his liegis had ane gude beleue,
Trowand the sone suld lyke the father preue;
And be exempill sindrie tymes we se
That rycht gude fruct cumis of ane gude tre.
Ȝit neuirtheles thai war begylit far;
In all this warld wes neuir man ȝit war,
That is, or wes, or euir ȝit salbe,
So far affectit to foull faminitie.

I schame rycht sar to schaw gow al his tyme
So lat he fallit, and so oft in his tyme
Rycht lubrecus and full of vanitie
[illegible] ane hundreth than had he
[illegible] thairwith he leuit al the lane
[illegible] wyffis as tha pleis to haue
[illegible] poet that with pen can write
[illegible] lust and furious appetyte.
[illegible] sic ane law maid he
[illegible] ane madyn hapnit to weddit he
[illegible] suld ly with hir that rycht
[illegible] half of proper det and rycht
[illegible] till ane weill lang space
[illegible] after at tyme and place
[illegible] at sib togidder.
[illegible] followis ay ane uther:
[illegible] in vicis dois repair.
[illegible] ay the mair.
[illegible] he wit to schame
[illegible] now Ewenus:
[illegible] tellis thus,
[illegible] in erth culd knaw
[illegible] baith ane and aw.
[illegible] and mischeif,
[illegible] theif,

And fra this counsall to the king wes knawin,
That he wes socht sa scharplie wth his awin,
He tuke the feild thair with ane few menȝe,
For dreid of him trowand that tha suld fle.
He wes begylit as I wnderstand;
With lytill sturt he wes sone tane in hand,
And, spuilȝeit baith of his kinrik and croun,
Perpetuallie condampnit to presoun.

How Cadallanus, Lord of Brigantia, was maid Governour, and how Ewenus was slane in Presoun.

Than with consent of all the lordis ilk man,
The lord of Brigance, noble Cadallan,
Thair governour wes chosin in that tyde;
The king in presoun all his tyme sall byde,
To giff exempill bayth to king and prince,
To gyde him self but vice or violence.
That samyn nycht, rycht lang befoir the da,
Ane furious fuill in presoun quhair he la,
Hardie, vnhappie for to tak on hand,
He slew this king without ony command,
In that beleif he sould rewardit be
With Cadallan, bot all begylit wes he;
Quhair that he trowit to be maid ane laird,
He gat the gallous syne to his reward.
This wes the end of Ewenus ring
The sevint ȝeir efter he wes crownit king.
To euirilk man as it is rycht weill kend
Ane vicious lyfe makis ane wickit end.
Ane perfyte man perfitlie als man de; Col. 2.
Thair is nothing will wnrewardit be.

How Augustus Cesar send in that Tyme to Metollanus for to send him ane Taikin of Peice, and he send him ane Croun of Gold in Taikin of Peice and Freindschip.

Giff it be suith heir that my author sais,
Augustus Cesar rang into tha dais;
That tyme in Rome the empriour wes he,
Of all this warld had haill authoritie,
That far or neir that tyme culd no man tell
No berne so bald agane him durst rebell.
Ouir all the warld of pece wes greit plentie,
Justice and law, rest and tranquillitie;
All wer in peace withoutin pley or pleid, Lib.3,f.29b. Col. 1.
Wes non that tyme durst haue at vther feid.
This Cesar send that same tyme in Britane,
Vnto ane king wes callit Kimbalan,
Thankand him fair of his fidelitie
He schaw till him and greit humanitie,
Till him alway and to the Romanis als,
For in his tyme he wes nevir funden fals;
Beseikand him to do his diligence
To stanche all stryfe, all feid, and all offence,
With everie prince in birdour neir him by,
And to postpone all malice and invy.
Richt so he send to Metallanus king,
Beseikand him siclike for the same thing,
As he that wes so curteis and sa hend,
To schaw him self that tyme the Romanis frend,
To caus all weir to sober and to ceis.
Oure all the warld greit plentie wes of peace,
That none[1] to vther for ony thing mycht happin,
Durst be so pert as to stryk with ane wapyn.

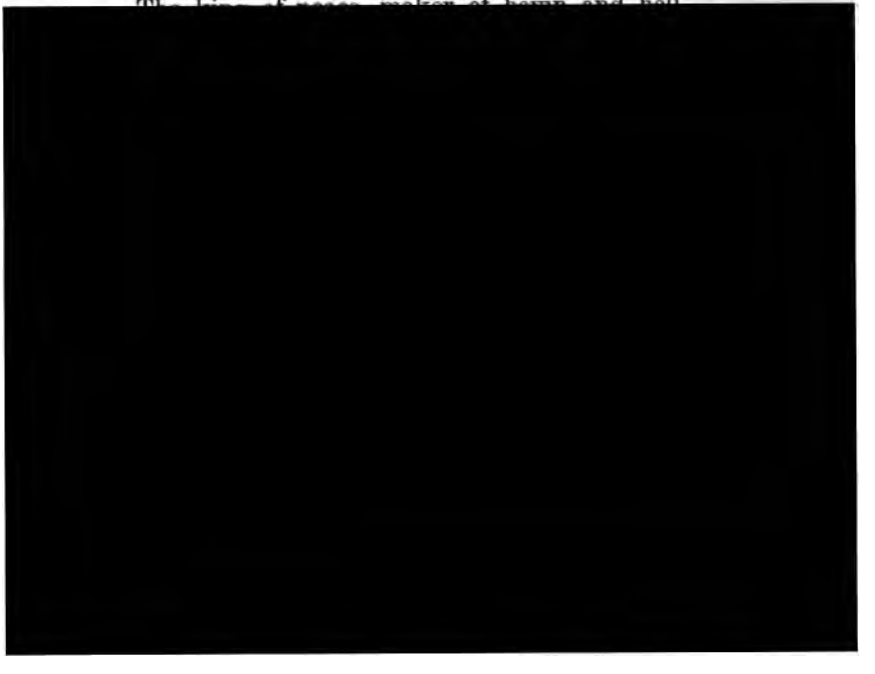
[1] In MS. *one*.

How 'Metallanus rewardit the Empriouris Herauld, and [send] with him to Rome to Cesar ane Croun of Gold.

This nobill king wald nocht Cesar deny,
Bot till his purpois alway did apply.
Ane croun of gold that forgit wes rycht fair,
With poleist peirle rycht plesand and preclair,
He hes him send with grit humanitie,
Promittand him his freind all tyme to be.
In Capitoll quhen that this croun wes schawin,
And with the Romanis his gentres wes knawin,
Quhilk causit hes grit kyndnes of thame than,
For that reward till euerilk Scottis man,
And speciallie to Metallane the king,
So plesit he the Romanis with that thing.
This kyndnes lestit lang and mony ȝeir,
Quhill efterwart as I sall schaw ȝow heir.

How oure Saluioure Christ Jesu wes borne of ane Virgin in Bethleam, in the quhilk Tyme all the Warld was at Peax.

In this same time that ȝe heir me tell,



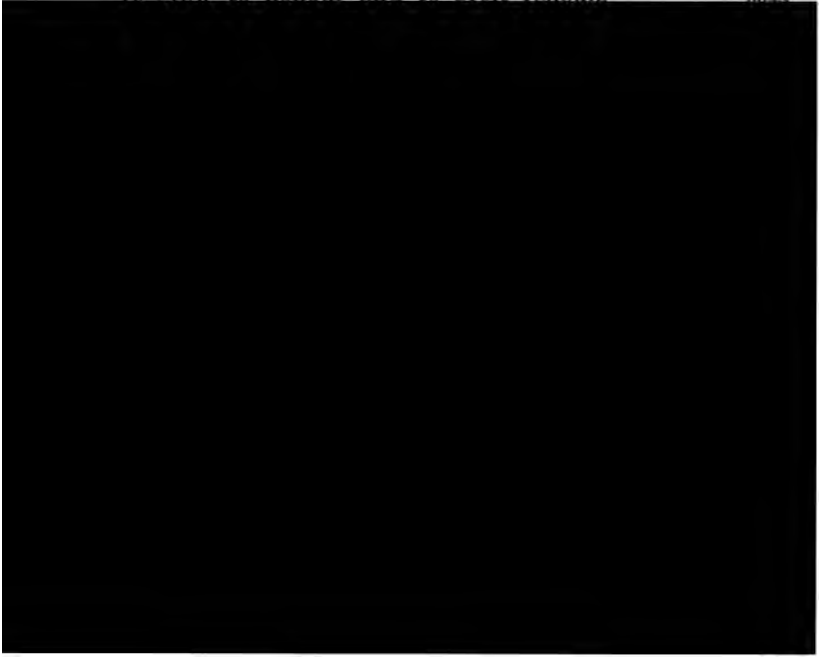
Thair wapynis all quhilk war bayth hard and teuche,
Hes maid thame all in somes to thair pleuche.
The tyme that borne wes this hevinlie king
Wes the tent ȝeir of Metallanus ring;
Syne twentie ȝeiris and nyne efter he rang
In pece and rest, but ony weir or wrang;
Syne of his ring the nyne and threttie ȝeir,
He bad gude nycht, and baid na langer heir;
In sepulture syne put wes for to rest.
So happie wes quhill that his tyme mycht lest,
Haldin he wes for the moist happie king,
In happie tyme rycht so endit his ring,
Quhen that the king of all felicitie,
Bayth God and man in his humanitie,
Incarnat wes for mankynd in this erd.
Of Metallan sic wes the chance and werd,
Gif it be suith as that my author sais,
In that same tyme choisit his latter dais.

Efter his Deid his Sister Sone, callit Europia, that Ladie wes to Cadallanus, Lord of Brigantia, hir Sone Carat[ac]us wes crownit.

Quhen gone to rest wes Metallan the king,
Quhilk hed[1] no air to succeed to his ring,
Except ane sister hecht Europia,
Quhilk ladie wes, as my author did sa,
To Cadallan, of quhome befoir I tald,
Lord of Brigance, quhilk wes ane berne full bald.
Ane sone scho buir to this ilk lord hir maik,
The quhilk to name wes callit Caratak,
Blumand in ȝouth, bayth fragrant and formois,
Into his tyme of knychtheid flour and rois;

[1] In MS. *hes.*

Manlie he wes and meik as ony ma,
Aufull in weir and plesand into pla.
With haill consent of that tyme ald and ȝing,
This Caratak wes crownit to be king,
Quhilk in the tyme of Metallanus age
Rycht oft befoir had done greit vassalage.
In the same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell
The Ylis all agane him did rebell:
Fra thift nor reif thai sparit neuir a deill,
In greit confusioun of the commoun weill.
This Caratac, quhilk wes sa circumspect,
With litill feir hes pangit all the fect,
Or euer tha wist outher to fend or fle,
Syne on ane gallous maid thame all to de.
Quhen this wes done, as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This king he passit to Selluria,
On to ane toun that tyme rycht weill wes wallit,
The quhilk to name Caracon than wes callit.
Efter the toun now, as my author sais,
That land is callit Carrik in thir dais.
Into that toun this nobill king wes borne,
Lib. 3, f. 30. Col. 1. His father als siclike him of biforne;
For in that place wes his natiuitie
Into that toun thairfoir remanit he;
Throw the repair the king maid in that toun,
It grew to honour and to greit renoun.



Quhilk curage had that tyme aboue the laue,
Fredome agane and libertie to haiff.
Fra Julius come first into Britane,
And in battell vincust Cassibilan,
Britane wes maid, as my author did sa,
Ay vnder tribut to that samyn da.

How this Guyderus causit his Lordis to convene, and thair perswadit thame to rebell agains the Romanis.

Quhairfoir this [king] ane counsall sone gart call,
And in the presens of his lordis all,
Thair of the Romanis sair complaynt maid he,
Quhilk held fra thame fredome and libertie,
And bundis maid of all the nobill blude,
And put the pepill to vyle seruitude,
But fredome ay for to be maid thrall.
" Also thair strenthis and thair townis all,
" Tha occupie evin as thai war thair awin,
" And thus with thame dalie to be ouirthrawin,
" Bayth wyfe and barne defoulit in our sicht;
" Quhairfoir," he said, " quhill we haif strenth and micht,
" And men anew, I call it best for me
" All on ane da in just battell to de,
" Erar with thame to[1] leif in seruitude.
" My counsall is, now schortlie to conclude,
" Rycht haistelie with all power and micht,
" For to rebell, sen we haif all the richt,
" In the defens of land and libertie,
" Or in battell all on ane day to die."
In that counsall wes nother lord nor knycht,
Erle or duke, or ony vther wicht,

[1] In MS. *ane.*

Bot he consentit rycht sone to that thing,
And hartfullie thairof thankit thair king,
Off his kyndnes that offerit him to de
For to reskew thair land and libertie.
Rycht haistelie that tyme bot ony rest
All Roman blude, and erast of the best,
Into Britane, without ony reskew,
That mycht be fund, bayth ȝoung and ald tha slew.
2. Tha left nocht ane in Britane onslane doun
Within ane strenth, ane castell, or ane toun.
Greit Clawdeus,[1] quhilk senȝeour wes and syir
Of Rome that tyme, and had the haill impyre,
The emperowr the quhilk wes in that tyme,
Rycht sone to him thai haif maid kend that cryme,
Be ane seruand the Romanis to him send;
Quhilk schew to him at lenth fra end till end
How the Britis than brokin had thair band,
And had nocht left levand in all that land
Of Roman blude nother barne nor wyfe,
Without ane strenth than levand vpoun lyfe;
And send he nocht rycht sone to thame supple,
All on ane da tha wald be maid to de.

How the Empriour Claudeus, heirand that the Britis had rebellit, send Planctus

Throw Italie and France rycht sone tha past,
Syne into Britane landit at the last
With ane greit oist that wes bayth lang and braid;
Into that tyme no tarie than tha maid,
Bot fordwart ay, as my author did say,
To Trynovant tha tuke the narrest way.

How Planctus and Kneus come in Britane, and wan Gwyderus in Feild fechtand.

The Britis all, and Gwyderus thair king,
Quhen that tha knew perfitlie all that thing,
Bownit for battell, wald no langar byde,
With mony prince that mekill wes of pryde.
Syne raikit on towart the Romanis rycht,
Quhill that thai come rycht sone into thair sycht,
Quhair that thai baid rycht baldlie on the bent,
With baneris brycht and standartis straucht vp stent.
The Britis als, upoun the tother syde,
So bald tha war no langar tha wald byde,
Bot ran togidder with sic ane felloun reird,
Quhill [throuch] thair force than trimlit all the erd.
The schalmis schill gart all the schawis s[ch]aik,
And scharpe schutting gart mony cowart quaik,
Quhair mony kemp wes causit for to kneill
Agane his will wist nother of wo nor weill.
Rycht furiouslie tha faucht into that place
But victorie vnto ane weill lang space,
Quhill da wes gane, and cumin wes the nycht.
The Romanis than wes of sic strenth and micht, Lib.3,f.30b. Col. 1.
Thocht force it was the Britis for to fle,
Rycht litill skaith thai tuke in that melle;
Tha vmbeschewit vntill ane better tyme
To saue thame self and to revenge that cryme.
Syne efterwart tha met rycht mony tyde,
With mekill slauchter maid on euerilk syde,

Fra blude and battell dalie ceissit nocht,
Quhill al that symmer till ane end wes brocht.
The Romanis than into the winter tyde
Drew to ane strenth thair to remane and byde,
To same thame self vnto the secund ȝeir,
Quhill symmer come, as ȝe sall efter heir.

How Gwyderus, the King of Britis, eftir he tynt the Feild, send to the King of Scottis for Supple.

In this same tyme this king Gwyderus send
Ane messenger, with hartlie recommend,
To Caratacus, of Scotland than wes king,
Quhilk salust him with wordis rycht benyng,
To that effect as ȝe sall efter heir.
Quhen cuming wes this mirrie messingeir
Befoir the king, his office did adres,
And thus he said as I sall now rehers.

How he send an Herauld to Caratacus, schawand to him all thair Desyre.

O peirles prince and perle of pulchritude,[1]
Invincibill victor in thi majestie!

" The puir pepill put in vyle seruitude,
" Possessit all oure landis and oure gude,
" Bayth wyffe and barne defoullis in our sycht;
" Ilk knaif of thame is falow[1] till ane knycht
" Of the best blude that is of Britane borne;
" Thus ar we thrall quhair we war fre beforne.
" Wnder the hevin we wait of no supple,
" Nor ȝit remeid, bot gif it be with the,
" And with the Pechtis, as I can weill considder,
" Sen ȝe and tha ar connix[i]t togidder.
" Heir I beseik," he said, " thi celsitude,
" Exerce thi strenth, thi force and fortitude,
" And help ws out of this miseritie,
" For bot thi help na vther help haif we.
" Considder als this [is] ane commoun querrell,
" And to ws all perteining of greit perrell.
" Traist weill," he said, " as tha with ws hes done,
" Siclyke with ȝow tha think to do rycht sone. Col. 2.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " O ȝow victorius king!
" We the beseik richt humblie and benyng,
" To be oure help, oure succour and supple,
" And leif ws nocht in this necessitie.
" Thocht we rycht litill ma do oure alane,
" Bot weill I wait war all our strenth in ane,
" The riche Romanis, for all thair strenth and mycht,
" Nocht worth ane myte mycht reif [us] of our rycht.
" Sen sua it is, O ȝow king Caratac!
" We the beseik for all thi goddis saik,
" And for the faith thow aucht to king Gwydeir,
" And for hir lufe that thow luifis sa deir,
" To be oure help and supple in this cace.
" Do as thow will; all standis in thi grace."

[1] In MS. *falwes.*

THE ANSUER OF CARATACUS AGANE TO THE BRITANE HERAULD, AND OF HIS COUNSALL IN THE MATER.

Quhen this wes said befoir thame all in plane,
This nobill king sic answer maid agane.
" Forsuith," he said, " no mervell is to me
" Of ȝour mischeif and greit miseritie.
" For weill I wait ȝe be the wyte of all,
" Sen pryde left neuir his maist[er] but ane fall.
" Quhilk previs weill by ȝow as I presume,
" Quhen Julius, the preconsull of Rome,
" Assailȝeit ȝow with greit power and micht;
" ȝour hartis than thai war so hie on hicht,
" That ȝe forsuik our help that tyme rycht far,
" Quhairfoir rycht sone ȝe war put to the war.
" Thairby," he said, " that ȝe ma full weill knaw,
" That pride left neuir his maister but ane faw,
" For-quhy ȝe sett oure power all at nocht,
" And neuir sensyne supple at ws ȝe socht
" Quhill now," he said, " that verrie force and neid
" Hes causit ȝow quhen ȝe can cum na speid.
" ȝit can I nocht perfitlie wnderstand,
" How ȝe ma weill now sic thing tak on hand
" Be ony way that efter may befall,

" ȝit prefalie on ȝow tha wan the feild,
" Quhair mony ane of ȝow that da wes keild.
" Now sen ȝour power is bot of lytill prys,
" Quhairfoir," he said, " I hald ȝow for[1] wnwys
" With small power so greit thing to pretend,
" The quhilk befoir mycht nocht ȝour self defend,
" Quhen ȝour power vnbrokin wes and haill;
" Also thairwith ȝe had the better daill.
" As it is said in mony suithfull saw,
" Far ethar is to hald nor for to draw,
" Traist weill," he said, " that [that] is verrie trew.
" Greit perrell is sic battell till persew,
" Sen that ȝour power is so waik and puir,
" And hes no strenth sic battell till indure
" Agane Romanis of sa mekill micht,
" Quhilk all this warld haldis thair awin of rycht;
" And all the warld thai haif gart lout full law,
" Rycht mony king of thame standis sic aw.
" Mulȝeonis of gold thai haif aneuch to spend,
" Quhen euer tha pleis other to cum or send
" With new power agane into ȝour land;
" Quharefoir," he said, " I can nocht wnderstand
" How that sic thing rycht weill mycht be brocht to,
" Without thai had sum vther thing ado.
" My counsall is," he said, " into this caice,
" That ȝe send sum in mony sundrie place,
" As France, Flanderis, and als in Neustria,[2]
" In Burgone, Brabane, and Armorica,
" Or vther landis lyis ȝow neir hand by,
" Gif that ȝe can rycht sone and suddanelie
" Caus thame in haist to tak sic thing on hand,
" All to rebell togidder in ane band;

Lib. 3, f. 31. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *far.*

[2] In MS. *Meustria.*

" Sayand to thame that all the kingis ilk one,
" Quhilk at this tyme ringis in Albione,
" Sall thame support with all help and supple,
" Quhen mister is of men and als money,
" And tak thair pairt in all thingis gude and ill,
" Sua that thai pleis for to consent thairtill.
" Rycht weill I wait thai pepill hallelie
" At the Romanis hes malice and invy,
" And wilbe blyth sic thingis to tak on hand,
" And be it sua, rycht weill I vnderstand,
" For ony case that thai can weill cum to,
" The Romanis than sall haif anewche ado
" Or tha can bring tha raletis to gude rest.
" Then I considder that ȝour tyme is best,
" With oure power together all in one,
" That princes ar this tyme in Albione,
" Than to our purpois we may weill proceid,
" But ony danger of oure fais or dreid.
" And this be done thair is no moir to sa,
" Bot lat vs de all erar on ane da,
" And in oure bodie suffer werkand woundis,
" Or baneis thame ilk ane out of our boundis.
" This is my counsall alway for the best,
" Pleis ȝe nocht this, ȝe may do as ȝe lest."

Thairof the Britis was rycht blyth and glaid,
Quhen that thai hard how that this herauld said.
Rycht glaidlie all thankit the Scottis king
Of his promit and counsall in that thing.

How the Britis send in Gallia and Armorica to caus thame rebell aganis the Romanis.

Than have thai chosin, in all the haist thai ma,
Ambassatouris to pas in Gallia,
For to compleit the purpois thai had tane;
Thai tuke thair leue syne furth in haist is gaue.
To schip thai went and passit to the se,
And sone tuke land rycht sone in Picardie;
That land befoir, as my author did sa,
In to that tyme wes callit Morina.
Quhen this ambaxat cuming wes to land,
No tarie maid as ȝe sall vnderstand,
Bot sped thame fast with all the haist tha ma,
Quhill that thai come quhair the counsall la.
And in that counsall, secreitlie and trew,
As ȝe haif hard, ilk word by word tha schew,
Schort quhile before as ȝe haif hard me tell,
Agane the Romanis gif thai wald rebell,
Quhilk haldis thame in sic miseritie,
For till reskew thair land and libertie,
And mak thame fre of all thair feid and wrang,
And seruitude thai had bene in so lang;
" And pleis ȝe this that I haif shawin now,
" All Albione will confidder with ȝow,
" And mak supplie with hors, harnes and geir,
" Money and men, and schippis for the weir,
" And alkin thing that neidfull is to haif;
" Quhat we ma do sall nocht be for to craif.
" In all Britane is nocht levand on lyve
" Of Roman blude other man or wyve,

" Without ane strenth or than put to the se,
" Thus of the Romanis neir clengit ar we.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " put all oure strenth in ane,
" Persew the purpois we haif vndertane;
" Thair is no perrell sic thing to persew,
" For weill I wat that we will all be trew."

How the Men of Gallia tuke thame to Auis-ment, and causit the Britane Herauld to keip him quyet.

Quhen this wes said befoir them all in plane,
This wes the ansuer that he gat agane;
Sayand thai suld aduise with all the laif,
Sen[1] neid it war of thair counsall to haif.
Exhortand thame, for ocht that euir mycht fall,
Secreit to be and till keip counsall all,
Or dreid the Romanis sic thing suld presume.
Lib.3,f.31b. Col. 1. For and tha did, but ony law or dome,
All the plagis of thame that tha had tane,
But ony dout tha wald hang thame ilkane;
And, or thai suld suspectit be that tyde,
Commandit thame no langar thair to byde,
Bot pas to Calice thair for to remane

[redacted]

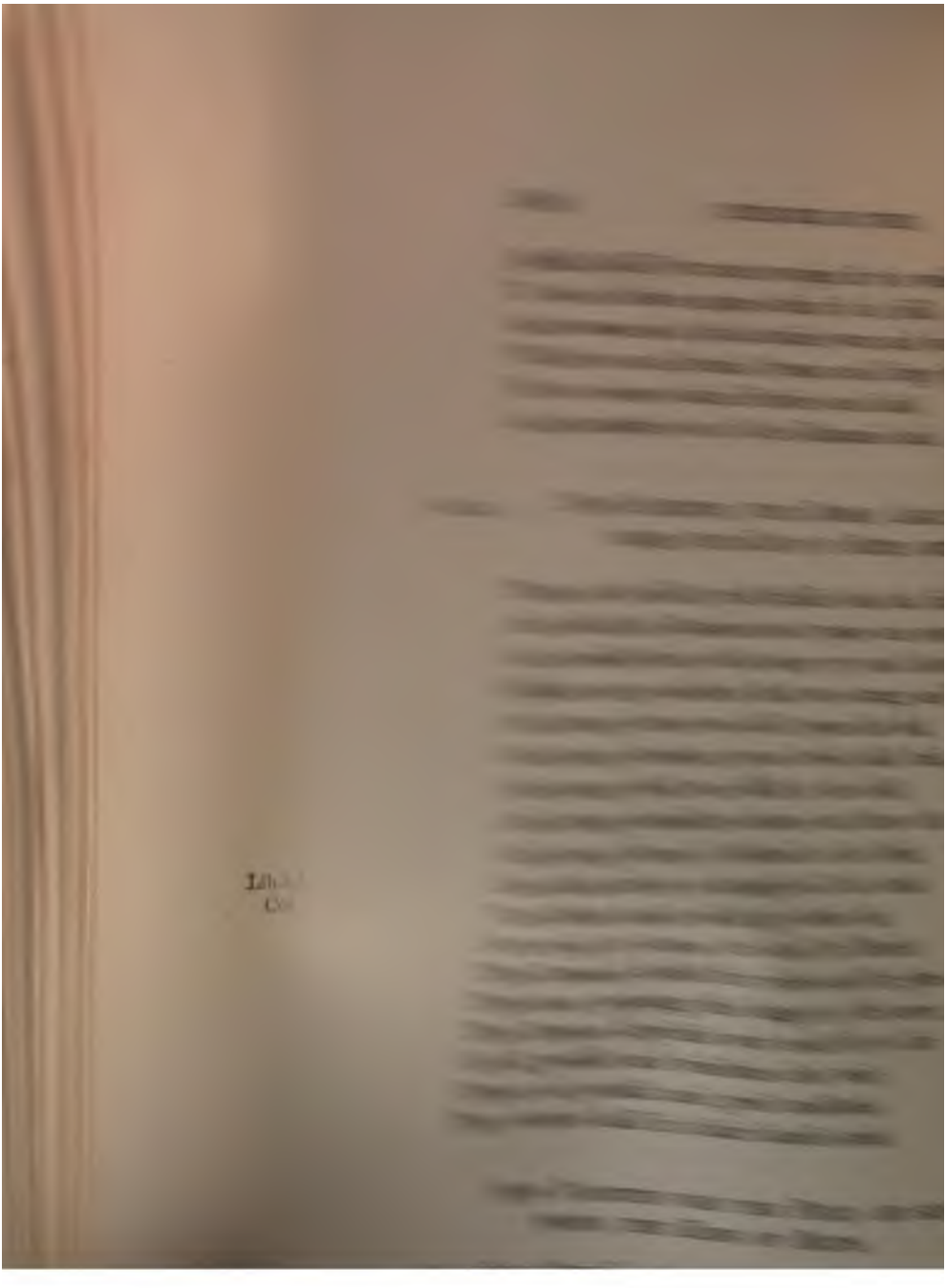
Now will I leif of this ane lytill we,
And at thair counsall heir I lat thame be;
And turne agane into that tyme and tell
Sic aventure as in Britane befell.

How that the Romane Legat, callit Planteus, passit to the Feild agane Gwyderus.

Quhen passit wes the winter that wes cald,
With mony blast that bitter wes and bald,
And cummin wes the symmer soft and schene,
With feildis fair and mony leuis grene;
Quhen flureis fair vpoun the sprayis sprang,
The lustie lark with mony noittis sang,
This Romane legat, callit Plantius,
And his collig with knychtis curious,
No langar than in strenthis wald remane,
Bot rycht pertlie sone passit to the plane,
With all thair folk weill furneist for the feild
With helme and habrik, burneist brand and scheild,
With sword and ax, lang lance and speir,
And all wapynis that neidfull war in weir.
Syne waistit hes ouir all bayth far and neir
The landis all that held of king Guydeir,
Evin as thai list at greit lasar and lenth;
Wes nothing saiff that wes without ane strenth.

How Guyderus, the King of Britis, tuke the Feild agane the Romane Legat, callit Plantius.

This king Guydeir, quhen he hard this, in hy
He haistit him and wald na langar ly.
Greit diligence he hes done nycht and da,
With all the power possibill that he ma,
Quhill all the Britis that tyme in Britane
In till ane ost contractit hes ilk man,



[illegible] greit trobill that tha war in that tyde,
[illegible]it thair bak and mycht na langer byde,
[illegible]d fled rycht far out of the fechting place.
[illegible] Romanis than sone furneist hes ane chace,
[illegible]d slauchter maid on thame ane waill lang quhile,
[illegible]lowand ay fast the space of neir sax myle,
[illegible]atiat than of the Britis blude,
[illegible]ill that thai come till Garran that flude.
[illegible]pois the Romanis wan the feild that da,
[illegible]wes deir bocht, the suith gif I sall sa;
[illegible] lost sa mony of thair nobill men,
[illegible]d wys Kneus quhilk wes worth vther ten,
[illegible] wit and wisdome, manheid and valour,
[illegible]r all his strenth he stervit in that stour.

How the Britane Herauld was send out of Gallia without Beleiff of Supplie, quhen tha hard Gwyderus wes slane.

[illegible] this battell in France wes hard and kend,
[illegible]w king Gwydeir that tyme had maid sic end,
[illegible]d how the Romanis wan the victorie,
[illegible]a war disparit than alluterlie
[illegible]r ony help thai mycht get or supple,
tyme to cum to reskew thair libertie.
[illegible]e Britis than, quhilk on the answer baid,
[illegible]a tuke thair leve and no moir tarie maid, Lib. 3, f.32. Col. 1.
[illegible]d sped thame hame but expeditioun
thair erand, evin as thai come of the toun.

How the Emprioure callit Claudeus, with Vespacian, come furth of Flanderis with ane greit Armie.

[illegible]e efter this the emprioure Claudeus,
[illegible]d Vespacian, my author tellis thus,

Beseikand him, as he wes roy of reuth,
Thame to ressaue agane into his treuth,
And thai suld bind thame, baith with ayth and seill,
For euirmoir to his impyre be leill.
This Claudeus than maid thame all to ryis,
In that mater sayand he wald adwyis;
Thingis in weir with wisdome suld be wrocht,
Thairfoir but counsall he wald do rycht nocht.
Mony thair wes, as my author did tell,
Amang the Romanis crwell of counsall,
Sayand he wald neuir bruke Britane in rest,
Without he puneist that tyme of the best
So scharp and sair, that euerie man mycht se
To all the laue it micht exempill be. Col. 2.
Vespacian than, so curtas wes and gude,
Gentill and meik, and full of mansuetude,
Quhilk of his nature also wes benyng,
Alluterlie discentit to that thing.
Sayand alway, that other king or prince
That crwell war but mercie or clemence,
Thocht he his liegis guyde with dreid and aw,
So sall he nocht with equitie of law,
As be exempill oft syis it is sene,
Vnto the Romanis alwayis dois pertene,
Of prostrat pepill petie haif and rew,
And prydfull men with battell to persew.
This Claudius, quhilk wes ane humill man,
Throw the counsall of this Vespacian,
Remittit hes all offence done beforne;
Syne gude and ill befoir him all hes sworne,
Ay at his faith perpetuallie remane;
In all thair tyme neuir to rebell agane.

How the Britis, efter Gwyderus was slane, crownit his Bruther Aruieregus[1] to be King.

Than with the counsall of the Britis haill,
That Britis blude in Britane suld nocht faill,
In stait royall as thai had wont to ring
Arverigus than hes be crownit king,
Quhilk bruther germane wes to king Gwydeir,
Laitlie befoir wes slaine, as ȝe mycht heir.
And Plantius he ordand als to be
Greit precident with haill authoritie,
To gyde and reull that all thing suld gang rycht,
But weir or wrang of ony warldlie wycht.
Mark Terebell, ane man of price and pryde,
Hes constat him his victogall that tyde,
For to collect his tribute and his rent,
And to distribut dalie to his stent.
Commandand thame that all thing suld ga rycht,
And blythlie syne he bad thame all gude nycht,
Exortand thame alway for to be trew,
And in that tyme neuir agane to persew
To mak sic falt as thai had maid beforne,
And brek thair band and aith that tha had sworne.
For better it war to lat sic thing alane,

[redacted]

Rycht grittumlie the Britis thankit than,
Of his gentreis, this nobill Vespacian,
As he that wes ane gentill curtas knycht;
Syne tuk thair leif and bad thame all gude nycht.

How Claudeus the Emprioure passit out of Britane to Orknay, and tuke the King Ganus to Rome.

This Claudeus hes gevin strait command
To Plantius for to defend that land,
Fra Scot and Pecht for to debait thame baith,
In pece and rest that thai may leif but skayth;
And he with battell suld persew no tyde
Scot nor Pecht quhilk pepill war of pryde;
In thair awin realme with rest to lat thame ring,
Without thair self the caus wer of sic thing.
Ȝit wald he nocht, at that tyme as it stude,
Pas hame agane without battell or blude;
Quharefoir he chesit for the likliest way
With his armie to pas into Orknay,
Becaus the pepill war of power small
As eith it war for till ouirturn thame all,
Scot nor Pecht that tyme persewit nocht,
He knew so weill it wald be deirlie bocht,
Rycht oft befoir to him it hes bene tald
Tha pepill war rycht bellicois and bald.
Syne efterwart, rycht sone vpoun ane day
He tuke the se and passit till Orknay.
Gydis that tyme he had wes gude aneuche
Him till convoy fra craig, sand, or cleuche,
With mony barge that mekill wes of birth,
Quhill that he enterit into Pantland Firth;
Quhair mony perrell in that place thai fand,
Of stark stremis that ran neir the land;

Lib.3,f.32b. Col. 1.

Quhilis in wynd and vther quhilis in wall,
Tha war in point that tyme to perische all.
Ȝit neuirtheles tha chaipit weill that tyde,
Sic wes thair grace thai had so gude ane gyde.
Unto the yle quhair that tha first tuke land,
No creature befoir thame thair thai fand.
The folk wes fled that tyme or tha come nar,
Quhen thai persauit he cuming wes on far;
That wes the caus that gart the pepill flie,
Sa mony schippis tha saw vpoun the se.
Than thai remanit in that place schort quhile,
And sone thai passit till ane vther ile,
Quhilk in that tyme, as my author did sa,
It callit wes to name Pomonia:
That wes the name ane long tyme of the ald,
And now to name it callit is Kirkwald:
And thair tha set thair schippis to the sand,
Syne with thair boittis passit al to land.
By ane watter besyde ane litill toun
Tha stentit thair rycht mony proude palȝeoun.
Exploratouris than haif thai send in hy
Ouir all the yle rycht scharplie for to spy,
And all the land also baith far and neir,
Gif ony perrell did in that place appeir.
And so thai did syne come agane ilkane

And as thai war than passand be the way, Col. 2.
The Orknay men that fled wes fra the fray,
And all the laif als of the land about,
Gatherit thai war togidder in ane rout;
And as the da departit fra the nycht
Thair of the Romanis thai haif gottin sycht.
Than force it wes to fecht or to be tane;
Flie mycht tha nocht, thair wes na vther wane
Bot byde the chance fortoun wald send thame till;
Tha tuke the feild and pat thame in her will,
But all for nocht, thair power wes so small,
Rycht suddanelie thair wer tha vincust all.
Amang thame all that tyme thair wes nocht ane
Left of thame all bot other slane or tane.
Quhen this wes done, the Romanis wer so blyth,
Vnto the seig thai dressit thame rycht swyth
Of that castell stude on ane rock of stone;
With mony bent and arrowis mony one,
With gun and genzie, and with vther geir,
And all ingyne that vsit wes in weir,
That neidfull war, thairof tha had no falt.
And sindrie syis[1] thai saillit with ane salt,
And tha within als lang than as thai mocht
Hes maid defence, bot it wes all for nocht.
The Romanis power wes so stark and strang,
And thai within defendit had sa lang,
Thair passage all wes stoppit by the se,
And tha within syne wist of no supple,
And or tha suld constranit be thairtill,
Gif ouir the hous and put thame in his will.
The king Ganus with wyfe and barnis ilkane
Out of the hous the Romanis than hes tane;
Syne to thair schippis led thame fra the land,
And held thame thair fast bundin into band.

[1] In MS. *sayis.*

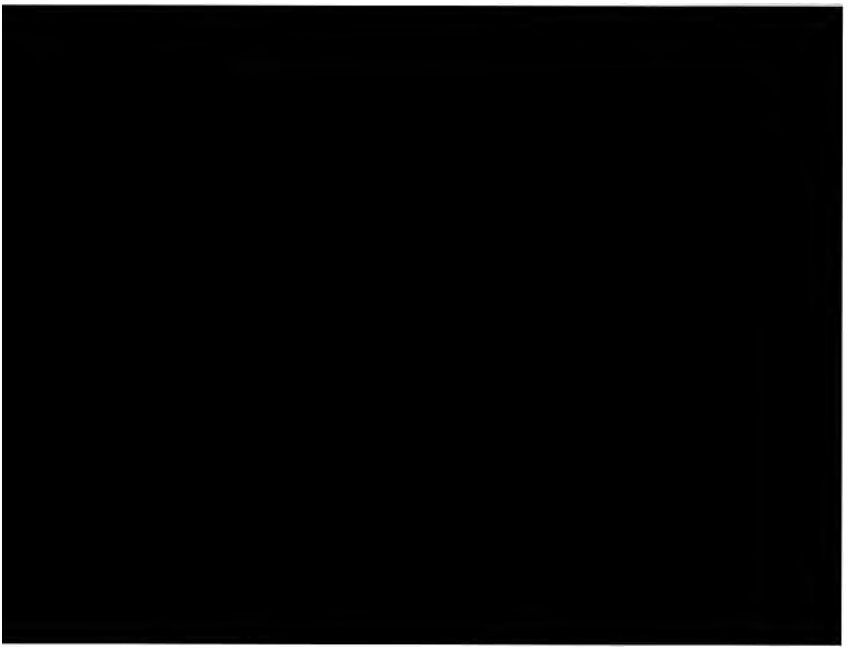
King of Scotland, the quhilk into his dais
Wes flour of knychtheid, as my author sais.
This Romane pretor callit Plantius
Perswadit hes this ilk Arweragus,
For to repell this nobill Woyoda.
This lustie quene and hir barnis alsua,
Ane sone sche had wes callit Gwyderus,
And dochteris tua, the storie tellis thus,
He gart include thame in ane castell strang,
Without fredome other to ryde or gang,
Thair to remane for terme of all thair lyfe;
Vnlefullie syne tuke ane vther wyfe,
Ane Roman ladie callit Genissa.
And for that caus, my author sais sua,
That Plantius he wrocht all haill this thing,
To caus the Britis and the Scottis king
For to discord and tyne affinitie,
So that the Britis suld get na supple,
That Caratac gif efter so befell
Agane the Romanis gif thai wald rebell.
Ane nobill man wes lord of Cambria,
Ane vther als lord of Tegenia,[1]
And mony vther that war cheualrous,
Quhilk had the gyding of Arweragus,
Displesit war rycht greitlie of that thing,
Quhen that thai knew sic folie of thair king,
But ony caus his quene for to exclude,
And syne to mixt him with the Roman blude.
To him tha ȝeid rycht oft and mony syis,
Exhortand him with wordis that war wys,
For till exclude fra him that Roman huir,
And of his quene agane to tak the cuir,
And keip hir weill alway as did effeir,
Sen that scho wes ane kingis dochter deir.

[1] In MS., and several times subsequently, *Feyenia.*

With the Romanis sa lang had been thair fa :
That wes the caus, he said, that he did sua.
Als be na caus, he said, that he culd knaw
Of consuetude or ȝit be writtin law,
He culd nocht find that he had far misgane,
Sen Iesum wes to haif ma wyffis nor ane ;
Als prayand thame speciallie with his hart
Vnto the Romanis for to keip thair pairt,
And of the cuir that thai had tane on hand,
Anent the reull and gyding of the land.

How Arweragus and Plantius passit with Power agane the Men of Tegen and Cambria.

Quhen this wes said befoir thame all in plane,
Of the ansuer that tha send him agane,
How ever it wes, or quhat thing that it ment,
Arweragus thairof wes nocht content.
Fra this wes schawin to Aulus Plantius,
Perswadit hes this ilk Arweragus
With plane battell in all the hast tha ma,
For till persew Tegin and Cambria.
The Cambriens and Tigens in that tyde
For all his bost rycht baldlie thocht to byde ;
With roustie rancour that ruttis of the hart
Vpoun ane plane thai met the vther pairt.
The men of Tegen and of Cambria,
Thocht tha war forcie to the feild that da,
Ȝit neuirtheles thair power wes so small,
Into that feild thai war confoundit all ;
Mony war slane, the laif wer maid to fle,
Sum to the mos, sum to the montanis hie.



How it[1] was schawin to the Legat that Tegin, Cambria, and Lobinia[2] had rebellit.

This samin tyme, now that ȝe heir me sa,
The Cambriens and all Teginia
Buskit but baid that tyme or tha wald blin,
On till ane toun wes callit Coremyn;
Quhilk wes ane toun of honour than and fame,
That Schoresberrie now is callit to name.
And all the nobillis of Icinia
Come thair that tyme, with mony vther ma,
For to devyis into sa greit ane thing;
And speciallie quhilk wes agane thair king,
So wranguslie that did his quene exclude,
Infectand him syne with the Roman blude
Sua lang beforne had bene thair mortall fa,
Fredome and land also had tane thame fra.
With haill consent thair tha decreittit all,
For ony thing that efter mycht befall,
All on ane da in just battell to de,
Or to reskew bayth land and libertie.
And or tha wald oucht ellis tak on hand,
Sone haif thai send in mony sindrie land,
As in Cornwell and als in Candalia
And all the partis of Damonia,
Requyrand thame rycht afald with thair hart,
In that purpois that thai wald tak thair part.
Tha landis now contenis in thir dais
Cornewell and Kendaill, as my author sais,
And Diromschire[3] all haill with Cumerland,
Evin to the valis of Esk and of Annand.
The lordis all, that dwelt thir landis within,
Comperit hes that tyme in Coremyn,

---

[1] In MS. *it it.*
[2] In MS. *Cobinia.*
[3] In MS. *riromschire.*

And all the laif syne semblit thair rycht sone,
For to devyis quhat best war to be done,
With lang consulting of mony sindrie thing,
Col. 2. Compleinand soir the folie of thair king,
Throw fleschlie lust infectit with ane huir,
Erar to ring vnder the Romanis cuir,
And be thair seruand dalie in all thing
But libertie, nor for to be thair king:
His nobill quene, quhilk wes of royall blude,
Dame Woyada, that wes baith fair and gude,
And hir barnis, but ony caus or quhy,
Excludit hes out of his company.
Quhairfoir to purpois planelie thai pretend
To tak the chance that godis will thame send
In plane battell, and thair erar to de,
Na vnder thame in sic bondage to be.
This counsall ilk man thocht commodious,
The Romain blude tha held sa odeous,
And seruitude that thai had lang bene in.
With sic desyre thair libertie to win,
Decreittit than it wes with euerilk lord,
In that counsall without ony discord,
That thai wald fecht for land, barnis and wyve,
And thus thai gaif sentence diffinityve.
And euerie man, bayth euill and gude that tyde,

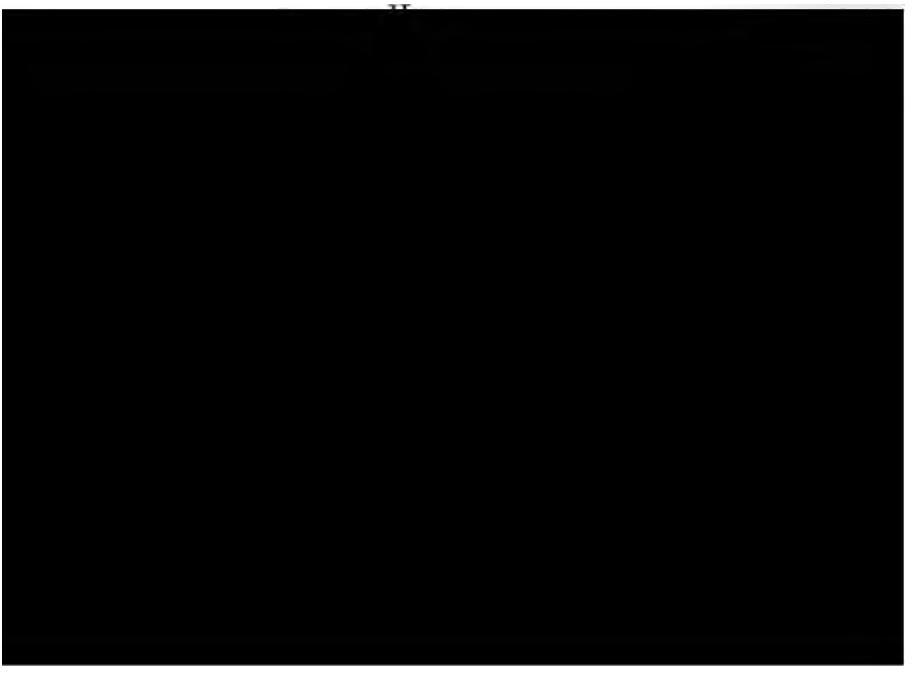
[redacted]

Sum of Kyndale,[1] and sum of Coremyn;
Thus all that day thair wittis wer in twyn.
Tha war sa hie ilkane in his intent,
Neuir ane to vther wald gif his consent;
So couetous thai war that tyme of gloir,
Tha[t] thai war lyke for to discord thairfoir.
Comus ane man of hie authoritie,
Of Cambria ane greit nobill wes hie,
Heirand that tyme sic scisma and discord,
With greit contentioun als of lord and lord,
Vp that he stude in middis of thame aw,
And thus he said, as I sall to ȝow schaw.
" Lordis," said he, " ane se, sa God me saue,
" Ilkane of ȝow desyris for till haif
" Naturallie honour and dignitie,
" As at this tyme appeiris weill to be;
" Quhairfoir I think that it is all the war,
" That nane of ȝow ane vther will prefar,
" Quhilk at this tyme is neidfull for to be,
" Ane for to haif the haill authoritie,
" At the plesour this tyme of euerie lord,
" With lufe and favour without ony discord;
" For quhair thair is divisioun in sic thing,
" Rycht weill I wait that nother prince no king
" May win wirschip, honour, or victorie,
" Or ȝit prevaill agane his ennimie.
" Neidfull it is thairfoir into sic thing,
" Now at this tyme sen that we want our king,
" To cheis ane man of hie genelogie, Lib. 3, f.34. Col. 1.
" And gif till him the haill authoritie,
" And all the laif at his will till obey,
" With all plesour but contrapleid or pley.
" Amang thair self is sic equalitie
" Of honour, riches, and of dignitie,
" And euirilk man hes sic affectioun
" To him awin self with sic delectioun,

[1] In MS. *Tyndale.*

" Inordinat, without humanitie,
" So greit desyre ȝe haif of dignitie,
" That neuir ane content is of ane vther
" He suld prevaill, suppois he war his bruther.
" My counsall is thairfor into this thing,
" Refer ȝow all vnto the Scottis king;
" Gude Caratac, quhilk is of sic honour,
" Mak him ȝour cheif, ȝour gyde and gouernour,
" And he to haif the haill authoritie,
" And ȝe ilkone at his command to be.
" Sen that this querrell is commoun to ȝow baith,
" For to revenge the greit injure and skaith
" Is done to ws, and to him self alsua,
" And his sister, gude quene Woyada,
" And hir ȝoung sone, that is our prince Guydeir,
" His sister sone and his nevoy so neir;
" Sen he of law his tutour aucht to be,
" And hes thairof rycht and authoritie,
" And all the lordis that ar in Britane,
" To tak his pairt at this tyme euirilkane
" Agane the Romanis and oure crwell king,
" Other to de or to revenge this thing."

How the Britis efter the Counsall send ane Herauld to Caratacus,[1] King of Scottis,



" Done be ȝour king, the fals Arweragus,
" Throw perswasioun of Aulus Plantus,
" He mixt him so with the Roman blude,
" The quhilk I traist salbe for lytill gude
" Of ws or ȝow, or ȝit or any vther
" In Albione, als far as I considder.
" That thing is wrocht alway, rycht weill I wait,
" With fraude and falset, tressoun and dissait,
" Into the contrair of the commoun weill,
" Of ws ilkone, als far as I haif feill,
" Throw greit folie of this Arveragus,
" Seducit so with this Planctus,
" With fair treittie hes maid sic ane trane,
" For oft fair hechtis makis fuillis fane.
" So fairis it alway be ȝour king
" With Planctus so blindit in that thing,
" Throw sic displesour he hes wynd him ane pirne;
" Syne quhen his fut is fast into the girne,
" That he dow nother for to fend nor flie,
" Than force it is to him in thrall to be.
" Sen that this querrell is commoun to ws bayth,
" For till vmschew sic perrell and greit skayth,
" I am content to tak sic thing on hand, Col. 2.
" In that querrell quhill I ma stryk or stand,
" To be revengit on ȝour tirrane king.
" Fra winter pas, quhill grene levis do spring,
" I salbe thair with all power I ma,
" Quhair euer it be at sic place and at da."

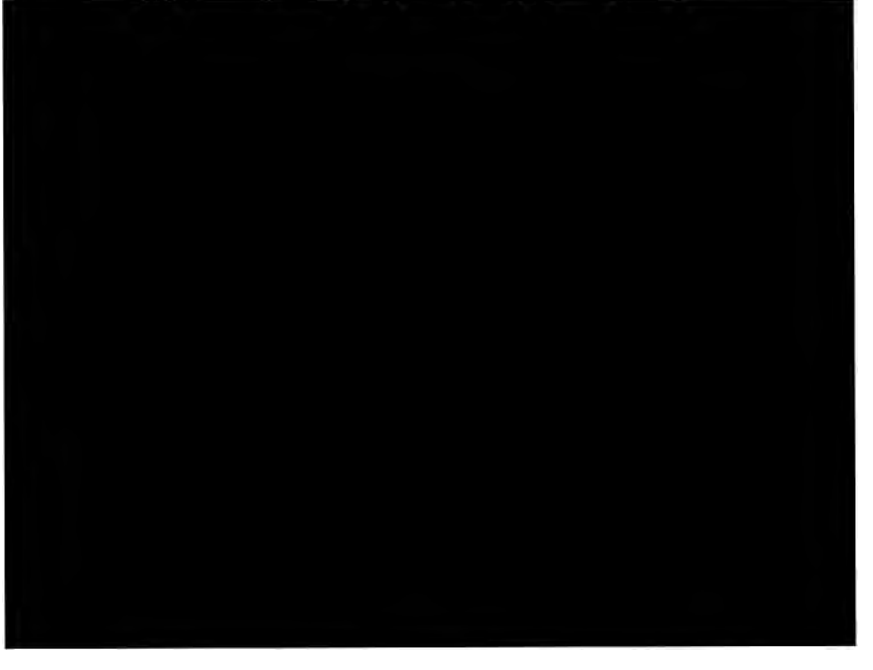
How the Britane Herauld passit fra Caratacus to Coramyn, and schew to thai Lordis his Ansuer.

Quhen Caratac his ansuer so had said,
The messinger thairof he wes rycht glaid.
Befoir the king thair kneilland on his kne
He thankit him rycht oft and reuerentlie;

Syne curtaslie, at king and lordis than,
He tuke his leif and passit in Britane.
Withoutin rest baith da and nycht he raid
To Corymyn quhair all the Britis baid,
To quhome rycht sone his ansuer hes maid knawin,
Ilk word by word befoir as I haif schawin;
Quhairof the Britis was rycht blyth ilkone.
The symmer sessoun than wes neir hand gone,
And cumin wes the winter cuill and cald,
That euerilk man than drew him till ane hald,
Leuand the plane and passand till ane strenth,
Quhill that the winter wes gone by at lenth.
Betuix thame than suppois thai tuke na peice,
The cald winter gart all the weiris ceis.

How Caratacus, the King of Scottis, come with all his Power and met the Britis neir by Eborac.

Quhen passit wes the winter with his schouris,
And cuming wes the symmer with his flouris,
With nychtis short, and lustie dais lang,
And flouris fair out of thair knoppis sprang,
The Tegens all, and Cornagens all sa,
The Cambriens and all Candalia,
With all the Britis as ȝe hard befoir,



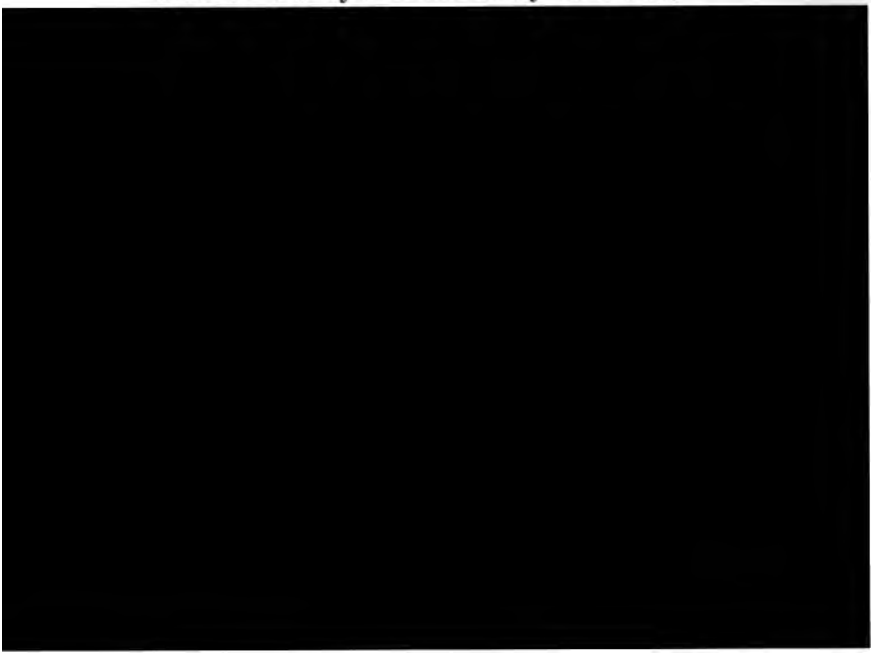
How the Britis and the Pechtis maid King Caratac the Governour of all Albione.

With haill consent of king and euerilk lord,
All in ane will without ony discord,
King Caratac thai maid thair governour,
As he that wes of Albione the flour.
Auchtie thousand of fechtand men that da,
Tha war be taill, as my author did sa,
Worthie and wicht thair wapyins for to weild,
Furneist rycht weill to fecht in ony feild.
King Caratac, of the best wayis he can,
Gart put in ordour that tyme euerilk man;
Dewydand thame in sindrie feildis also,
And euerilk feild with his chiftane to go,
Vnder baner thairfoir to byde and be
At his command, baith for to fecht and flie.
Ane large ost thai wer of lenth and breid,
Tha cled the plane ouir all quhat tha ȝeid;
Thair baneris braid agane the bemis brycht
Of Phebus face illuminat all with licht;
Thair schynand scheildis glitterit as gold wyir,
With diamantis deir, most dantie of desyre,
Cled in cot armour of mony sindrie hew,
With rubeis reid, and mony saphir blew,
With poleist perle, and mony pretious stone,
Agane the schyning of the sone tha schone,
With goldin gullis glitterand as ane gleid,
Ane semeliar sicht wes neuir of Adamis seid.
The schalmes schill schoutit with sic ane sound,
And bugillis blast gart all the bank rebound;
Trumpet and taburne tunit with sic ane stevin
Quhill all thair noyis rang vp to the hevin.
Thair steill helmes, and bureall basnetis brycht,
Like lucent lantrynis caist ane aureat lycht.

Lib.3,f.34b. Col. 1.

How Arweragus and Planctus the Legat tuke the Feild agane Caratacus.

Quhen this wes schawin to king Arweragus,
And the protectour Aulus Planctus,
Thair wes no lat, thai list nocht for to ly,
Bot sone for battell bownit thame in hy,
With mony Brit and mony Romane knycht
And mony vther worthie wes and wicht,
Tha left the strenth and passit to the feild,
Buskit for battell baith with speir and scheild.
This Planctus, fra tyme he vnderstude
The strenth and mycht, and als the multitude,
Of Albionis, as sindrie men him schew,
He knew greit perrell battell till persew.
Quhairfoir rycht sone he socht ane vther way
For to postpone the battell, and delay,
With sic prattik ane lang tyme for to preue,
Ay da be ba puttand thame in beleue
To gif battell, till that tha war ilkane
Werie, forwalkit, and all thair victuallis gane.
With sic prattik trowand rycht weill he wald
Vincust thame all with hunger, thirst and cald.
And so he did rycht lang and mony da,
That on the nycht waill mony stall awa,



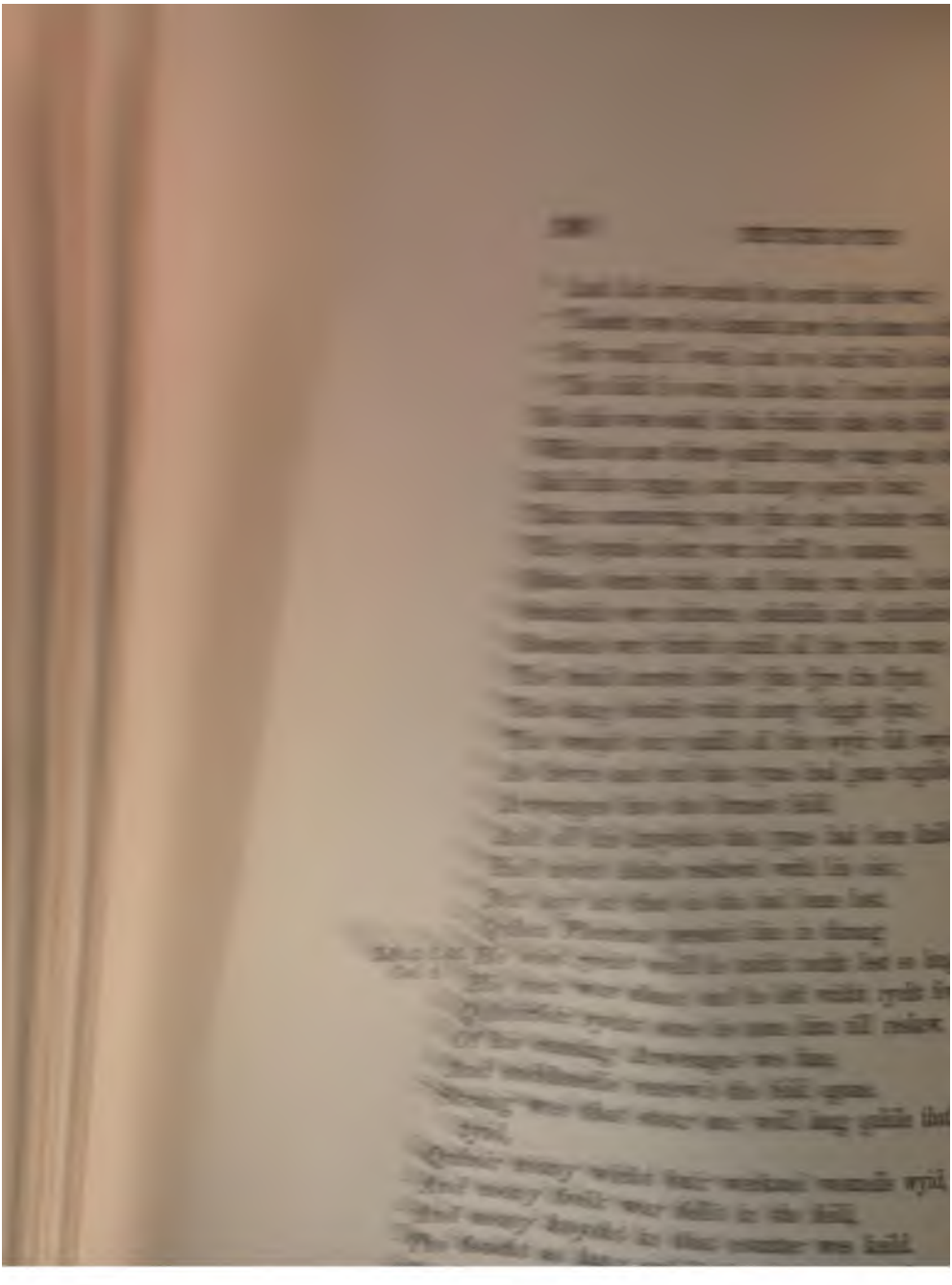
He maid no tarie that tyme nycht nor da,
Quhill that he come quhair that the Albionis la.

How Carratacus and Arweragus come in Sicht ilkane of vther makand for Feild.

Ather of vther sone cuming ar in sicht,
With stremaris straucht and standartis vpoun hycht,
With baneris braid, and mony pensall proude,
With schalmes schill, and bugillis blawand loude,
With trumpet, taburne, and mony clarioun cleir,
With blast of horne, that hiddeous wes till heir,
Schoutand sa schill with sic ane aufull sound,
Quhill that thair dyn gart all the daill redound.
King Caratac in middis of the feild,
With mony semlie that tyme wnder scheild,
Amang thame all he said with voce so cleir,
On this same wayis as I sall schaw ȝow heir.

How Caratacus maid ane Oresoun that causit all his Men to tak Curage.

" O bernis bald ! I ȝow beseik ilkone,
" Sen that ȝe ar rycht big of blude and bone,
" Think on ȝour barnis at this tyme and ȝour wyvis,
" ȝour land, ȝour law, ȝour libertie and lyvis ;
" Think on ȝour honour, ȝour wirschip and ȝour fame,
" And of ȝour freindis that ȝe haif left at hame ;
" Think on also how nobill Julius,
" Of all this warld wes most victorius,
" With oure fatheris but laitlie now befoir,
" Than vincust wes for all his pryde and gloir.
" His men wer slane, him self wes maid to fle,
" Quhill he wes fain him self to tak the se.
" I ȝow beseik at this tyme, sen neid is,
" Think on oure fatheris and thair nobill deidis,



It wes so mirk thai mycht not se ane styme,
Than force it wes to leue fechting that tyme;
And euerie syde hes drawin to ane strenth,
Quhill that the nycht wes passit by; at lenth,
Of ather syde wes not ane sene in sicht,
Syne on the morne quhen it wes fair dalicht,
Bot deid bodeis in the feild that la:
Neir tuentie thousand deit thair that da.

How the Nycht departit the Parteis, and how Planctus culd nocht get his Men agane in Ordour.

This Planctus all nycht he tuke greit pane
In gude ordour to put his men agane;
Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald not be,
Sic appetite thai had ilk ane to fle.
Tha tuke no rest nother in daill nor doun,
Quhill that thai come all to Lundoun toun.
In that same tyme this nobill Caratac
And all his ost passit to Eborac.
About the toun on mony plesand plane,
Tha tuke thame rest ane quhile thair to remane,
Quhill thai war haillit of thair sair[is] sund,
Of brokin bone and mony bludie wound.
And syne in counsall gaif generall command
That euerilk man sould pas hame in his land,
And tak him rest ontill ane weill lang space;
Syne to convene ane sett da at that place,
Quhen tha war warnit at ane certane da;
Ilk man tuke leif and passit hame his wa.
Sune efter syne, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
King Caratac come hame into Scotland
Till Caraccone, the quhilk wes in that da,
Ane nobill toun into Saluria,

That wallit wes about with lyme and stone,
With dowbill stank and fowsseis mony one.
Thair he tuk rest ane sessoun of the ȝeir,
Quhill all his men wer maid haill and feir.

How Aulus Planctus send to Caratacus, to caus him leue the Britis and tak the Romanis Parte.

This Planctius, this Roman protector,
Considdering all thing wes done befoir,
And of Romanis the greit mortalitie,
Bot laitlie maid into that battellis thre,
Knawand also he mycht nocht him alone
Rycht weill defend contrair all Albione;
Col. 2. Bot weill he knew he culd thame all defy,
King Caratac sua that he culd cut by;
Quhairfoir to him he send ane messingeir,
Quhilk said to him as I sall say ȝow heir.
" O Caratac! O nobill prince and king!
" Awle Planctius sendis the salussing,
" Merueland mekill of thi majestie,
" Quhairfoir that thow his ennimie suld be,
" To the Romanis quhilk did the neuir offend,

" Accusand the als of ingratitude,
" That it wes not thi commoun for till dude.
" For quhen the empriour, nobill Claudius,
" Quhilk in this warld is moist victorious,
" Wes into Britane with his power all,
" Quhilk mycht haif maid the to him bund and thrall,
" He sparit ȝow than and the Pechtis bayth,
" Becaus he thocht he wald do ȝow na skayth;
" Bot as his freindis thoillit ȝow leif fre,
" Syne with his armie passit to the se,
" With all his power sailit in Orkna
" Agane Ganus quhilk wes ȝour mortall fa,
" And wan his croun and tuke him self captiue,
" And had to Rome with his barnis and his wyue.
" For sic kyndnes he did than to ȝow,
" This is the thank that we get of ȝow now.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "gif that it plesis the,
" In tyme to cum ȝit for to lat ws be,
" And mak redres of skayth that thow hes maid,
" Gif ouir thi band of the Britis but baid,
" And nane of thame within thi land lat leind,
" Thow salbe repute for the Romanis freind.
" This is the charge I haif to sa the till;
" How I haif said, say thow as euir thow will."
Quhen this wes said as I haif said ȝow heir,
King Caratac said to this messingeir,
As he that wes bayth wys and circumspect,
In this same forme as followis in effect.

How Caratacus maid Ansuer to the Roman Legat, sayand that he wranguslie causit Arweragus to repell his Wyffe.

" Gude freind," he said, " ȝour legat Planctius,
" No caus he hes to mervell so on ws.

" Quhairfoir me think thairof he dois but rawe,
" Wald he considder mair mervell to haue
" Of him awin self, quhilk causit hes the king
" Arweragus for to commit sic thing,
" Contrair the lawis bayth of God and man,
" By mony ressonis preve rycht weill I can,
" For till exclude his lauchtfull wyfe and quene,
" Quhilk his fallow and far better mycht haif bene
Lib.3,f.35b. Col. 1. " For hir bewtie, hir blude, and nobilnes,
" Hir wit, hir wisdome, and hir gentilnes,
" Quhilk in hir tyme did neuir none injure,
" To be put in presoun for ane Romane huir;
" And zoung Guyder, the quhilk wes his nevoy,
" But ony caus thai schuip him to distroy;
" And for no quhy, as he weill wnderstode,
" Bot to distroy the nobill Britane blude;
" Also," he said, " that he did neuir offence
" In word or deid no way to the Romans;
" All that he did into his ire and tene,
" Wes to revenge gude Woyada the quene,
" Quhilk wes his sister, and hir sone Gwydeir,
" His sister sone to him tender and neir;
" All that he did wes done in thair defence,
" And nother feir, iniure, nor violence.

" For all the gold betuix the sone and se
" Put his honour into sic jeopardie,
" Quhilk preuit weill, that dar I hardlie sa,
" Be his passage that tyme in Orkna,
" Vpoun ane pepill puir and indigent,
" Quhilk knew full litill that tyme quhat he ment,
" But ony strenth of hors, harnes or geir,
" Without power or prattik into weir;
" Quhilk ma be liknit, as it semis to me,
" As quha wald hunt ane falcone till ane fle.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " say thow to Planctius,
" Na vther ansuer gettis he of ws.
" Sen all the princes into Albione
" Ar at this tyme at my command ilkone,
" Heir I declair ws all his mortall fa,
" Fra Albione without rycht sone he ga,
" And leue it fre, evin as it wes befoir:
" Do as him list, of me he gettis no moir."

How the Roman Herauld passit to Planctus, and the Ansuer that Caratacus gaif him.

This beand said as that ȝe hard me tell,
This messinger he wald na langer duell;
Bot hyit him hame in all the haist he ma,
And word by word as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Rehersit hes befoir this Planctius,
In the presens of king Arweragus,
Quhilk soir adred that tyme wes of sic thing,
Takand sic feir of Caratac the king.
Tha knew he wes baith stalwart, stout and strang,
Walkryfe in weir, and wald nocht suffer lang;
Also he had that tyme at his command
All Albione to weild vnder his wand.

Quhairfor of him thai war the moir adred
At his command so greit power he had
Cap. 2. Some efterward traistand it suld be weir
Als Planctius displesit wes rycht far
Of the answer that Caratac him send
And of the purpois that he did pretend:
Merveland mekill that tyme quhat he ment
With sic pepill sa puir and indigent.
But [illegible] harnes, gunnis or vther geir.
And [illegible] waponis that neidfull ar to weir;
But wit and wisdome, and but ordenance.
But [illegible] and gwyding, and but governance.
[illegible] that thai durst contove
A[illegible] Romanis battell for to move.
[illegible] wisdome, manheid, strenth and
[illegible]
[illegible] oure godis gevin hes sic rycht
[illegible] warld bayth be land and se.
[illegible] lordschip and victoris for to be."
[illegible] said all thing that he wald
[illegible] syne quhen his tail wes told

[illegible] KNAWAND THAT HE HAD FAILLIT,
[illegible] LEGAT AND PASSIT TO HIS

He traistit als that Aulus Planctius
Rycht fenzeit wes, bayth fals and venemus;
Also that tyme rycht weill he did considder
War all the kingis of Albione togidder
Intill ane wit, ane wisdome, and ane will,
Rycht eith it war thair purpois to fulfill,
And of the Romanis victorie to haif.
Quhairthrow that tyme, throw counsall of the laif
Of Britis than wes in his company,
He dressit him rycht sone and suddanelie,
But ony baid, and wald no langar blyn,
Quhill that he come rycht sone to Corymyn,
And thair he met Comus of Cambria,
Ane rycht wys man as ȝe haif hard me sa
Schort quhile befoir, quhilk wes bayth blyth and glaid
Of his cuming, and schortlie to him said:
"Knawis thow nocht ȝit thi errour and thi gilt,
"Of Britis blude sa mekill thow hes spilt,
"And thow suld be thair governour and king?"
Said he agane: "Sair I forthink sic thing;
"Blindit I wes, and culd not wnderstand,
"Quhill now I am dung with my awin wand.
"Repruiff me nocht; at this tyme lat me be;
"The werst is myne, that soir forthinkis me.
"I had the wyte as it is rycht weill kend;
"Forgif me now, I am in will to mend."

How all the Lordis of Britane ressauit thair King agane with greit Blythnes.

Comus this lord that tyme of Cambria, Lib. 3, f. 36. Col. 1.
And all the lordis als of Tegenia,
With Cornebens that war in Corymyn,
Candalia and Damans mair and myn,
Richt blyth thai war heirand of sic ane thing,
Than hartfullie ressauit hes thair king.

[illegible] OF THE

[illegible] in ane band.

[illegible] command: [illegible]

[illegible] that tyde

[illegible] and tyde

[illegible] forsaik;

[illegible]

[illegible] emprioun [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and wycht

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] thame til.

[illegible] thame stil.

[illegible] FOR DISP[illegible]

[illegible] DISPLESOUR

[illegible]

[redacted]

He stuffit hes that tyme bayth vp and doun
The castellis [and] all strenthis, tour and toun,
Agane the Britis for to mak debait.
To Claudius ane epistill syne he wrait,
And send to Rome syne with ane messingeir,
In this same forme as efter followis heir.

How Aulus Planctus, the Roman Legat, send ane Epistill to Claudius plenȝeand of the Britis.

" O michtie, hie, excellent Claudius!
" Thy simpill seruand, Aulus Planctus,
" Ane thousand syis gude salus dois the send,
" With haill seruice and hartlie recommend.
" Rycht manifest vnto thi majestie
" I mak it knawin to, thy authoritie Col. 2.
" In Albione contempnit is so far,
" In all that land is no Roman that dar
" Without ane strenth, wnder the pane of deid,
" Nocht half ane hour dar anis schaw his heid.
" Thair is no Brit this day of Britane borne,
" That settis by how oft he be mensworne;
" In all this warld thair is no leid thame lyke,
" But ony faith as fals as ony tyke;
" For to be leill alway thai ar full laith,
" For oblissing, conditioun, or ȝit aith,
" That man can mak thai brek it quhen tha pleis;
" Thair is no leid with thame may leif at eis.
" The king of Scotland, callit Caratac,
" In all this warld knew I neuir his maik
" Of pomp and pryde and his presumptioun,
" Cankerit and curst, full of contentioun,
" Quhilk vilipendis thy power throw his pryde;
" All Albione he hes vnder his guyde,
" And laitlie now within ane litill tyme,
" Into thi land committit hes grit cryme

Witht hors and harnes, and all vther geir,
And all victuall that neidfull war in weir;
Syne sailit furth ouir salt se, than ouir sand,
To Britane cost quhair that he tuke the land.

How Vespacian come fra Rome with ane new Armie, quhilk wes weill resauit with Planctus.

Lib. 3, f. 36b. Col. 1.

Off his cuming the Romanis war rycht blyth,
Ressauit him full suddantlie and suyth,
With all honour pertenand to ane prince,
Tha war sa fane for till haif his defence.
In that same tyme this Vespacianus
Accusit hes this Aulus Planctus,
Sayand he trowit his sleuth and negligens
Without travell, laubour or diligens,
Als far befoir of him, as he hard tell,
Wes all the caus the Britis did rebell.
Fra men of weir be vsit in ydilnes,
Sleipand in sleuth, drokkin and drunkinnes,
To sing and dance and to leif paramouris,
Tha ar nocht abill into aventuris.
Sic ydilnes quhen it standis in neid,
Causis[1] thair fa of thame to haif na dreid.
Thairfoir he said with him he wald nocht nyit,
As it wes said that he had all the wyit.
This Planctus, to clenge him of that cryme,
Rycht reuerentlie maid ansuer in the tyme:
" Forsuith," he said, " ȝour awin self sall se
" Gif all be suith that hes bene said of me."
Than he hes led him baith vp and doun
To euirilk castell, tour, and wallit town,
And leit him se at greit lasar and lenth,
How thai[2] wer stankit weill about for strenth,

[1] In MS. *Causit.*

[2] In MS. *thair.*

With meit and men, and waponis for the weir,
With gun and ganȝe, and all vther geir.
The Romanis all greit farlie had that tyde,
So greit prouisioun he had done provyde;
Commendand thair his wit and diligence,
Puttand no wyt than to his negligence,
Sayand he seruit thank and grit rewaird,
So wyslie than he gydit had his gaird.
At this purpois now heir I leif thame still,
And to the Britis turne agane I will.

How Arweragus, King of the Britis, heirand Vespacian was cummand with his Lordis, come to Eborac and [set] thair ane Counsale.

Arweragus, fra tyme he hard and knew
Of his cuming, as sindrie men him schew,
How Vespacian with mekill schoir and bost,
Within Britane had brocht ane mekill ost;
Doand him als that tyme to vnderstand,
He thocht rycht sone for to invaid his land.
Fra this wes schawin to Arweragus,
He and his lordis, chief and cheualrus,
To Eborac thai sped thame waill gude speid;
Quhen thai come thair, syne all to counsall ȝeid.
And in that counsall thai decreitit so,

Syne warning maid, baith far and neir alwayis,
For to be reddie within fourtie dayis,
With furnesing fra that furth as lang space,
Syne to convene at set da and at place.

How Arweragus and his Lordis send to Caratacus, King of Scottis, for Supple.

To Caratac syne letteris tha sent,
Quhilk schaw till him all that the Romanis ment,
Word be word at greit laser him schew.
King Caratac, fra he the maner knew,
Without respit than nother nycht nor da,
Prowydit hes in all the haist tha ma,
In siclike number as tha did proport.
The king of Pechtis in the samin sort,
He hes prowydit into litill space
To meit the laif at sett da and at place.

How Arweragus and Caratacus met at Eborac, ilkane haiffand Threttie Thousand Men.

Quhen cuming wes the tyme, as ȝe hard tell,
That euerie beirne hes bownit for battell,
Arweragus and his lordis all haill,
With threttie thousand of nobill men be taill,
At Eborac, besyde that nobill toun,
Tha lichtit thair and stentit palȝeonis doun.
King Caratac, with threttie thousand knychtis,
Vpoun ane plane siclike besyde thame lichtis,
With palȝeounis proude, and mony ro[y]all tent,
Syne baldlie blew thair buglis on the bent.
The king of Pechtis, into siclike number,
Than haistelie come ouir the watter of Humber,
Without lathen, that tyme he wes not lidder;
Syne in ane feild tha lichtit all togidder.

Greit mirth wes maid quhen tha kingis did meit,
With wordis warme, and salussing rycht sweit,
With fair having, and knichtlie countenance,
With all honour most gudlie to advance.
Ilkane that tyme wes als content of vther,
And blyth and glaid as he had bene his bruther.
The trumpetis blew, the bugillis wald not blin,
The clarionis cleir gart all the dalis din;
And thus in sporting. in plesans, and in pla,
Fra end till end tha draue ouir all that da.
Syne on the morne to counsall ar tha gone,
Thir kingis thre and thair lordis ilkone;
And in that counsall. all with ane consent,
Baith ill and gude, that tyme wer weill content,
King Caratac to haif auctoritie
Of all wes thair and governour to be.
This Caratac, most gudlie till avance,
Rycht wyslie than pat thame in ordinance,
In sindrie feildis also thame dewydit,
Syne with ane chiftane ilk feild to be gydit,
And [vther] chiftanis wnder him to haue
Sindrie chiftanis for to gyde all the laue:
And signis mak to quhome thai sould attend,
Quhen thai sould flie and quhen thai sould defend,
Quhen thai sould fecht or follow on thair fa,

Lib. 3, f. 37. Col. 1.

[redacted]

In mony battell oft befoir had bene,
In mony feild greit slauchter als had sene;
Into that tyme he wes nocht for to leir,
In all prattik of weir he wes perqueir.
He wes convoyit that tyme be the Britis,
That fauourit him, as that my author writis;
Rycht quietlie endlang ane montane syid,
Vnder ane fell wnsene tha gart him ryde,
Rycht subtillie, vnwist of ony wicht,
Quhill that he come into thair fais sicht.

How Caratacus and Arweragus gaif Feild to the Legat Vespacian, and tynt the Feild.

The Albionis that tyme war all on steir,
Quhen that tha saw thair ennimeis so neir,
Wnwarneist als thai war of ony wicht;
And sone thai streikit thair standartis vpon hicht,
And baneris braid agane the sone[1] that schane,
Of glitterand gold and mony pretious stane.
The brasin bugulis maid sic busteons beir,
And blast of horne, that hiddeous wes till heir;
The schalmis schoutit rycht schill in the schaw,
Trumpet and talburne tunit vpone raw,
Sic ane repit rumor and sic ane reird,
Wes neuir hard befoir into this eird.
On bairdit hors the Romanis tay the feild,
With armour bricht and mony targe and scheild,
With brandis braid, that scharpe as rasure schair,
With speiris scharpe, that war bayth lang and squair.
The Scottis archeares tuke the feild befoir,
Manlie on fit fore all the Romanis schoir,

[1] In MS. *schone.*

In plait of maill weill beltit into brandis,
And bowis big quhilk bent war in thair handis,
And braid arrowis wer scharp heidit with steill:
Quhair euir thai hit thai baid and bait rycht weill.
The flainnis flew lyke fyre out of the flynt,
Throw all thair stuffe drew blude or euer tha stint,
And wrocht thame wa with werkand woundis wyde.
At that bikertie the Romanis nocht set byid;
Bot in the feild tha enterit with greit force,
And brak the bowmen with thair bairdit horss,
And skalit thame so wyde into the plane,
That tha mycht nocht convene togidder agane.
Than Caratac hes send thame sone reskew,
Ane battell bald wes of ane brichtar hew:
In curage cleir, with stuffe axis of steill,
Sic dyntis dour thai lute the Romanis feill,
Of bairdit horss quhill mony Romane knycht
Vpoun the land full law he[s] gart thame lycht.
Col. 2. Vespacian thairof wes nothing fane,
And sone he send thame new reskew agane,
Of waillit men that war rycht wyss in weir.
The Albionis thairof tuke litill feir,
Bot faucht so fast quhill thai wer neir confoundit,
Mony war slane and mony deidlie woundit.

With stalwart straikis that sturdie wes and strang
Rappit on vther quhill all the ruvis rang.
Thair speiris brak, and mony scheildis claue
Ribbis war rent, and all in sunder raue;
Heidis war halkit hard of by the halss,
Leg harnes lap and lymmis vnder alss;
Sydis war schorne that bowellis mycht be sene,
Breistis did birst quhill blude ran on the grene.
And thus thai faucht ane lang tyme of the da
But victorie, so that no man culd sa
Quha wes maist lyke the victorie to wyn;
Quhill fals Fortoun, that gydis all the gyn
Of victorie vpoun hir countir quheill,
Hir favour than scho lute the Roman feill.
To Albionis scho lukit vpoun syde,
Ȝit neuirtheles rycht baldlie thai did byde.
The Romanis war sa weill graithit into geir,
And had sic power and prattik into weir,
Also thai war of sic ane multitude,
And in that stour thairwith so stranglie stude,
The Albionis thocht thai wer neuir sa wicht,
Langar to fecht had nother strenth nor micht;
The nobillis haill of Albione wes slane.
Arweragus thairof wes nothing fane,
Quhen he beheld and saw his nobillis de,
Into the feild he enterit haistelie;
Seand that tyme that thair wes no remeid,
He chesit erar to fecht to the deid
After that da than for to levand be,
So mekill sorrow dalie for to se.
Ȝit neuirtheles, his men with him than war,
Out of the feild tha careit him full far,
Syne on ane horss tha gart him pas his wa,
To keip him self vnto ane better da.
The king of Pechtis, callit Ilynthear,
Seand his lordis all distroyit war,

cnew the Romanis of sic multitude,
power of gold and [of all] vtheir gude,
sibill als thair power to resist;
agus thairby rycht weill he wist,
he mycht not agane that mycht defend,
rfoir rycht sone and suddantlie he send
nessinger, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
humblie to this Vespacian;
:and him, as he wes gentill knycht,
w on him that wes so wracchit ane wycht,
fals Fortoun sa far hes put at vnder,
ll[1] this warld quhill he wes maid ane wynder;
c losit had so mony nobill men
i defalt, as it wes eith to ken,
ctie thowsand he brocht to the feild,
fyve hundreth all the laif wer keild.
weill he wist it wes thair godis will,
Fortonis als hir fatis to fulfill,
victorie the quhilk that tyme that gaue
e Romanis nor thai desyrit haue.
cand him rycht lawlie in that tyme,
ill remit all his offencis and cryme;
i wes prince of power and petie,
r sum meiknes to his miseritie,
in his grace agane him to ressaue,
quhat conditioun plesit him to haue,
t quhat pane that he wald put him till;
i he wald, he did him in his will.

Iow Vespacian wald grant no Grace to Arweragus quhill he come and pat him in his Will.

i this was said befoir Vespacian,
was the answer that he gat agane;

[1] In MS. *as*.

Sayand he wald no answer send,'
Without he come and pat him
Nocht like ane king, bot lyk
As he that tyme that wes
" And will be nocht, sic,
" Se for him self of me
Col. 2. This messinger he spe
And word by word
Rehersit hes Arwer
And he agane, w
In that same ty
Quhill that he
Rycht simpil
Nocht like ... reit,
Waitand ... orie
To heir ... rranie,
... anis honour far,
... nd gude Cesar,
... vther to king or knycht
... n or ony vther wicht,
... l tyme aye clement for to be,
... not till vse owir greit crudelitie.
And als thairto, sen that Arweragus
" Of his fre will is cuming now till ws,
" Be verrie law he aucht nocht puneist be,
" Bot at his will to lat him pas hame fre
" Quhair he come fra, vnto the samin place,
" Or than ressaue him gudlie in ȝour grace.
In that counsall wes nother lord nor knycht
All consonand concordand to the rycht,
Bot ilkane said that that wes leill and tra

How Arweragus come to Vespacian of frie Will, and sat doun befoir him on [his] Kneis askand Grace.

Quhen this wes said befoir that multitude,
Arweragus, befoir him quhair he stude,
Rycht suddanelie he fell doun at his feit,
And for his gilt thair he begouth to greit.
Sayand, " I am maist wracchit creature
" In all this warld is formit be nature;
" So soir I am now puneist for my gilt
" Of saikles blude throw me this tyme is spilt,
" Bot ony caus or quhy I had thair till.
" Do as thow list, I put me in thyne will,
" Rycht humblie to be thi bund and thrall,
" For weill I wait I had the wyit of all.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " my will is, wald thow dude,
" To puneis me and spair the multitude,
" And work thi harmes on thame that wrocht the wrang,
" Evin as thow list, other to heid or hang."

How Vespacian, seing Arweragus in sic Miserie, grat for Petie and resauit him in his Grace.

Vespacian, quhen he hard him say so,
For pietie grat, his hart it wes so wo;
Menand rycht mekill his miseritie,
His mortall fait and infortunitie,
That fals Fortoun had brocht sua fra the hicht,
Quhilk of befoir sic riches had and mycht,
Worschip and honour, stait and dignitie.
Vespacian, full of benignitie,
Rycht meiklie than hes maid him for to ryss,
In that mater sayand he wald adwyss.

Lib. 3, f. 38. Col. 1.

Syne in that place he left him [illegible] [illegible]
And with his knichtis to [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] wes sum thair that [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] be thocht gude [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Britane, and bruke it [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] stryik of Arweragus his [illegible]
[illegible] mendis of his [illegible]
[illegible] be exempill [illegible]
[illegible] cum agane thame [illegible]
[illegible] materis for till [illegible]
[illegible] gude and all [illegible]
[illegible] Romanis all of verrie [illegible]
[illegible] that wes far mair [illegible]
[illegible] compassioun in thair [illegible]
[illegible] knychtlie victorie
[illegible] with sic tirranie
[illegible] Romanis honour far.
[illegible] gude Cesar.
[illegible] king or knycht
[illegible] wicht,
[illegible] for to be.
[illegible] crudelitie.
[illegible] Arweragus
[illegible] now till ws,
[illegible] nocht puneist be,

Syne pledgis tuke, that tha suld all be trew,
Forgevin als was baith ald feid and new.
Arweragus his ȝoung sone Gwydeir
Tha tuke in pledge, quhen tyme wes, to compeir;
Syne efterwart with him be[1] had to Rome,
As I sall tell at tyme quhen I haif come.

How Vespacian and Arweragus, King of Britane, passit to Eborac quhill Winter wes done.

Syne winter come with woderis cuill and cald,
That euerie man hes bound him till ane hald,
To keip him self but ony skaith or harme,
Quhill simmer cum with wodderis that war warme.
Vespacian and king Arweragus,
To Eborac and Aulus Planctus,
Passit that tyme thair still for to remane,
Quhill wynter wynt and symmer come agane.
And thair thai baid quhill mony bitter blast
Of frost and snaw and all winter was past.

How Vespacian into Symmer come fra ȝork with ane greit Armie without Stop to Camelidone.

Quhen Aprill wes passit with his schowris,
And May also, quhen mony fragrant flouris
Syne into June begouth to spring and spreid,
And all the feild with clauer wes ouir cleid, Col. 2.
Throw courss of kynd and grene levis will spring,
And mos and myre with clot and clay will cling,
And passit wes all wedder, wynd and rane,
That men fra[2] cald mycht walk vpoun the plane;

[1] In MS. *he.*

[2] In MS. *for.*

Vespacian that same tyme maid him boun,
In Eborac that tyme out of that nobill toun
Vnto the weir with mony worthie wicht
In curage cleir of mony Romane knycht.
On to the Scottis he haistit him in hy,
And with the Pechtis to speik or he ȝeid by.
Syne enterit in thair at thair bordour syid,
Thair wes no beirne that durst him than abyid;
For in the field that symmer last bigane
Thair nobillis all wes vther slane or tane,
And als thairwith tha wist of no supple,
Quhairfoir as than tha lute all battell be;
And suddanelie thai come the Romanis till,
Bayth men and gude, and pat all in thair will.
The laif of Pechtis quhen thai hard and kend
How tha had done, thai schupe nocht to defend,
Sa brokin wes thair power and thair mycht,
Bot randerit thame all to the Romanis rycht.

How Vespacian seigit Camelidone and wan it with lytill Trubill.

The lordis all thai fled that tyme ilkone
Into the citie of Camelidone;
Neirhand by Forth that nobill toun it stude,

[redacted]

At dalie bikker spilt wes mekill blude,
Als tha within war of sic multitude,
Witht mony wachis walkand on the wall,
Quhill all thair victuall wes consumit all,
That neid and force constranit thame thairtill
Gif ouir the houss and cum into his will.
And syne but baid, or tha wald langer blin,
Opnit the ȝettis and luit Vespacian in.

How that Vespacian wald nocht lat spuilȝie the Toun, and of sic ane Royall Croun and Sword he fand thair.

Vespacian, that wes of sic renoun,
Lut no man mak na spulȝe in the toun.
The citineris he lute thame all duell fre
Within the toun at thair awin libertie.
Vespacian than gat within the toun
Of fynest gold ane weill wrocht kingis croun;
Quhilk plantit wes with mony pretious stone,
And poleist perle be paris mony one. Lib. 3, f. 38b. Col. 1.
Ane sword also quhilk wes bayth hard and wycht,
With hiltis and hand of burneist gold sa brycht;
Ane scalbert also quhilk was of purpure fine,
Wondourlie wrocht with gold of cristillyne.
Vespacian syne efter, all his dais,
Vsit this sword, as that my author sais,
In euerie feild fra that furth he faucht in,
Traistand thairwith the victorie to win,
Into that swerd he put sic senȝorie;
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell weill quhy.
Syne in the toun efter that he had tume,
Judges he maid neirby the vse of Rome,
Of Romane fassoun for to hald the law,
To puneis thame that wald stand [in] na aw.
Syne efter that, ane lytill fra the toun,
Ane tempill maid that standis on Carroun,

[illegible] stone rycht hie. 7465
[illegible] that place to se.
[illegible] brycht,
[illegible] hicht;
[illegible] of victorie,
[illegible] that stude by; 7470
[illegible] for to sing and sa,
[illegible] the halie da.
[illegible] that tempill standis still,
[illegible] tha ma se and tha will;
[illegible] callit is Arthuris hwe, 7475
[illegible] is for to repowe
[illegible] it suld be he
[illegible] in sing of victorie.
[illegible] quhilk [illegible] I dar,
[illegible] 7480
[illegible] and [illegible] me still;
[illegible] turne again I will.

[illegible] FOR
[illegible]

[illegible]

With gude gydis without delay is gone
Ay fordward furth towart Camelidone,
And schupe the Romanis rycht sone to persew.
With that ane spy vnto the Romanis schew
Of his cuming with mekill schoir and bost,
For till invaid thame with ane royall ost,
Of stalwart men that war bayth stout and strang,
As he beleuit wald not tarie lang.

How Vespacian send Planctus with ane greit Armie to resist Caratacus cuming.

Vespacian heirand that it wes so,
In gudlie haist than hes he maid till go
Planctus with [mony] nobill men of weir,
With bow and brand, with ax, halbert and speir,
With helmes brycht, and mony brodin scheild, Col. 2.
Threttie thousand that wapyins weill culd weild,
Of Caratac the power to resist.
He[1] tuke his leif and furth he fuir at list,
Towart Brigance the narrest way is gone,
And left Vespacian at Camelidone.
Out throw the fellis as he tuke the way,
He met ane man vpone the secund day,
Quhilk schew till [him] into the samin quhile,
King Caratac within les nor four myle,
With greit power wes cumand him forgane.
Than Planctus, vpoun the narrest plane
That plesand wes, plantit his palȝeonis doun,
Thairfor to byde vpoune the bentis broun;
Dissimuland as he had bene ouir few
King Caratac with battell to persew;
As he had bene affrayit in the tyde,
Into that place for to remane and byde
At his defence without battell thair still,
Quhill on the morne Vespacian come him till,

[1] In MS. *His.*

With haill power for to mak him reskew.
King Caratac trowand that that wes trew,
Knawand nothing of his falsheid and slicht,
Seand also approcheand wes the nicht,
His men he causit for till go to rest
Quhill on the morne, traistand that it wes best.
Syne set ane watche about the oist all nycht,
In helmes cleir and mony birny brycht,
Of stalwart men that war bayth stout and strang,
That weill durst stryk and stand in ony thrang.
Syne Caratac and all his men ilkone,
That samin nycht on to thair rest ar gone.

How Aulus Planctus set vpoun Caratacus on the Nycht quhen thai war all sleipand, and wan the Feild.

Quhen suddanelie thai war brocht all on sleip,
Aull Planctius thairto that tuke gude keip,
With rayit feild vpoun him quhair he lay,
He maid onset rycht lang befoir the day.
The vtter watche, quhair thai woik all alane,
Or euir tha wist war all in handis tane.
The inwart watche, quhair tha stude in the feild,
In gude array weill schrudit wnder scheild,
Tha faucht sua lang but [ony] help allone,
Into the feild quhair thai war all slane ilkone.
Or this wes done the laif wes reddie all
Put in array that tyme bayth grit and small,

With swordis scharpe schorne wes mony scheild,
Plaittis wer persit and skatterit in the feild.
The millane melȝeis mendit nocht ane myte,
The brandis bricht sa bitterlie did byte.[1]
Into that stour sa stalwartlie tha stude,
Quhill all the bent wes broudit ouir with blude.
Lang so thai faucht quhill neir euin of the da,
But victorie, as my author did sa:
Quhill at the last the Scottis wes maid to fle,
Sum to the mos, sum to the montanis he.
Baith Brit and Pecht that fled out of the feild,
Seing that tyme that thai culd get na beild,
In gudlie haist thai passit all ilkone,
To get refuge into the Yle of Mone.
King Caratac within ane lytill stound,
In his bodie the quhilk buir mony wound,
Quhairof his lordis lykit all full ill,
Sone efter that passit to Argatill;
Syne efter that to Ewin hes he past,
Thair to remane at laisar him to rest.
Of this battell the greit mortalitie,
And Caratacus infortunitie,
Throw Albione that tyme forsuith it flaw,
Ouir all the landis as outher dow or craw.
Quhairfoir rycht mony come the Romanis till,
Of Brit and Pecht, and pat thame in thair will,
That subdewit wes nocht to thame befoir:
In Caratac thai put thair hoip no moir.
The Brigantinis all to Saluria,
Baith man and wyfe with guidis fled awa;
Sum to Lelgoth[2] and sum to Argatill,
The quhilk wald not cum in the Romanis will,
All vnder thame in seruitude to be;
Tha war sa laith to leiss thair libertie.

Lib. 3, f. 39. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *byde.*

[2] In MS. *Belgoth.*

With haill power for to mak hir
King Caratac trowand that th
Knawand nothing of his fal
Seand also approcheand w
His men he causit for t
Quhill on the morne,
Syne set ane watche
In helmes cleir and
Of stalwart men
That weill durst
Syne Caratac
That samin
yid ane rynnand flude,
bill toun it stude.

Hov uir furth ouir daill and doun,
ne come vnto this nobill toun,
the toun throw strenth and violence,
within doucht for to mak defence,
Qu elie this thing than wes gydit:
A ulzie syne amang his men dewydit.
efterwart ane messinger he send
to Vespacian with harttie recommend,
Quhilk schew till him all haill the circumstance
Of that battell, the aventure and chance,
The victorie and wynning of the toun;

In siclyke fredome as thai had befoir,
To leif with him that tyme bayth les and moir. Col. 2.
Syne efter that, quhen he mycht better vaik,
Ane epistill send to king Carataic,

How Vespacianus, the Emprioure, wrait ane Epistill to Caratacus, King of Scottis.

Rycht suddantlie onewith ane messinger,
Quhilk said till him as I sall say ȝow heir,
" O Caratac! O magnanimitie!
" Vespacian rycht gudlie greitis the;
" Haiffand alway of the sa grit mervell
" Agane oure goddis sa oft thow dois rebell,
" Quhilk to the Romanis giffin hes the rycht
" Of all this warld to haif power and mycht,
" And for to be lordis of euerie land,
" And all this warld to weild at oure awin hand;
" Syne thow richt oft, with power waik and small,
" Invaidis ws to quhome this warld all
" Obeyit hes and cuming to oure peace,
" And ȝit thow schaipis the na moir to ceis
" Nor the first tyme sen thow weir began,
" Quhilk loisit hes sa mony nobill man.
" We ken rycht weill full deir thow hes it coft,
" That in battell hes vincust bene sa oft,
" And ȝit me think thow schaipis nocht to tyre:
" Traist weill," he said, " it is the godis ire,
" Aganis quhome ma na power prevaill,
" Sua oft in battell causis the to faill.
" ȝit neuirtheles, as freind I say to the,
" Leif thi debait and lat all battell be;
" And sobir the of thi malice and ceiss,
" Syne cum and put the in the Romanis pece;
" And tha to the sall curtas be and heind,
" As the to hald for fallow and for freind;

[illegible] moir.
[illegible] reioir.
[illegible] and [illegible] til.
[illegible] wil.
[illegible] sal.
[illegible] al.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] SCHORTLIK TO [illegible] VESPACIAN

[illegible] send.
[illegible] send
[illegible] and bright.
[illegible] power and might.
[illegible] familiar to be.
[illegible] and their promise:
[illegible] that will fail
[illegible] wer equall.
[illegible] counsel mair and les:
[illegible] writes
[illegible] squire.
[illegible]

" For weill I wait, oure goddis of greit mycht
" Till oure fatheris befoir gaif all the rycht
" Of thir landis quhilk that we bruke now;
" Quhat is the caus thai sould be giffin ȝow?
" And quhair ȝe hald ȝour self curtas and heind,
" With sic honour to be the Romanis freind,
" Off that honour I rak nocht worth ane flie;
" I had far levar leve at my libertie
" In Albione, and be the puirest prince,
" Na in riches ring wnder the Romans.
" Quhairfoir I hald that we do na injure
" Defend oure self thocht we war neuir sa puir,
" And to debait oure libertie and landis,
" Godis ws gaif sa frelie in our handis.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "quhill I haif strenth or mycht,
" ȝit think I neuir for to gif ouir my rycht,
" Nor ȝit fra battell think I neuir to blin,
" Tak aventure quhither I tyne or win."

How Vespacian wonderit of the Hienes of Caratac gevand him greit Loving.

Vespacian, fra that he hard sic thing,
Greit farlie thoucht of Caratac the king;
Of his curage and magnanemitie,
His pomp, his pryde, his hart that wes so hie;
Quhilk causit him rycht far that tyme to fone,
Sen all the princes into Albione
Obeyit had and cuming to his peace,
And ȝit fra battell schupe he nocht to ceis,
The quhilk Fortoun had maid sa oft to fall,
And syne his power wes so puir and small.
Rycht freindfullie that tyme he ȝhes him meind,
Trowand, he said, had Fortoun bene his freind
Vnpossibill wer agane him to prevaill;
The falt wes nocht in him that gart him faill.

[illegible]W [illegible] THE PERSEWIN[illegible] [illegible] WITH HIS ARMIT[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] him rew.
[illegible] persew.
[illegible] wend.
[illegible] and ken
[illegible]

Agane thai rebellis for to mak remeid;
And Planctus syne leuit in his steid,
With greit power quhilk wes of mekill pryde,
That land all haill to governe and to gyde.
And he him self for na trauell wald tyre,
Quhill suddanelie he come into Kent schyre;
And fra he come with his power but pane,
Or ony sturt, reformit all agane,
Syne passit hame with greit honour and gloir
To Rome agane, quhair he come fra befoir.

How Caratac efter the Passage of Vespacian gaif Battell to Planctius agane, and tynt the Feild.

Quhen Caratac hard tell that it wes so,
Vespacian wes passit and ago,
He tuke no tarie that tyme to remane,
Bot for the battell bownit hes agane.
Ane messinger syne hes he send anone
Till all wer fled into the Yle of Mone,
To caus thame for to convene togidder,
And mony mo quhilk that tyme wes nocht lidder.
Fra all the pairtis than of Albione
Tha come till him rycht sone full many one;
Syne tuke purpois with battell till persew
This Planctius agane, for till reskew
Brigantia quhilk he befoir had lost,
And Pechtland als; syne with ane mekle oist,
Syne passit fordward euerie da by da,
Towart the place quhair that this Planctius la.
Aule Planctius, quhair he la on ane plane,
Siclike for battell bownit hes agane;
Syne come and met him manlie on a mure,
With baneris braid, and mony standert stuir;
And mony stremer with the wind did steir,
And buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir.

[redacted]

Quhill thai agane war growin to new strenth,
And recreat at greit laser and lenth;
And had forȝet all displesour of deid,
With new curage ascending in thair heid;
And quhill ȝoung childer cuming war till eild,
Quhilk war vnabill that tyme for the feild.
Also to send rycht sone into that tyde
Wyiss men of weir onto the bordour syid,
And till remane all in Saluria,
To keip that land with all power tha ma.
And so thai did as ȝe sall wnderstand:
Rycht nobill men than out of euerie land
Tha haif chosin, with chiftanis that war gude,
Wyss into weir that richt weill wnderstude,
Of all prattik that neidfull war in weir,
And in affray wald tak bot lytill feir;
The quhilk remanit in Saluria,
Dalie in weir the space of ȝeiris tua;
With mony skyrmyng oft syis to and fro,
With countering and with carmuiches also;
With mony forra baith on fitt and horss,
Quhair mony saidill temit wes on force.
Into sic stryfe thus dalie that tha stude,
Tua ȝeir and mair but grit slauchter and blude.

How Planctius tuke Infirmitie to the Deid, and wrait to Claudius schawing him of his Infirmitie.

That[1] samyn tyme, my author tellis thus, Col. 2.
This Roman legat, Aulus Planctius,
Into the fluxis laborit to the deid;
No medicene micht be till him remeid.

[1] In MS. *That the.*

And quhen he saw approchand wes so fast
His latter end, and that his tyme wes past,
And cuming wes the terme than of his end,
To Claudius ane epistill sone he send.
Schawand till him, now schortlie to conclude,
How in sic danger of his lyfe he stude,
And greit perrell the langar ay the moir,
And mycht nocht walk as he had wynt befoir,
Nor travell mak, quhairfoir he did requeir,
For greit perrell the quhilk he saw appeir,
To send ane man in haist that wnderstude
Prattik of weir, quhilk wes of counsall gude,
Baith war and wyss, that weill durst tak on hand;
Or suithlie than, he did him wnderstand,
Did he nocht so within les nor ane ȝeir,
All wald be lost that he had bocht so deir.

How Claudius send ane Nobill Man callit Ostorius with ane greit Armie, and of Planctius Deid.

Quhen Claudius hes hard this epistill red,
Into that tyme sumthing he wes adred,
Or dreid the Romanis suld tyne of thair rycht;
Quhairfoir rycht sone, with greit power and mycht,
[redacted]

And erdit thair with mekill pomp and gloir,
Vespacian had biggit of befoir.

How the Britis, heirand Planctius was deid, send to Caratacus beseikand him of Help.

Quhen that the Britis knew that he wes deid,
Rycht haistelie thai haif tane in thair heid
Agane the Romanis to rebell in hy.
Ane messinger [thai] send rycht suddantly
To Caratac, and schew him all the cace;
Beseikand him of his hienes and grace,
With plane battell agane for till persew
That Roman legat cuming of the new,
For than wes tyme, as tha did wnderstand,
And tha suld be all reddie at command.

How Ostorius, or the Britis gatherit togidder, vincust thame in sindrie Partis thame allane.

Ostorius, fra tyme that he hard tell, Lib.3,f.40b. Col. 1.
How that the Britis schupe for to rebell,
Rycht suddanelie than hes he tane the feild,
With beirnis bald that waponis weill culd weild,
Or the Britis war congregat togither,
But ony lat that tyme he wes nocht lidder.
And at the Tegens first he did begyn,
And vincust thame, and syne at Corymyn,
At Cornub syne, and als at Cambria,
And vincust thame als of Damonia.
The Iciniens[1] thai tuke at sic ane place
Quhair thai to flie had nother tyme nor space;
And quhen thai saw that thair wes no remeid,
Than thai decreittit to fecht all to the deid,

[1] In MS. *Citiens.*

Out of that feild ane fit or tha wald flie,
Or ȝit be tane or in thair willls be.
And so thai did, as my author did sa,
Faucht to the deid the leist ane man that da.
Syne with haist that tyme, baith all and sum,
He passit hes into Carlialum,
Quhilk callit is now Carlill at this da;
Syne efterwart on to Brigantia;
And witht sic prattikis he did thame prevene,
Or euir tha micht togidder all convene.
Syne efter that, vpoun ane vther da,
He passit hes on to Saluria;
And all that land he hereit far and neir,
Baith brint and slew that horribill wes till heir.
Baith ȝoung and ald that doucht nocht for to flie,
Without mercie thai maid all to die.
Thame that wer ȝoung and of thair bodie rude,
He put thame all into vyle seruitude.

How Caratacus passit to Feild againe the Romane Legat, and how he ordorit his Men, and of the ornat Orisone he maid to thame.

Tha come till him as lord and governour,
Quhilk in his tyme that wes of sic honour,
For to defend thair lyfe and libertie,
Or on ane day all into battell de.
King Caratac, with curage vnaffrayit,
Vpoun ane plane the battell hes arrayit,
Endlang ane flude, rycht neir behind thair bak,
But ony furd ouir passing for to mak;
Without refuge flie that tyme mycht thair nane,
But other fecht or cowartlie be tane.
His quene and dochter liand wes thairby,
Of that battell the aventure till spy;
And out of number wemen, ȝoung and ald,
Come thair that da the battell to behald.
Then Caratac hes chosin for the feild, Col. 2.
ȝoung stark wemen that waponis weill mycht weild,
Amang thame all the best that thai culd ken,
Thair for to fecht mixt among the men.
The laif he rayit in ane battell arry,[1]
Stonis to cast and for to schout and cry,
Quhen baith the battellis war togidder boun,
And cut the throttis of thame that war dung doun.
Exhortand [thame] that tyme bayth les and moir,
For to think on thair fatheris of befoir,
And of thair deidis cheif and chevalrous
Quhilk of befoir vincust greit Julius,
Ouir all the warld than wan sa greit honour,
And in his tyme of all Romanis was flour.
Beseikand thame in thair defence to stand
For wyfe and barne, for libertie and land,
And in the battell all[2] erar to die
Nor to the Romanis bondis for till be.
Quhen this was said in presens of thame all,
Tha said ilkone, for ocht it mycht befall,

[1] In MS. *awy*. | [2] In MS. *ar*.

Into that batteil thai mid thame die.
Or than reskew baith land and libertie.
And put thame out of all such seruitude.
So odious tha held the Romane hirdis.
Syne sang with curage and with mirrie sound.
Quhill all thair heir gart all the banckis rebound.
The trumpetis blew and talburnis vpoun hicht.
With pinsall proud and mony baner bricht.
And staitlie standartis in the air vpstent.
Ostorins neir by vpoun the bent,
With mony herne rycht bellicois and bald.
Affrayit wes thair curage to behald,
And rycht commouit of that multitude.
And weill thai wist thair willis wes rycht gude.
And als thai knew thair desperatioun.
As tha befoir hard be relatioun,
Flie wald thai nocht bot gif it wer perforce.
Thairfor he ordanit mony bairdit horss,
With leg harnes wnder speir and scheild,
Brek thair array quhair tha stude in the feild;
Exhortand thame als for to tak na dreid
" Of barbour bodeis and so vyle ane leid,
" But wit, wisdome, or prattiks into weir.
" But hors, harnes, or any vther geir
" That neidfull is this tyme to do thame gude."

[redacted]

Of the bowmen sa mekle aw tha stude,
In that bikker wes spilt so mekill blude.
Ostorius seand that tyme on force
Resistit that tyme wes his bairdit horss,
Vpoun the archearis maid ane new assay.
The bowmen baid rycht baldlie at array,
And with thair bowis bikkerit on the bent;
Thair steill heidis wald nother stop nor stent,
Throw all thair geir that glitterand wes is gone,
And maid no baid quhill thai come to the bone.
But neuirtheles the Romanis held thair race
But ony stop quhill thai come to that place;
Syne enterit sone without ony fray,
And brak the bowmen all out of array.
Be that the laif wer enterit at thair bak;
That countering wes lyke ane thunder crak,
Quhen speiris brak, and mony scheild claue,
Helme and hewmat all in pecis rave;
Ruscheand togidder with so rude ane reird,
Quhill horss and men were drevin to the eird.
Aye quhen ane Roman than wes strikkin doun,
The wemen by thai war rycht reddie boun,
Cuttand thair throttis or thai raiss agane;
With sic prattik wes mony Roman slane.
The wemen als that faucht into the feild,
So worthelie thair wapyins thai did weild,
That ill it wes for to decerne or ken,
Quho had bene thair, quhilk wes wemen or men.
In Albione, sen weiris began,
Wes neuer sene ȝit with na levand man,
Baldar bernis that better did abyde,
Na mycht be sene that tyme on euerilk syde.
Into that stour sa stoutlie that tha stude,
Quhill all the brais wer broudin ouir with blude;
The riuer als, befoir that wes rycht wan,
As rubecund roiss all of reid blude ran.

Lib. 3, f. 41. Col. 1.

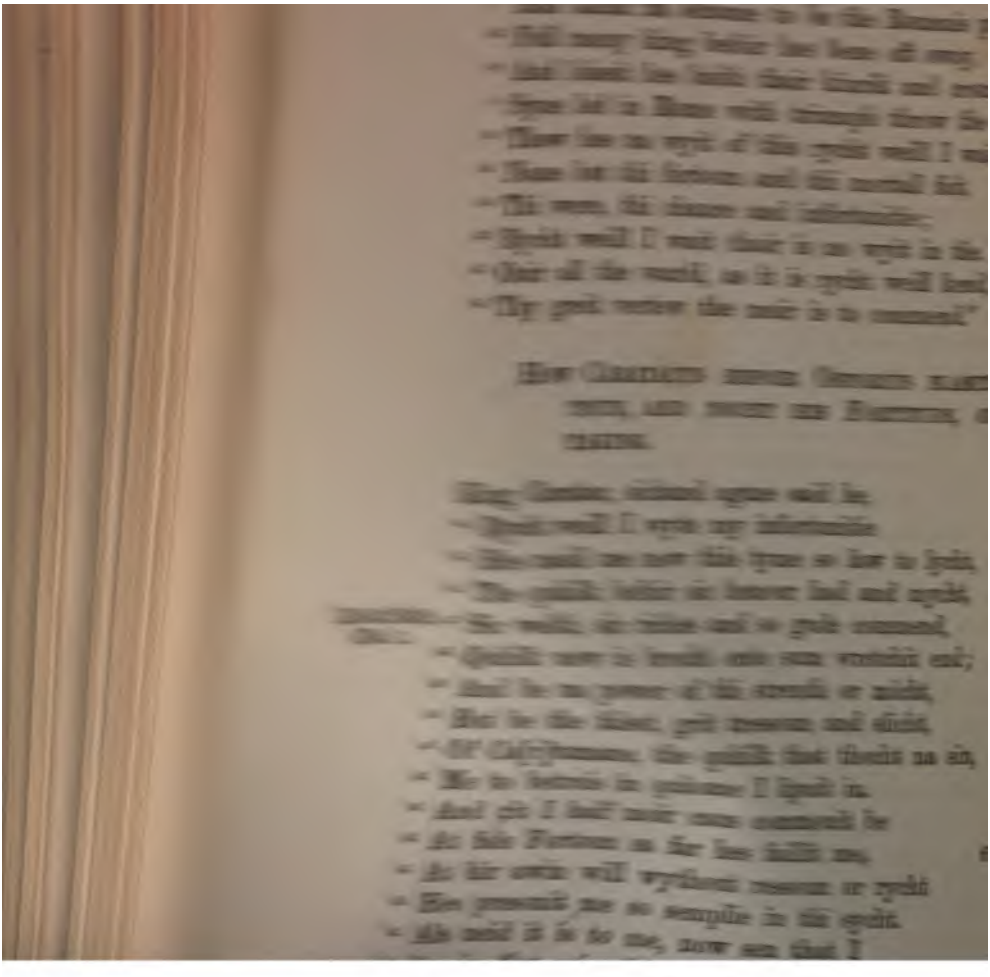
How Cartumandia[1] tuke Caratacus, the King of Scottis, with Tressoun in hir awin Place, and delyuerit him to Ostorius, the Roman Legat.

Scho gaif his supper of ane gudlie gyiss,
And seruit him of ane solempnit wyiss,
With all plesour pertenyng to ane king,
Thair wes no want of weilfair in all thing,
Exhortand him for to be blyth anone;
Quhen tyme wes cuming till his rest is gone.
This wickit woman all nycht tuke gude keip,
Quhill Caratac wes fallin sound on sleip;
Rycht quyetlie than till his chalmer led
Weill armit men evin round about his bed;
And quhair he lay sleipand, I vnderstand,
Of force that tyme thai band him fit and hand.
Syne on the morne, be that the da wes lycht,
On to the Romanis raikit hes full richt
With Caratac, my author sais thus,
Deliuerit him syne to Ostorius,
In that beleif to get thank and reward,
And with the Romanis all hir tyme be spaird,
In pece and rest als for to bruke hir land.
For that same caus, as ȝe ma vnderstand,
Rycht weill scho wist and Caratac wer tane,
Fra that tyme furth all weiris wald be gane.

How Ostorius, the Roman Legat, quhen he saw Caratacus, had greit Compassioun on him.

Ostorius, this nobill Roman knycht,
King Caratac quhen he beheld with sycht
Lawit so far quhilk wes befoir so he,
With fals Fortoun, the teir fell in his ee.

[1] In MS. *Cartamandia.*



" And weill I wait it servis nocht for the,
" That victour is, ouir crwell for to be;
" Bot for to be alwayes curtas and heynd,
" To quhome Fortoun hes bene sa gude ane freind."

How Ostorius gart convoy King Caratac with Men of Gude, and do him all Honour thai micht.

Ostorius, fra he hard him say so,
On till ane tent he maid him for till go,
With mony berne following at his bak,
War men of gude him seruice for to mak,
And him to pleis into all kynd of thing,
With sic honour as did pertene ane king.
And so tha did in all thing that tha ma,
With dansing, singing, and all sport of pla.

How Ostorius send Caratacus to Rome, with his Wyffe, Dochter, and Tua Brether, and how all Nationis did wounder on Caratac that feildit the Romanis sa oft.

Syne efterwart, quhen he had better tume,
Solempnitlie he send him on to Rome
With wyfe and dochter, and his brether tua,
Greit men of gude gart pas with him alsua.
And as thai maid thair passage by the way,
Ouir all the warld, so did my author say,
Bayth far and neir, witht greit humanitie,
Tha come that tyme king Caratac to se,
So manfullie agane the Romanis micht
Nyne ȝeir and mair defendit hes his richt,
And maid him self and pepill to leue fre,
And loissit nothing of his libertie.

No ȝit had done for all the Romanis mycht,
Had he nocht bene dissauit with sic slicht,
Be fals tressoun of Cartumane the quene,
In thair bandoun ȝit had he neuir bene.
Throw Italie, throw Flanderis, and throw France,
And Lumbardie, his name thai did avance,
Quhilk faucht sa lang with puir power and small,
Agane Fortoun and the Romanis all.
For it wes said ouir all the warld haill,
Had Fortoun maid the Romanis for to faill
In ony feild, and him victour to be,
All Albione he had maid to leue fre.

Col. 2. HOW CARATACUS WES HAD TO ROME.

Quhen he wes brocht to Rome, that nobill toun
Wes of sic honour, riches and renoun,
Of warldlie gloir[1] the diadame and flour,
Befoir the princes and the emperour,
His nobilnes thair for to magnifie,
And the triumph of thair greit victorie,
Armit men, with mekill pomp and pryde,
Within the toun thai set on euirilk syid,
In arrayit feild euin reddie as tha wald june.
At the tonn end set Cesar in his trune

How King Caratac quhen he come befoir the Counsall in Presence of thame all spak so pertlie.

And quhen he come befoir this Claudius,
Into his trone that sat sa glorious,
Kneillit nocht doun to ask mercie and grace,
Bot like ane man held pertlie vp his face.
Befoir thame all quhair he did than compeir,
To Claudius he said as ȝe sall heir:
" O Claudius! I mak it knawin to the,
" Had Fortoun bene als gude ane freind to me,
" As dame Nature quhilk gaif me strenth and mycht,
" With hie curage for to defend my rycht,
" Thy fame this da had nocht sa far bene sene,
" No my honour sa maculat heir had bene.
" Sum tyme [I] had rycht nobill men of weir
" With horss and harnes, gold and vther geir,
" And bodie als that weill culd weild ane brand,
" Manheid and strenth in ony stour to stand,
" Thocht I be now in sic miseritie,
" Throw fals Fortoun, and nocht throw strenth of the.
" Displeis the nocht of this I say the till,
" For weill I wait, sen I am in thi will,
" To the alway it is bot schame and lak
" Of me this tyme ane bond or thrall to mak.
" And gif it pleisis to thi hie majestie,
" Now at this tyme to lat me pas hame fre,
" Ouir all this warld rycht sone it wilbe knawin
" The greit gentreis to me that thow hes schawin,
" On to thi self and to the Romanis all
" In lestand honour imperpetuall."
Quhen this wes said befoir the multitude,
Mony thocht mervell neir hand by him stude,

How Caratacus was send Hame fra Rome witht greit Triumph and mony greit Rewaird.

Sone efter syne, quhen this counsall wes done,
King Caratac thai haif deliuerit sone
With gloir, honour, and mony riche rewaird.
No gold nor gude to him that tyme was spaird.
With ȝoungest bruther and his quene also,
Tuke leif at thame, syne hamewart did tha go.
In Albione full mony freik wes fane,
Quhen thai hard word of his cuming agane.
Rycht mony ran and met him by the way,
With dansing, singing, and with greit sport and play.
Mony madyins in courtlie carraling,
Sum for to dance and vther sum to sing,
With fair calling and huny wordis sweit,
Greit joy it wes that tyme to se thame meit.
Menstrallis playit with dulce musick and sang,
And all the bellis in Albione thai rang
Of ilk tempill, as that tyme wes the gyiss,
Solempnitlie makand thair sacrifice,
Thankand thair godis with grit reuerence,
To Caratac sic honour gaif and chance,
Quhilk done to him wes with the emprioure
Of all Romanis in till his tyme wes floure.
Ostorius also wes bayth blyth and glaid
Of his cuming, and freindlie to him said:
" Welcum! thou art of cheualrie the flour
" Of Albione, and strangest in ane stour.
" Suppois that Fortoun sum tyme wes thi fa,
" Thy greit vertew hes the exaltit sua,
" And to get peice and honour hes the brocht
" Agane Fortoun quhidder scho wold or nocht.
" Far better it is to be the Romanis freind,
" In pece and rest at thi plesour to leind,

Col. 2.

How Ostorius wrait to Rome and schew the greit Thankfulnes of Caratacus to the Romanis.

Ostorius, of him quhen that he knew,
To Claudius ane epistill wrait and schew
Of Caratac the dalie diligence,
With all power to pleis ay the Romans.
Baith Brit and Pecht that tyme, but ony pley,
With his wisdome he hes maid till obey.
Throw lufe of him, and nocht throw force or mycht,
In Albione the Romanis gettis rycht.

How the Emprioure, heirand the Kyndnes of Caratacus, frelie with greit Honour send Hame his Dochter.

Quhen this wes red befoir the empriour
And the Romanis that maist wes of honour,
With haill consent in Scotland haif tha send
To Caratac his dochter with commend, Lib.3,f.42b. Col. 2.
With greit honour and with sic reuerence,
As did pertene the dochter of ane prince.
His brother than befoir schort quhile wes deid,
No medicyne micht mak to him remeid;
Of Ytalie the heit so copious
To his compleccioun wes contrarious,
With sic alteratione of his qualitie
That medicyne mycht mak him no supple.
King Caratac syne efter mony da,
In policie with all plesour and pla,
In peice and rest with greit honour he rang;
Syne efter that, quhen he had rung so lang,
Fiftie ȝeir and four for till assigne,
Efter the birth of Jesu hevyns king,

The ȝoungest als, gif that I rycht presume,
Come hame with him quhen that he come fra Rome.
The eldest deit as I haif said befoir;
Of him as now I neid to say no moir.
With haill consent that tyme of ald and ȝing,
This ilk Corbreid thai crownit to be king.
Of his wisdome rycht mony wes full fane;
Sayand the sone of nobill Cadallane,
And bruther als to worthie Caratak,
That tuik and gaif sua mony stalwart straik, Col. 2.
Force wes till him of chevalrie be chois,
Come of ane kynd so bald and bellicois;
That oft had bene in mony stalwart stour,
And in thair tyme that wan so greit honour.
Sone efter he ressauit had his croun,
He veseit all his kinrik vp and doun,
And gart reforme all faltis maid befoir;
Baith thift and reif he gart agane restoir,
And puneist thame befoir that maid trespas;
No thingis than he leit vnpuneist pas.
Syne in the Ylis passit to mak peis,
All weir and wrang amang thame he gart ceiss.
And syne in Cornana efterwart is gone,
The fairest pairt that wes in Albione;
All faltie folk that he fand in that steyde,
Sum he gart hang and vther sum he gart heid;
And thai that held the pepill in thair richt,
Rewairdit thame at all power and micht.
And sone he maid amang thame rycht gude peice,
And all faltis maid suddanelie to ceis.
Heir I will pance ane lytill in this place,
And of the Romanis speik I will ane space.

How the Romanis in the Tyme of Caratacus wes gevin all to Idilnes, quhairfoir the Pechtis efter his Deith rebellit aganis the Romanis.

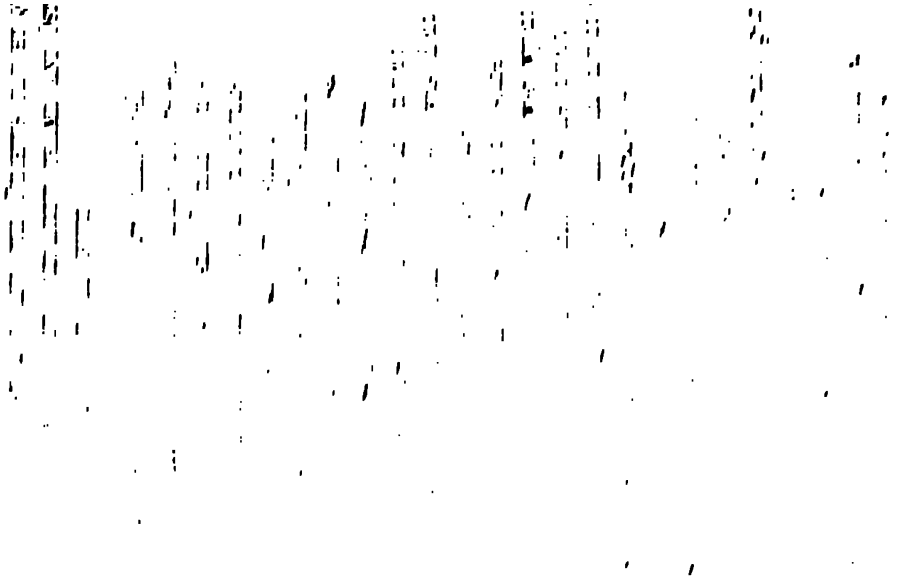
Fra Caratac had maid sic rest and peice
In Albione, and had gart all weiris ceis,
Syne wes so lang disusit fra the weir,
Off all the laif the Romanis tuke na feir;
And put thair cuir fra that furth nycht and day,
In dansing, singing, and in sport and play;
In Venus werkis as to walk and wow,
To dance and drink, and ay to fill thame fow.
Quhairfoir thai war vnabill for the weir,
And lute thair harnes with all vther geir
Roust and rot, and thair waponis grow blunt,
And had no will to walk as thai war wont.
The proude Pechtis persauit weill that thing;
Efter the deid of Caratac the king
Tha thocht best tyme thair landis to reskew,
And maid ane king amang thame of the new,
Of Ordulus the lord of nobill fame,
And Conkestius he callit wes to name.
The Romanis all that tyme, I vnderstand,
In Ordulus, Dieria and Pechtland,
Onbill had the cuir thay of thai cuntrais all

In that same tyme, as my author did sa,
Ostorius wes in Britania,
In all that tyme dreidand for na deir,
In Lundoun la in na beleif of weir,
Sen Caratak, that maid him all the stryfe,
Had tane his leif out of this present lyffe.

How the Romanis takand ane Pray out of Ordulus was vmbeset with the Pechtis and slane ilk Man.

Than quhen the Pechtis knew and vnderstude
That tyme for thame rycht ganand wes and gude,
Rycht suddantlie thai furneist for the feild
Baith ȝoung and ald that waponis docht to weild;
And scharplie syne the Romanis did persew,
And had nocht bene that thai gat sone[1] reskew
Of thair freindis fra monie sindrie steid,
Tha had bene slane ilkane without remeid.
And or tha culd reskewit be agane,
Thair principall provest than wes slane,
With aucht chiftanis, and vtheris mony ane,
Of beirnis bald rycht big of blude and bane.
Sone efter that, within ane litill space,
The Romanis maid greit heirschip in ane place,
In Ordulus, sone efter on ane da,
And mekill spuilȝe tuke with thame awa.
And as thai wer syne pairtand thame amang
The haill spuilȝe, and hamewart thocht to gang,
With scheip and hors, with swyne, oxin and ky,
The Pechtis than wes buschit neir hand by,
Syne with ane schout thai come furth of a slak
Or euer thai wist, syne round about thame brak.
Than neid it wes the Romanis than to ȝeild,
Or manfullie to lycht and tane the feild;

[1] In MS. *sonner*.



How Ostorius and the Pechtis met in Plane Battell, and Ostorius tynt the Feild, and wes chaissit.

Ostorius, with greit power and micht,
Hes tane the feild for to defend his rycht,
With mony wicht that worthie wer in weir,
Wes rycht perfite to ryde and rin ane speir.
The Pechtis als, vpone the tother syde,
For battell maid and wald na langer byde,
With greit supple tha gat in that same quhile,
Of Albionis that wes in Mona Yle,
Quhilk to the Romanis no way wald obey,
Bot all thair tyme thai held thame ay in pley,
Thair with the Pechtis arrayit thame on ane plane,
Agane the Romanis to gif feild agane.
And quhen tha saw tha wer sic multitude,
In till ane pairt the Pechtis sum all stude,
With plane battell sic power till persew,
Thairfor rycht sone ane vther draucht tha drew.
Ane greit battell that tyme behind thair bak,
Of armit men thai laid intill ane slak,
Intill ane strenth that la neir by the plane,
Quhair that thai thocht to draw thame with ane trane.
Syne euerilk freik on fit the feild hes tane,
And straikis gaif and tuke rycht mony ane,
So baldlie than tha beirnis did all byde.
The Romanis als, vpoune the tother syid,
With dyntis dour ilkane on vther dang,
With sic ane reird quhill all the rochis rang.
And quhen the Pechtis saw thair tyme to fle,
Turnit thair bak and luit the battell be;
In rayit feild syne passit clois awa,
Towart the strenth quhair that thair buschment la.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

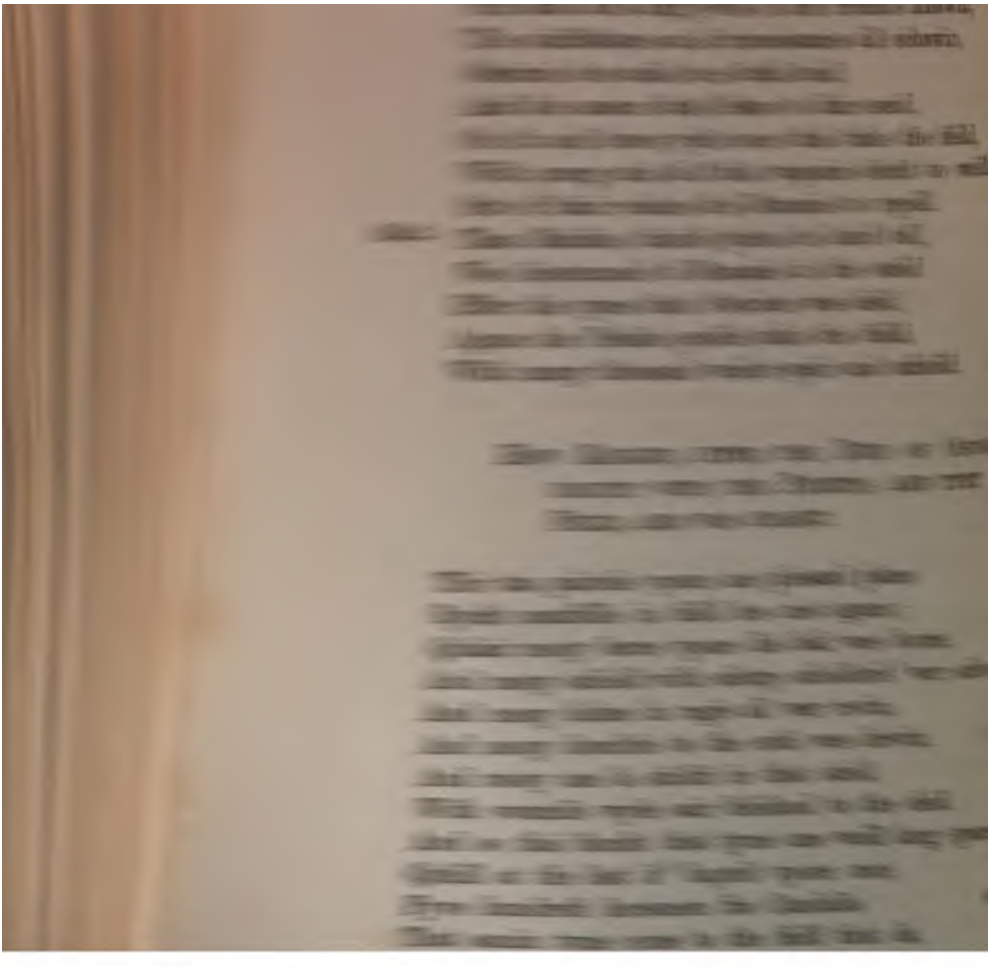
How the Romanis, makand ane Forra in Pechtland, war prewenit witht the Pechtis, and slane ilk Man.

In that same tyme the Romanis on ane da,
Tua greit forrais maid in Pechtlandia,
With greit heirschip thai raisit how and cry;
Wnwist of thame the Pechtis war neirby,
On fot and horss, and mony royall men,
Quhair that thai lay rycht cloiss into ane glen.
Neir hand thairby assignit wes and sett
Ane place besyid quhair all the Romanis met,
For till devyde thair spulȝe and thair pra.
In the same tyme, quhen tha war doand sua,
The Pechtis all set on thame with ane schout,
Or euir thai wist cloisit thame round about;
With swordis scharpe, and speiris that war lang,
Vpone the Romanis dourlie that thai dang;
Withoutin stop into the samin steid,
The Romanis all war in the feild left deid.

How Ostorius, heirand the Destructioun of the Romanis, for Displesour of it and Pane of his Hurt depairtit.

Ostorius, fra he hes hard this tald,
His petieous spreit befoir that wes so bald,
For verrie wo bayth meit[1] and drink forsuik;
And throw the hurt befoir in feild he tuke,
With crwell pane wes puneist and opprest,
That he on lyfe na langar than mycht lest,
Bot tuke his leif, syne to his rest he gais,
With greit blythnes that same tyme of his fais.
Efter the deid of this Ostorius,
Tha eirdit him in the tempill of Claudius,

[1] In MS. *meik*.



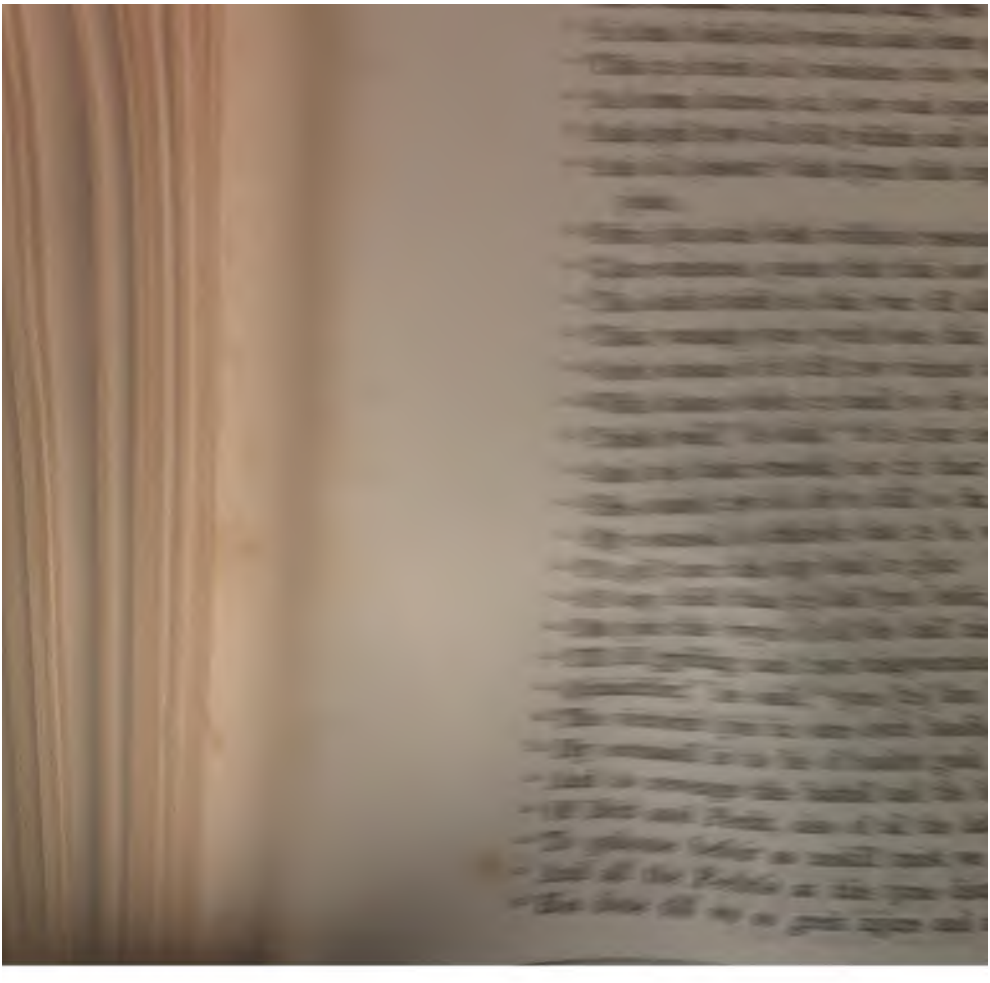
And baid na langar fra thai saw thame lycht,
Bot fled rycht fast with all power and mycht.
One euerie syid richt mony thair wes slane;
Of the Romanis thrie thousand on that plane
La deid that da, with bludie woundis wyde;
Tua thousand als vpoune the tother syde.

How ane Nobill Man callit Dedius was send fro Rome for to gyde Britane.

In that same tyme, my storie tellis thus,
Ane Roman legat callit Dedius,
Rycht baldlie than he come into Britane,
Fra Cesar send with mony nobill man;
Chosin he wes for cheif and chevalrus,
For till succeid ontill Ostorius,
For-quhy he wes bayth worthie, wyiss and wycht,
For till manteine the Romanis in thair rycht.
Thair commoun weill that tyme wes far abak
In Albione, and tholit had grit lak,
So mony Romane maid wes for to die;
And had not tha the soner maid supplie,
Tha had bene lost that tyme baith les and moir,
And all bene tynt that thai had wyn befoir.
This Dedius, fra that he wnderstude
In sic perrell the Romanis that tyme stude,
Befoir thame all quhair thair wes mony man,
On this same wyiss his orisone began.

How Dedius, the Romane Legat, quhen he come in Britane, maid his Oresone befoir the Romanis beand thair.

" The wyit," he said, " of all the greit offence
" Of weir and wrang, [and] all sic violence,



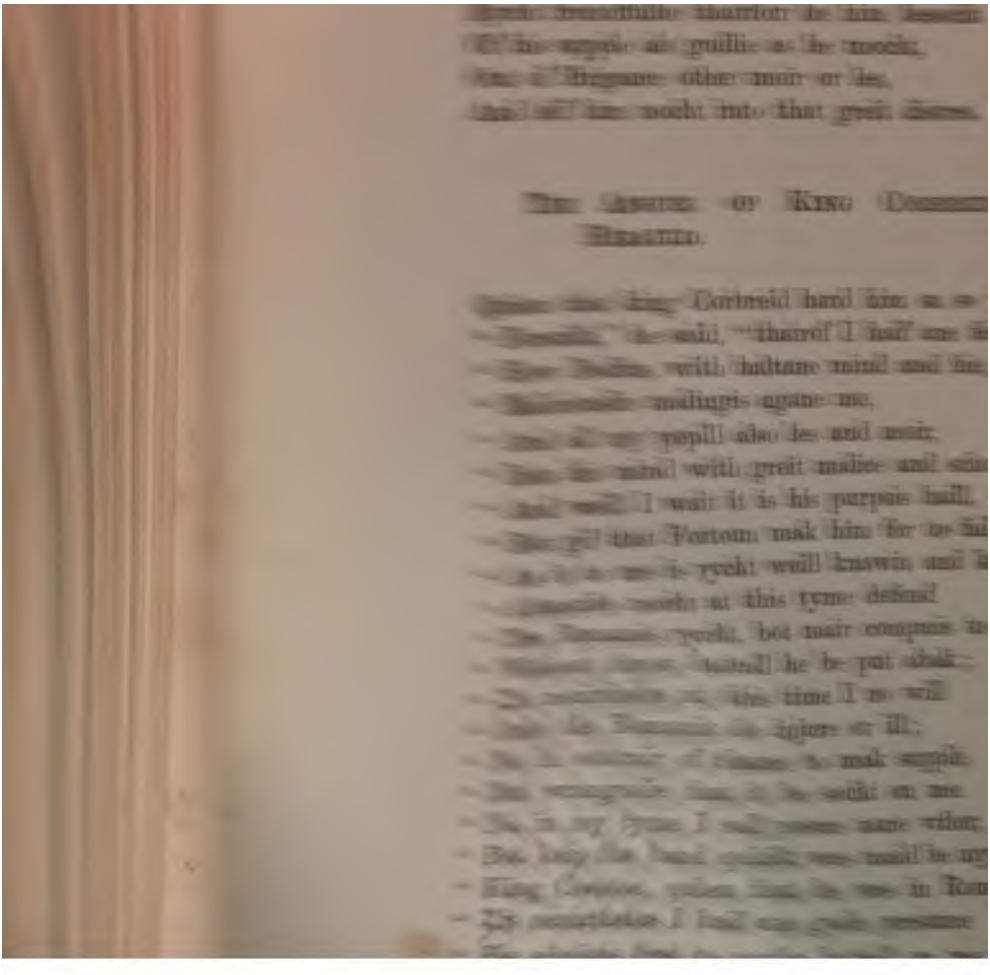
How the Romanis maid thair Vow to be revengit vpoun the Pechtis, or die all on ane Da.

Quhen this wes said, amang thame euerie man
Rycht cruellie to sueirand so began,
All on ane da in mort battell to de,
Or of[1] the Pechtis to revengit be.
Quhen all this cace wes to the Pechtis schawin,
Sumthing thai dred that tyme to be ouirthrawin;
Zit neuirtheles quhen it come in memoir
The tua battellis that thai had wyn befoir,
In that belief all dreddour thai forsuik,
And in thair mynd so greit curage tha tuke,
All on ane da that thai wald erar de
Na with the Romanis to subdewit be.

How the Pechtis send ane Herauld to King Corbreid for his Help agane the Romanis.

An herauld sone tha send to king Corbreid,
Beseikand him in sic distres and neid,
Of his gude help; also than till him schew
How that the Romanis than with ane power new,
War cumit in Britane with grit pomp and schoir,
For to revenge all skaith thai gat befoir.
Ane new legat wes callit Dedius,
Efter the deid of gude Ostorius,
Befoir Cesar rycht pertlie tuke on hand
For to distroy all Pechtis into Pechtland,
Of thair kinrik to clenge thame out alss clene
In Albione as thai had neuir bene.
And so hapnit that tyme, as God forbeid,
Him of his purpois alway for to speid,

[1] In MS. *Or of of.*



How the King of Pechtis Herauld schew the Ansuer was gevin him be the King of Scottis.

With this ansuer the herauld hame he ȝeid,
And schew to thame how that the king Corbreid
Hes said till him, as ȝe haif hard befoir,
Ilk word by word at laser les and moir.
The Pechtis war complesit of that thing,
Quhen that thai knew of this Corbredus king,
Within the boundis of Brigantia,
With greit power so neir thair landis la.

How King Corbreid come in Brigantia, and how the Romane Legat commandit him to pas his Wa.

In this same tyme as ȝe heir me sa,
King Corbreid come in Brigantia,
With ane grit ost that wes bayth lang and braid;
Gif that the Romanis schuip him till invaid,
In Brigantia other throw strenth or slycht,
His mynd wes alway to defend his rycht,
With his power thair pryde for to repell.
Then Dedius, thairof quhen he hard tell,
Ane herauld send rycht sone and suddanelie
To king Corbreid, commanding him in hy,
With all his power for to pas his wa
Rycht hastelie out of Brigantia.
Doand him weill that tyme to wnderstand
Brigantia suld be the Romanis land,
Quhilk Cesar gaif to Caratac his bruther,
Bot for his tyme till him and for na vther.
Sayand rycht sone bot gif that he did so,
Declarit him thairfoir the Romanis fo,

Lib.4,f.44b. Col. 1.

How Corbreid baid within ane Strenth quhill all his Men suld cum to him.

This beand done as I haif said zow heir,
This king Corbreid and all his folk in feir,
Includit thame within ane stalwart strenth,
Quhair thai mycht ly without perrell at lenth
Of the Romanis bot ony skayth or ill,
Quhill that his men wer cumin all him till,
Quhilk cumand war fra mony sindrie pairt.
And so he schupe be sic ane subtill airt
His rycht and pepill at that tyme to defend,
Quhill efterwart he saw his tyme, and kend
Quhan that he plesit for to tak his will.
No moir of this; heir will I hald me still,
And turne agane befoir quhair I haif bene,
And tell the laif of Cartumand the quene,
That Caratacus to the Romanis sauld,
In all hir tyme malicious wes and bald.
Of Cadallane scho wes the latter wyfe,
Wes lord of Brigance sum tyme in his lyfe,
And father als to this king Corbreid,
And Caratac in storie as we reid.

How Cart[um]andes, the Wyffe of Cadallanus, efter him wes weddit on ane Man callit Venetius. Col. 2.

Efter the deid of nobill Cadalane,
Weddit scho wes syne with ane vther man,
Venetius wes callit to his name,
In all Brigance of most honour and fame;
Quhilk wes defendit lang and mony da
With the Romanis, as my author did sa,
Fra all nychtbour on bordour layand by,
At him tha had sic malice and envy.

How the Romanis maid ane Trane to the Toun of Epiacum, quhairthrow mony war tane and slane.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
The Romanis come into Brigantia,
Befoir the portis with forra vp and doun
Of Epiac quhilk wes ane nobill toun
Into Brigance, so starklie that tyme stude
Vpoun ane strenth besyid ane rynnand flude,
With mos and wod all parkit round about;
Bot at ane pairt mycht nane win in nor out.
The Brigantinis that wes the toun within, 8820 Lib. 4, f. 45. Col. 1.
Followit on horss the pray agane to win.
The Romanis fled, and tha followit so fast,
And wnwyislie thai war lachit at the last;
Ane staill of Romanis lay intill ane slak,
Or euir thai wist than round about thame brak,
And tuke and slew als mony as thai wald.
Syne quhen thir tydenis into the toun war tald
To thame that tyme that baid into the toun,
Sic reirdour raiss amang thame vp and doun,
That thair provest grit trauell had and pane
Within the toun to gar thame still remane.
Thair purpois wes al haillelie to fle,
Sum to the mos, sum to the montanis he;
And throw the counsall that he gaif thame till,
And sic confort, he gart them all byde still.

How the King of Pechtis come and met Corbredus.

The king of Pechtis, in his weirlie weid,
With his power come and met Corbreid.
Thir tua kingis togidder quhen thai met,
And baith thair poweris intill ane wes knet,

Thair speiris brak and all in flendaris flaw,
Helme and hewmat hewit in pecis smaw;
Syidis wer schorne quhill that the blude burst out,
And mony kene knycht maid on force to lout.
In to that stour that wes baith stif and strang,
The Albionis that tyme tha faucht so lang, Col. 2.
Quhill that thair strenth than begouth to faill,
On thame the Romanis maid so scharpe assaill.

How the Scottis that war within the Toun come furth and reskewit Corbred the King.

The Brigantines, that war within the toun,
War neirhand by, and sone thai made thame boun,
With swordis scharp and speiris that war lang,
And sone thai enterit in the thickest thrang.
Syne all in breif thair buglis that thai blew,
And with that blast the battell did renew,
And bitter bargane at that tyme began;
On euerie syid war loissit mony man.
The Romanis than thai thocht grit schame to flie,
Trowand befoir tha had the victorie;
The Albionis to flie also forsuik,
So greit curage of that supplie thai tuke.
Thay faucht ay still als lang as tha had lycht,
Quhill da wes gone and cuming wes the nycht;
Than force it wes till thame to draw abak
With mekill skayth on euerilk syid but lak.
The Albionis than passit to ane hicht;
The Romanis raikit to thair tentis rycht;
Thairin ane quhill thai schupe for to remane,
Quhill on the morne for till gif battell agane.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

With letters send unto this Nassica.

For to defend the landis thai war in,
And preis na mair landis for to win.
Quhen Nausica hes hard that it wes so,
Preisit no moir in battell for to go;
Bot in that sted he schupe to hald him still,
Quhill that he wist quhat wes king Corbredis will;
Gif that he thocht he gif him feild agane,
In that beleif thair still he did remane.

How Corbredus and the King of Pechtis send ane Herauld to Nausica for tó tak Peice with him.

In this same tyme, now that ȝe heir me sa,
Ane herauld come vnto this Nausica;
The quhilk wes send fra king Corbreid but leis,
With speciall power for to purches peice;
And scalen tak fra all battell and weir,
Quhilk of befoir hes done thame bayth greit deir.
On euerie syid cheis to that effect
Wyss aigit men of lautie vnsuspect,
With quhat conditioun that euerie man thocht best,
Fra that da furth to leve in pece and rest.

How Nausica send ane Herald to Dedius to wit his Will,[1] or he wald tak Peax with Corbredus and the Pechtis.

This Nausica thairof wes weill content,
Quhen that he knew how that thir kingis ment;
Ȝit culd he nocht gif ansuer weill thairtill,
Quhill that he knew of Aulus Dedius will.
Quhairfoir ane herald hes he send anone
To him that tyme that wes in Camelidone,

[1] In MS. *Weill.*

How Dedius freindfullie accusit Corbredus of his Vnthankfulnes to the Romanis.

This Dedius, than of ane gude maneir,
To king Corbreid he said as ȝe sall heir.
" I mervill mekill of thi ingratitude,
" Considderand thow knawis how it stude
" With Caratac quhilk wes thi carnall bruther,
" Sumtyme in Rome as wes done to na vther,
" With all the pepill and the empriour,
" So greit kyndnes thai schew him with honour,
" Quhair he wes than in thair captiuitie;
" ȝit neuirtheles thai maid him to be frie,
" With greit rewaird, with honour and renoun,
" Restorit him baith to kinrik and croun,
" Without tribut, to him tha war so heind,
" Syne all his tyme callit the Romanis freind;
" And all his leigis siclike les and moir,
" With libertie as thai war wont befoir.
" His dochter als, for him in pledge that la,
" Wes send hame fre, thow can nocht vther sa,
" The haill honour the quhilk that did pertene,
" And plesure als, to princes and to quene.
" Had thow bene leill or kynd, I the assuir,
" Thow suld fra ws haif keipit thi injure;
" And nocht to ws sic malice to haif wrocht
" For the honour ȝe gat of ws for nocht.
" ȝit neuirtheles can thow gif thi consent
" Of thi awin kinrik for to be content,
" With all fredome siclyke as of befoir,
" In peice and rest for now and euir moir;
" In tyme to cum for to be leill and trew,
" And preis no moir oure portis till persew,
" Bot fra all weiris for to stanche and ceis,
" And mak the pepill for till leif in peice;
" Syne all thi tyme no vther of ws weynd
" Bot ay to be thi gude fallow and freind.

How Aulus Dedius accusit the King of Pechtis rycht scharplie of his Ingratitude to the Romanis.

This beand said, this Aulus Dedius,
In that same tyme into this Conquestus,
The king of Pechtis, he said, " Quha mouit the,
" So far this tyme out of ressoun to be,
" Agane the Romanis for till mak sic weir,
" Considderand that tha did the na deir,
" At thi awin will but ony caus or quhy,
" Sen thai in the vsit na tirranie
" Of vettigall, or ȝit vile seruitude,
" As victor micht quhen plesis him till dude?
" At ȝour awin will ȝe war maid to be frie,
" Bot in the taikin of oure authoritie
" Ane small tribut ȝeirlie till ws to pa,
" The Romanis freind callit to be alsua.
" Quhairfoir as now, schortlie I say to the,
" ȝit of thi battell and thou will lat be,
" And leue in peice as that thow did befoir,
" And vse as thi lawis also les and moir,
" I sall ressaue the to the Romanis peice;
" And will thow nocht, suithlie I sall neuir ceis
" Of mort battell to tak the chance and werd,
" Quhill ane of ȝow is levand on this erd."

How the Romanis and thir Twa Kingis chesit rycht[1] wyss Lordis for to agrie thame.

Off this proffer than ilk man wes content.
Syne suddanelie, with all thair haill consent,
Tha haif chosin rycht wyss men and discreit,
And causit thame in that same tyme to meit,
And all this mater dres at thair awin will,
With quhat conditione thai wald put thairtill,

[1] In MS. *Aucht.*

Of this kyndnes wes euerie man content,
With greit blythnes syne braid thame ouir the bent.
In Albione, the space syne of sax ȝeir,
Greit peax and rest thair wes baith far and neir,
Ouir all the pairtis than of Albione,
Traistand rycht weill all weiris had bene gone.

How Aulus Dedius, throw greit Infirmitie, in Trynowant depairtit out of this present Lyffe.

In that same tyme, my storie tellis thus,
In Trynowant this Aulus Dedius,
Throw dynt of deith, quhome with he mycht nocht stryve,
He tuke his leif out of this present lyve.
After the deid of Aulus Dedius,
Ane greit Roman, callit Weranus,
Fra Nero send, gif that I rycht presume,
The quhilk that tyme wes emperour of Rome,
In Britane come that tyme rycht glorious,
For to succeid to Aulus Dedius.
The boundis all of Britane vp and doun
He viseit hes baith castell, tour, and toun
And quhen thir pairtis he had ouir gone
Rycht curiouslie come till Camelidone;
To the tempill syne of Claudius is gane,
Quhilk biggit wes without tymmer or stane;
Onto thair goddis as than wes the gyiss
Solempnitlie hes maid his sacrifice,
With game and gloir, with honour and renoun,
Quhen that wes done syne passit to the toun. Lib.4,f.46b. Col. 1.
Thocht he wes wyiss, ȝit culd he nocht consent
To leue in pece and for to be content;
Sa couetous he wes that tyme of gloir,
For to precell all vther him befoir,

Rycht oft thai raid on ilk syid out and in,
Quhair euir thai wist that thair wes ocht to wyn.
Rycht mekill preiking oftymes ouir the plane,
Greit spulȝie maid, and no redres agane.
And thus thai wrocht all wynter ouir that ȝeir,
Quhill efterwart hapnit as ȝe sall heir.

How Warannus, the Roman Legat, throw the cald Wynter tuk Infirmitie and departit.

Varannus, that mycht nocht weill sustene
The wynter cald that bait him to the splene,
Rycht haistelie hes done him than sic harme,
The quhilk befoir that nurischit wes so warme,
In his bodie with sic alteratioun,
Contrarie the courss of his complectioun,
That sair seiknes, without ony remeid,
In that distres hes done him to the deid.
That samin tyme, into Camelidone,
He tuke his leve and of this lyfe is gone.
Befoir his deid, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Ane epistill wrait and it to Cesar send; Col. 2.
In greit effect the quhilk till him did sa,
And he had fortoun to leve ȝeiris tua,
All Albione, foroutin ony pley,
He suld haif maid all bundin till obey.

How Nero, the Empriour, send ane Legat in Britane callit Swetonius, efter the Deith of Warannus.

Efter the deith of this Warannus,
Ane nobill man callit Swetonius,
Fra Nero send [wes] efter he wes deid,
To gyde Britane and enterit in his steid.

How the Emprioure brak the Legacie left to him be Arweragus, King of Britis, in the Defence of his Hous and his Barnis, quhairfoir the Britis rebellit efterwart.

t quhile befoir [as] I haif to ȝow tald, 9210 Lib. 4. f. 47. Col. 1.
ragus, of Britis blude richt bald,
of Britane in that time wes he,
of riches and greit nobilitie,
hilder had that tyme bot dochteris tua,
his gude quene wes callit Voeda, 9215
k sister wes, befoir as I haif tald,
aratac baith bellicois and bald;
Corbred, als of Scotland that tyme king,
his tyme succeidit to his ring.
ragus, of quhome befoir I spak, 9220
r his deith his legacie did mak.
lochteris tua, that plesand wes and fair,
lk efter him succeid suld as his air,
ıtorie to Cesar that he left,
thair rycht for to kepe thame vnreft: 9225
hous also he did till him commend,
e all wrang to warrand and defend.
sone efter it ȝeid ane vther way,
ing of Britis wes maid efter that day;
hous dewydit wes till mony one, 9230
heretage in sindrie handis gone;
tua dochteris, aganis ressoun and skill,
wlit war richt soir agane thair will;
Voyda, that tyme in hir defence,
rycht euill dung and done to greit offence. 9235
speciallie, as my author did tell,
wes the caus the Britis did rebell,
ɜn that thai saw thair tyme commodius,
: the passage of Swetonius.
vther caus quha lykis to inqueir, 9240
· I sall tell, tak tent, and ȝe sall heir.

How greit Wounderis fell that Tyme in Albione, as ȝe sall heir efter in this Cheptour.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell,
In Albione greit ferleis than befell.
The se with blude wes lyke ane rois als reid;
Fund by the coist wes mony carioun deid,
Of greit stature, haifand the forme of men,
Quhat that thai war wes nane levand culd ken;
Bot weill thai wist thai signifeit to be
Throw weir and battell greit mortalitie,
Quhairfoir the wemen oft thair handis wrang,
Neir hand reid wod out of thair wit to gang.
The statue[1] als, quhilk wes of marbell stone,
Of Claudius into Camelidone,
Into the tempill fell with sic ane fall,
Quhill that it brak that tyme in pecis all.
The ymage als of god of victorie,
Fell doun on groif vpoun the flure him by.
Interpretaris, the quhilk war rycht discreit,
Trowand thai had of prophecie the spreit,
At thair lyking, evin as thair awin self lest,
All thing that tyme interpreit to the best.
The Romanis suld, thai said, for all thair mycht,
In Albione baith rentis tyne and rycht;

How the Pechtis, heirand of thai Takynis, tuke greit Curage, quhilk causit thame to rebel that Tyme.

Quhairof the Pechtis tuke sic greit curage,
Baith ill and gude that cumin wer till age,
Richt quyetlie, withoutin ony hyre,
Agane the Romanis rycht sone did conspyre.
And, or sic thing wes publicc made and plane,
Rycht mony Roman quietlie hes slane.
The law keiparis into Camelidone,
That ordanit wer bot schort quhile of bygone
Be Vespacian thair for[1] to keip the law,
To keip the Pechtis into reull and aw,
Quhome at the Pechtis had rycht greit invye,
Quhairfoir that tyme rycht sone and suddanely
The Pechtis pertlie did [thame] sune persew,
And in the tyme rycht mony of thame slew.
Bayth hous and land, gold and vther gude,
Confiscat all, so herd it with thame stude.
The laif on lyue than fled, bayth all and sum,
Into Britane throw Ordulucium.
And as thai wer hyne passand by the way,
The cuntrie men pat thame in sic ane fray,
For to tak girth togidder all ar gane
On till aine tempill biggit wes of stane,
Trowand that tyme thairin for to get girth;
Bot all tha wylis wer than lytill wirth.
In that tempill, as my author did sa,
Tha war all slane ilkone that samin da.
Ane Roman knycht quhilk Petus hecht to name,
Amang thame than of most honour and fame,
Into that tyme had sic auctoritie,
Efter Suetone thair governour wes he,
In Orduluys with ane legioun he wend,
For to supple thair folkis and defend.

[1] In MS. *thairfoir*.

He wes prevenit rycht sone by the way,
His men wer slane ilkone that samin day;
Him self wes maid on to ane strenth to fle.
Syne on the morne, rycht sone and suddanelie,
Without tarie at that tyme nycht or da,
On to Kentschyre he tuke the reddie wa,
To ane Roman, Catus wes callit than,
The protectour that tyme wes of Britane.
And fra Catus sic tydenis hard him tell,
In Albione so mony did rebell,
He maid na tarie that tyme nycht nor da,
Bot in all haist passit in Gallia.

How Quene Voyeda menit hir to Corbreid, hir Bruther.

In that same tyme, as my author did mene,
Dame Voyeda, quhilk wes of Britane quene,
To Scotland send to king Corbreid hir bruther,
Darrest to hir that tyme of ony vther;
Of quhome scho traistit for to haif supple,
Beseikand him than richt hartlie that he
To rew on hir quhilk wes ane wracchit wycht,
Fra quhome the Romanis had reft all hir rycht
b.4,f.47b. And put hir self in greit penuritie.
Col. 1. Hir dochteris alss of thair virginitie

" I the beseik," scho said, "of thi supplie,
" And leue me nocht in this necessitie;
" Bot for thi manheid help me in this mister,
" And rew on me that is thi onlie sister."

How Corbredus send to Catus to heir his Mynd, or he wald move Battell agane him.

Quhen this wes red befoir the king Corbreid,
Rycht suddantlie he send with waill gude speid
Ane messinger with all his haill intent
To this Catus, to wit quhat that he ment,
Quhilk cuming wes agane fra Gallia,
With greit power, as my author did sa.
Commanding him alway for to abstene
His greit injure fra Voyada the quene,
And to reforme all faltis maid befoir,
And all hir richt agane till hir restoir;
And wald he nocht, schortlie, he said him till,
He suld be gart in mager of his will.

How Catus send Ansuer to Corbredus agane, full of Scorne and greit Derisioun.

This being said quhair mony wes beforne,
This Catus leuche thairat and maid a scorne.
Sayand "Rycht nocht perteinit sic ane thing
" To sic ane puir, impotent, barbour king,
" For till ask compt or thairof till tak cuir,
" Quhat euer he did be law or ȝit injure
" To Voyada till him pertenit nocht;
" Quhairfoir," he said, "gif ony wrang wes wrocht
" Till hir or hiris other in all or sum,
" It suld be doublit into tyme to cum;
" Quhen that wes done he rakit nocht ane stra,
" Quhither he wer his freind or ȝit his fa."

How Corbredus send to Coranatus,[1] the King of Pechtis, requirand his Help agane the Romanis.

Quhen this was said befoir Corbreid the king,
He wes displesit richt far of that thing.
Rycht suddantlie thair hes he send ane man
To Coranat, wes king of Pechtis than,
Requirand him at da and place to meit,
With haill power his purpois to compleit.
Col. 2. Sen ganand wes the tyme that he hard tell,
Out of thair realme the Romanis to repell.

How Coranatus and Corbredus maid greit Distructioune of the Romanis in mony Pairtis.

This Coranat thairof he wes rycht fane,
And all his lordis quhilk lang tyme did remane
Quhill thai thair tyme convenient mycht se,
Waittand alway on his help and supple.
Sone efter syne thir tua kingis ar met
In till ane place quhair that the tryst wes set.
So greit power as wes thame tua betuene,
In Albione befoir wes neuir sene.

ny of thame wes in tl.e toun that tyme,
ane castell biggit with stane and lyme,
rby the toun thai tuke for thair defence,
· to debait thame fra all violence.
ıen this wes schawin to thir kingis tua,
ı maid no tarie that tyme nycht nor da,
th bowis bent rycht baldlie maid thame boun,
ıe laid ane seig evin round about the toun.
th litill laubour syne the toun thai wan,
d castell als, syne slew thame euerie man.
ı brint the toun, and syne caist doun the waw ;
ı castell als thai gart it lig full law.
ıt samin toun, as my author did sa,
callit Beruik at this present da.
hen this wes hard into the Yle of Mone,
cht gladlie all togidder are thai gone ;
ıe all the Romanis that wes that yle within,
w thame ilkone that tyme bayth mair and myn.

How the Moraviens come furth of Germanie in Scotland, and callit the Land of Murra efter thame.

this same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell,
the eist land sic auenture befell.
e nobill man, hecht Rodoric to name,
all his tyme of greit honour and fame,
e lord he wes of greit Germania,
ill ane land callit Morauia ;
home fra the Romanis had reft all the rycht
land and gold, [of] riches and [of] micht,
d flemit him and all his folk in feir,
sindrie pairtis that tyme far and neir.
hill efterwart met at the mouth of Ryne,
th mony schip to se burd passit syne ;
lland to seik quhair tha mycht get resset,
other land sum duelling place to get,

Beseikand thame of thair excellent grace,
Quhair euir thai fuir to fecht in ony place,
That tha wald grant him for to gang thame with,
Agane the Romanis for to preif thair pith;
That tha micht knaw thair wisdome in to weir,
Thair forwardnes and eik thair fresche effeir,
Thair prattik als and eik thair policie,
Thair greit ingyne in euerie jeopardie.
Gif it hapnit thame greit vassalage to win
In ony feild that tyme that thai faucht in,
Beseikand thame than of thair celsitude,
That thai wald grant thame of thair gratitude,
In ony ground, quhair thai thocht best mycht gane,
Ane duelling place with his men to remane.
No moir of thame that tyme he wald craif,
Bot of thair wemen wyffis for till haif,
So that thair blude mycht mixit be togither,
Within schort quhile thai wald graw sib till vther.
Gif hapnit thame, as God forbid suld be,
In ony feild all fechtand than suld de,
Tha had aneuch; as than thai bad no moir,
Bot as thair kynd thair mortall fate imploir.

How thir Tua Kingis ressauit Rodorik and all his Men rycht thankfullie at that Tyme.

Thir kingis tua thairof wer weill content, Col. 2.
Fra tyme thai knew the maner how he ment;
Seand him self in so gudlie ane gyss,
Semand to be baith worthie, wicht and wyss.
Rycht bald he wes, and big of bone and blude,
His men wer stout and of thair nature rude;
Bald as ane bair to byde quhen it wes neid,
Wald nocht abhor for to se beirnis bleid.
The Albionis of thame greit curage tuke,
With hartis lycht, quhen thai did on thame luke;

Traistand rycht weill, throw thair help and supple,
Sone of the Romanis to reuengit be.
Thir tua kingis with greit glaidnes and gloir
Reseauit thame ilkane baith les and moir,
At thair desyre in all thing as thai wald,
Of that asking befoir as ȝe hard tald.

How thir Tua Kingis wan the Touȝ of Carlill, and caist all the Wallis[1] douȝ and brint the Touȝ.

Syne furth with thame attouir the feild thai fuir,
To Carlill toun thair baner that thai buir.
About the citie thair thai lichtit all,
Syne streikit up thair standartis at the wall.
The buglis blew, the trumpetis wald nocht tyre,
Syne sone thai set the ȝetis all in fyre,
And braid arrowis ouir the wall lute gang;
And thai within greit stonis out tha slang.
Tha sparit nocht sic sport ane weill lang space,
Quhill tha without hes fund ane fautie place
In to the wall that wes baith lang and braid,
And at that place thair passage in tha maid.
Bayth ald and ȝing that thai fand in the toun

[redacted]

How thir Tua Kingis come to Quene Woida, Quene of the Britis and Sister to Corbredus.

Towart Britane syne [thai] tuke the reddie wa
Quhill that tha come on to quene Voida;
Quhair thai hir fand with all hir folk in feir,
With melodie wes hevinlie for to heir,
And mony nobill of the Britis blude,
And vther mo ane rycht greit multitude.
And quhen scho saw that king Corbreid hir bruther
With king of Pechtis wes cuming thair togither,
With mony nobill by the way thame met,
Als weill with thame rycht gudlie scho thame gret;
Welcumand thame that plesour wes till heir,
With gudlie vult and with ane mirrie cheir; Lib.4,f.48b. Col. 1.
With countenance that humill wes and sueit.
Greit blythnes wes that tyme to se thame meit.
And euerie lord also hes hailsit vther,
Rycht tenderlie as he had bene his bruther.
At greit lasar I bid nocht for to lane,
Quhill baith thair oistis met vpoun the plane;
The sound of solace, and the mirrie stevin
Of menstralie it rang into the hevin.
The Britis wer so blyth into the tyde,
Thair hartis grew so full of licht and pryde,
Mixit so mekill with melancolie
Then of the Romanis to revengit be;
So greit belief in king Corbred tha had,
Traistand throw him thair purpois suld be sped,
With game and gle, with gladnes and greit gloir,
Welcum thai war that tyme baith les and moir.
Heir at this talk now I will leif thame still,
And of the Romanis speik sum thing I will.

" And thocht I be ane woman, I suppois
" I salbe fund baith bald and bellicois.
" Fyue thousand wemen I haif with me heir,
" Bayth bald and big, cled weill in armour cleir;
" With thame my self sall fecht in feild befoir,
" And baldlie byde for all the Romanis schoir.
" And as this tyme we sall na terrour tak, Col. 2.
" For blude or battell for [to] draw abak,
" Thair is no slauchter that we dow to se,
" Of the feild ane fit sall gar ws flie.
" Bot baldlie byde and stoutlie to induir,
" For to revenge the greit lak and injure
" Wes done to me without ressoun or rycht;
" My dochteris baith defoullit [in] my sicht,
" Rycht wranguslie with opin violence;
" My self euill drest and dung in thair defence;
" My husbandis hous destroyit and put doun;
" My airis als defraudit of thair croun;
" My awin sone Guydeir had in pledge awa,
" Quhair he is deid rycht lang befoir his da;
" Quhill that I leif ȝit sall I neuir forȝet,
" Quhill ane mendis or ane vengeance [I] get.
" Quhairfoir," scho said, " I ȝow ilkone exhort
" To tak curage and be of gude confort;
" And ȝe sall se als greit manheid and mycht
" In wemen now as ony vther wicht,
" Quhilk sall nocht schrink quhair nakit swordis ar drawin,
" Nor draw abak quhair mekill blude is sawin;
" Or for na grym wound other grym or grow,
" Bot baldlie byde and ay hald to the brow;
" And sall nocht spair with thame than quhen we meit
" In thair hart blude oure waponis for to weit,
" Quhill that we be revengit of that lak.
" Gif ȝe be men exempill at ws tak:
" Out of this feild ane fit sall neuir fle,
" All in this da bot other do or de."

Quhen this wes said as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Amang thame all thair wes nocht ane that da
Bot he greitlie commendit hes the quene,
So pertlie than as scho spak fra the splene,
With knychtlie curage and with[1] aufull luke.
Of hir curage greit confort all thai tuke,
And said with hir thai wald byde lyfe and deid:
Syne till array thai ȝeid all in that steid.

Heir followis the greit Battell betuix Catus, the Legat of Rome, and Corbreid, the King of Scottis, quha wan the Feild.

The tother pairt be this wes cumand neir
Rycht knychtlie cled in curage that wes cleir;
Into array thai raid at randoun richt,
Buskit about with baneris that wer bricht.
Of bardit hors rudlie the renȝeis rang,
Of trampand steidis stalwart that wer and strang,
Maid all the erth to trimill and to schaik;
The licht of thame illuminit all the laik.
The Albionis in rayit battell stude:
The rampand lyoun, reid as ony blude,
In till ane baner wes borne vp on hicht,

The clarions cleir clinkit as ony bell;
The federit flanis, furious and fell,
Fra Albionis als ferslie that thai flaw,
Scharpar nor haill and thikker nor ony snaw,
Vpoun thair basnetis baldlie that thai bait,
Quhair euir thai hit thai persit ay the plait,
Quhill that the blude burst out vpone the grene.
This Catus than, quhen he that sycht had sene,
Ane furneist feild he send to that effect,
Of bairdit hors the bowmen for to brek.
Than king Corbred, fra he thair cuming knew,
Rycht sone he send, his archearis to reskew,
Ane bald battell with steill axis rycht strang,
And speiris scharpe that wer bayth grit and lang,
That baldlie baid agane the bairdit hors;
And in that feild tha faucht syne with sic force,
Quhill mony steid la steikit in the feild,
And mony knycht full cald vnder his scheild.
Or Catus culd mak thame reskew agane,
Bayth hors and men all in the feild wes slane.
Be that the grit staill enterit in the feild,
At thair counter rycht mony knychtis wer keild;
Thair speiris brak, and all thair scheildis claif,
So doggitlie ilkane on vther draif.
Out of thair basnetis, as the buriall brycht,
The fyre that flew ouir all the land kest lycht.
Into that stour, that stalwart wes and strang,
Tha rappit on quhill all the rochis rang.
Morauiens at that tyme leit thame wit
That thai wer men and keipit thair promit
Tha maid befoir, as ȝe haif hard me sa;
Siclike the quene als, gude dame Voyda,
With hir wemen than and with hir dochteris bayth,
Into that feild thai did full mekill skayth.
Thair wes no blude that tyme gart thame abhor
To cut throttis, to stob, to stik and gor.

So strang thai war into that stalwart stryfe,
Quhair mony Romane leisit hes the lyfe;
And all the laif rycht bludie and farbled,
Tha left the feild on force that tyme and fled.
This Catus als, into the strangest stound,
In his budie buir mony werkand wound.
Had nocht ane seruand maid him sone supple
Vpone ane hors quhilk causit him to fle
Out of the feild, syne zeid with him awa,
He had bene ather tane or slane that da.
Into that feild, as sais Tacitus,
The Roman scriptour, callit Cornelius,
Of the Romanis, to say the suith but lane,
Sevintie thousand in that feild wes slane.
Of Albionis wer slane that samin da,
Threttie thousand, as Tacitus did sa.
Baith Scot and Pecht than spulzeit hes the feild,
Of hors, harnes, and of mony scheild,
Of birny, brasar, and of basnet bricht,
Col. 2. Off gold and siluer, greit riches and mycht;
Syne with the spulze passit hame in hy,
Morauiens with thame in cumpany.

HOW THE BRITIS, EFTER THE FEILD WAS WYN, DISTROYIT ALL THE ROMANIS THAT WAR NOCHT

[redacted]

Swetonius quhen he sic thing did heir,
How the Romanis wer in sic dangeir
Into Britane, sum thing he wes adred,
Quhairfoir in haist richt sone hidder him sped,
With threttie thousand nobill men of weir,
That weill culd ryde that tyme and ryn a speir.
And he had maid ony langar delay,
Romanis had loisit all Britane than for ay.
The Romanis all that tyme, bayth les and moir,
Out of the feild that fled had of befoir,
With mony court that wer rycht curious,
Tha come and met this ilk Suetonius;
So day by day his multitude ay grew,
Quhill at the last he wes evin anew.

How Corbred and the King of Pechtis convenit agane with Voida, agane the Roman Legat callit Suetonius.

Quhen[e] Voida of this quhen scho did heir,
Hir gaird agane scho gatherit far and neir;
In schort quhile scho wes ane royall rout
Of Britis bald, that stalwart wer and stout.
The king of Scottis and Pechtis in hir defence
Come thair that da with the Morauiens.
Into the camp togidder quhair tha stude,
Wit ȝe thai war ane meruelous multitude:
Of Scot and Pecht that tyme thai wer tald
Threttie thousand, and of the Britis bald
Thryss alss mony thai war that tyme be taill,
Of men and wemen in the number haill.
Quhen[e] Voyda, with mony helme of steill,
And hir wemen enarmit wer full weill,
Hir dochteris bayth, quhilk war bayth stout and sture,
With thame befoir into the feild scho fuir,

How Quene Voida raid ouir all the Oist, giffand thame all greit Curage to battell aganis the Romanis.

Quhen in the feild thair wes sic ordour maid,
Quhen[e] Voida than round about thame raid,
Out throw the feild amang thame quhair scho fuir,
Ane birneist brand intill hir hand scho buir.
With basnet brycht quhilk bemit lyke ane sterne,
In curage cleir, and als lycht as ane lanterne,
Discouerit wes hir visage in that tyde;
Plesand scho wes baith of hir hew and hyde,
With countenance wes gudlie to behald,
As lyoun licht and as ane boir als bald.
Agamennon, quhilk wes of Greikis flour,
Nor ȝit of Troy the nobill wicht Hectour,
Na Darius for all his mekill micht,
No Hercules quhilk wes so strang ane wicht,
No Julius that so greit honour wan,
No ȝit no vther sen this warld began,
Wes moir knychtlike, that dar I hardlie sa,
In that same tyme nor wes quene Voida.
To euerie captane round about scho raid,
Exhorting thame, and greit requeist hes maid,
For to be bald and byde vpoun the bent,
And for na terrour to turne thair intent.
" At me," scho said, " exempill ȝe ma tak;
" Out of the feild gif I move or fle abak,
" Or ony woman that I haif with me heir,
" Traist weill," scho said, " it salbe coft full deir.
" Greit schame it is to tell in ony tyde,
" That men suld fle quhair wemen weill dar byde,
" And dyntis dour to gif and tak betuene
" Quhair men," scho said, " dar skantlie thair be sene."
Witht sic curage scho confer thame ilkone;
To euerilk captane be him self is gone,

" Without waponis or wisdome into weir,
" Naikit also but hors, harnes or geir.
" Dreid nocht," he said, " for all ȝone multitude,
" The feild is ouris without battell or blude.
" I ȝow beseik," he said, " into this tyde,
" Vpone the spulȝie that no berne abyde,
" Quhill weill ȝe wit that the battell be wyn,
" And baith the pairteis passit far in twyn."

OFF THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX THE ROMANIS AND THE ALBIONIS, QUHAIR THE ROMANIS WAN THE FEILD AND HAD FOURTIE THOUSAND SLANE.

Be this wes said tha war reddie till june:
The trumpetis blew all in ane sindrie tune.
The Albionis, vpone the tother syid,
Thair trumpetis blew and tabernis in that tyde. Lib. 4, f. 50. Col. 1.
Th[a]ir bowmen bald formest than tuke the feild,
With scharpe schutting tha schure throw mony scheild.
The flanis flew like fyre out of the flint;
Throw all thair stufe, that tyme or tha wald stynt,
Tha maid no baid quhill tha come to the bane;
Throw all thair geir tha gart thame grow and grane.
Lang so tha schot, ay flich[t] efter flicht.
Swetonius, that wes bayth wyss and wicht,
Ane battell buskit all in curage clene,
With leg harnes like as the siluer schene,
Into the feild to enter with ane fray,
And brek the bowmen out of thair array.
Than king Corbreid persauit that in plane,
And sone ane battell buskit hes agane
Of bernis bald, his bowmen to reskew,
And better bergane thair begouth of new.

How the Albionis tynt the Feild, and of thame that war slane on euerie Syde, and of the Deid of Rodorick, the Nobill Deyne.

So lang that da tha fauch[t] on fit and horss,
The Albionis were maid to fle on force;
And thocht the Romanis wald the feild that da,
Tha bocht it deir, that dar I hardlie sa.
Off auchtie thousand tha brocht to the feild, Col. 2.
The half of thame that da and ma wes keild:
Of Albionis, vpoun the other syde,
Auchtie thousand wer slane in that tyde:
Morauiens, of most part in that steid,
With Rodorik thair gouernour, la deid.
In that battell it wes rycht euill to ken
Quha previt best, the wemen or the men.
Dame Pantasall, of Amasone the quene,
Faucht neuir at Troy mair cruellie nor kene,
With hir dochteris, that dar I hardlie sa,
No in that feild faucht gude quene Voida.
Hir wemen all war slane that da ilkone,
Hir dochteris baith into the feild were tone.
Dreidand also or scho suld taikin be,
Thair with ane dart scho maid hir self to de.
Hir dochteris bayth to the legat wer led,
Evin as thai faucht into thair curage cled.

How Westmaria was callit that Name be Maurius efter his Name, quha[1] wes ane greit Nobill of the Romanis, as efter followis.

Ane nobill man, callit wes Maurius,
Of the Romanis with this Swetonius,

[1] In MS. *quhair.*

This king Corbred syne efter all his tyme,
In gude concord but ony caus of cryme,
With all his lordis ay he led the law,
Bayth ȝoung and ald of him tha stude sic aw.
Ane lang tyme so in peice his lyfe he led,
And with his legis lowit wes and dred.
Quhen of his ring compleit wes auchtene ȝeir,
He tuke his leif, and baid no langar heir,
The ȝeir of God sewintie and als one;
With greit honour syne till his graif is gone.
Ane better king that tyme nor he wes ane,
In Albione ȝit wes thair neuir nane.
Rycht leill he wes and full of libertie,
To riche and pure with sic equalitie,
That euerie man did greitlie him commend.
At Ewone, quhair he maid his latter end,
Thair thai graifit him[1] of ane kinglie wyss,
With ceremonie and solemp sacrifice.
Syne on his graif thai maid ane greit grene hill,
Quhilk in that steid standis thair stane still.

Efter the Deith of Corbredus, how the Lordis convenit in Argatelium, and crownit ane Man to be King of Scottis wes callit Dardan.

Efter the deith than of this nobill king,
Quhilk had thre sones that tyme that wes ȝing,
Corbreid the tane, Tulcanus hecht the tother,
Brecus the thrid, that wes the ȝoungest bruther.
This ȝoung Corbred, as my author did sa,
Fosterit he wes with gude quene Voida,
Of Britane quene, befoir as ȝe ma reid,
And sister als scho wes to king Corbreid,

[1] In MS. *him thair.*

Ane callit Conan[1] of rycht law degre,
Quhometo this king gaif sic auctoritie,
And of his cors he had alhaill the cuir,
Syne wnder him sic office that he buir,
As euir he wald all wes wrocht at his will,
Durst na man sa syne that he had done ill.
Throw the fals counsall to the king he gaif,
He causit him auctoreis mony ane knaif
Wes of his kin, and lychlie euerie lord,
Quhilk wes the caus sone efter of discord.
Thir harlottis, syne quhen that thai drew to hicht,
With sic desyre to riches and to mycht,
Rycht mony falt into thair tyme thai fand,
Fra lord and laird for to recogneis land;
That mony ane forfaltit wes that tyme
Throw thair counsall, but ony caus or cryme;
Thair landis all gaif thame to thair reward:
Of euerilk loun so hes he maid ane laird.

How Dardan gart sla ane greit Man of Gude, becaus he gaif him gude Counsall.

Ane man of gude, that tyme that had greit cuir,
That justice wes, and lang that office buir
Vnder Corbred, the quhilk wes king befoir,
All man him louit that tyme les and moir,
Rycht quietlie hes accusit this king,
Beseikand him for to reforme sic thing.
And quhen this king his mynd so wnderstude,
To him that tyme he said nothing bot gude,
And him excusit alss weill as he mocht.
Sone efter that greit tressoun hes he wrocht:
With fals treittie, and ane subtill trane,
Rycht suddanelie this saikles man hes slane,
Be this counsall of quhome I tald befoir.
And syne efter, the langar ay the moir,

[1] In MS. *to name.*

He grew so wickit and so full of will,
So odious till all man and so ill,
That euerie man him haittit to the deid,
And as thair fa had him at als greit feid.

Lib. 4, f. 51. Col. 1.

How King Dardane feit ane Tratoure to sla the Thrie Sonis of King Corbred, and how tha eschaipit.

Efter ane falt thair followis sone ane vther;
ȝe knaw the tone, now sall ȝe heir the tother.
Throw greit desyre of vanitie and gloir,
Lyke in this lyfe he suld be euir moir,
Consauit hes sua curst ane crwell thing
Agane the barnis of gude Corbreid the king.
That is to say, he hes tane in his heid,
Rycht cruellie to put thame all to deid.
Ane lous lymmer to quhome he hes hecht land,
Full hardalie hes tane that thing on hand,
Rycht quyetlie, withoutin ony noy,
The thrie childer rycht sone for to distroy.
Syne tuke his leif and fra him hes he gone,
And passit hes onto the Yle of Mone;
And thair he la lang waittand on his tyme
Convenient wes for to commit sic cryme.

[redacted]

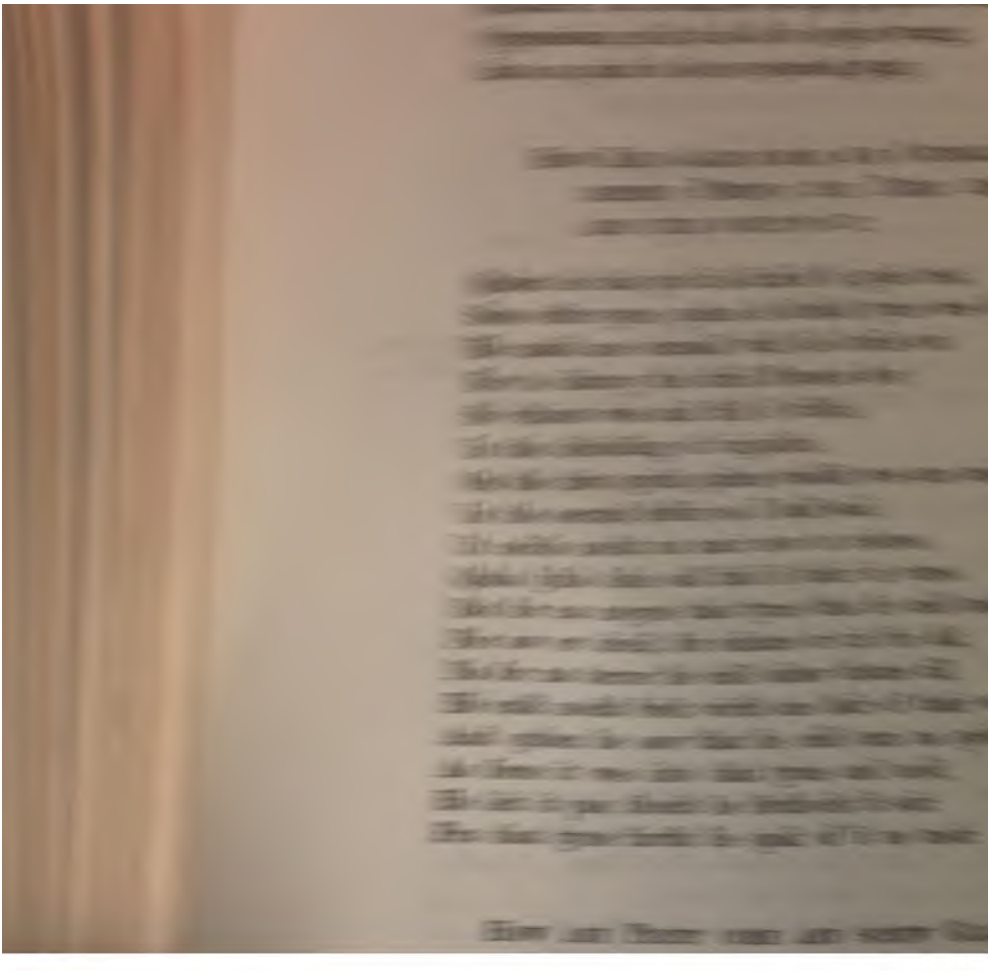
How the Lordis of Scotland conspyrit aganis Dardane, makand ȝoung Corbred thair Captane, and slew Dardane.

This cruell thing fra tyme that it wes knawin
Ouir all the land, and to the lordis schawin,
Rycht suddantlie, and for the samin thing,
Conspyrit hes aganis this crwell king.
This ȝoung Galdus quhilk wes of lauchfull eild
Rycht sone with him thai haif all tane the feild.
This ilk Conan, of quhome befoir I tald,
Trowand on force to gar thai lordis fald,
Forȝet him self wes of sua law degrie,
And preissit hes than for to clim ouir hie.
Quhilk previt weill, as I sall efter tell,
With mony berne he bownit to battell,
Of Dardanus for to defend the rycht.
Bot fra thai come into ȝoung Galdus sycht,
His men all fled and left him in that steid,
Him self wes tane and hangit to the deid.
He maid sic end as he seruit to haif;
First he begouth in ȝouthheid of a knaif;
Syne efterwart he causit greit discord,
And ceissit nocht quhill he wes maid ane lord;
Syne, for his malice and his greit mischief,
In his last hour he endit lyke ane theif; Col. 2.
As mony ȝit sall do, I am rycht suir,
Of king or prince and thai haif ouir greit cuir,
Bot thai be wyss and gyde thame self rycht weill.
This Dardanus, thairof quhen he had feill,
And of all thing quhen that he knew the cace,
Knawand also he had no suir place
Quhair he him self micht suirlie remane,
He drew ane knyfe his awin self to haif slane.
Bot or he drew ane drop than of his blude,
With his seruand, that neir hand by him stude,

And thankit thame with countenance bening,
Of thair kyndnes the quhilk had maid him king.
Syne he hes sworne befoir his lordis all,
For ony thing that efter may befall,
But thair counsall that he sall do na thing,
Gude or ȝit ill, belangand to ane king.
Quhilk causit him greit kyndnes for to haif
Of his lordis, siclyke of all the laif.
Ane greit nobill wes this ilk king Corbreid;
The king of Pechtis dochter sone we reid,
To king Corbreid the eldest sone alsua,
And bruther sone to gude quene Voida,
The oy also of nobill Cadallane,
That in his tyme sa mekill worschip wan. Lib.4,f.51b Col. 1.
Quhairfoir on force behouit him till be
Baith wyss and wicht, richt curtas and hardie.

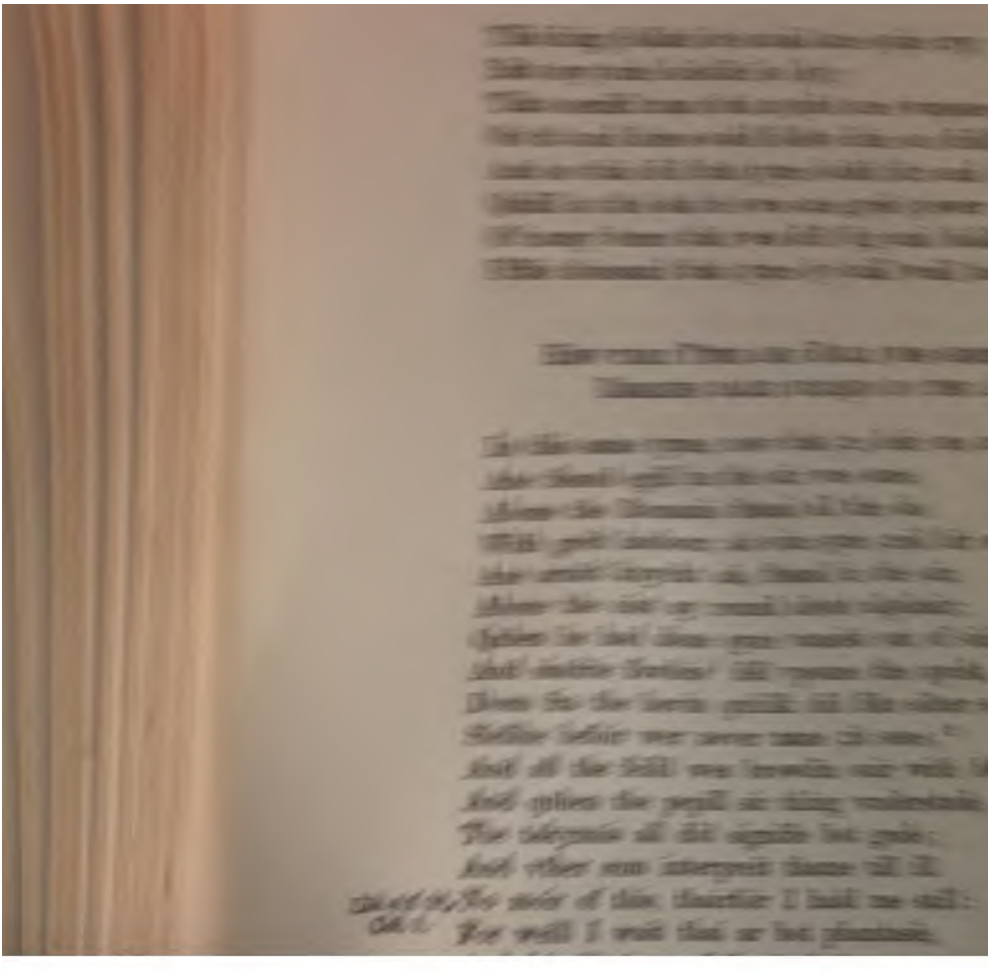
How Galdus the First ȝeir of his Ring puneist mony Theiff and Revar.

Into the first ȝeir of Galdus ring
He hes reformit mony faltie thing,
That faillit hes vnder Dardane befoir;
Of thift and reif he gart agane restoir.
In all his tyme he sufferit neuir no wrang
In ony pairt be vnpuneist ocht lang.
Into the Ylis he passit witht ane oist;
Quhair euer he come it wes ay on thair cost,
For thair he tuke rycht mony tratour strang,
Syne on ane gallous maid thame all to hang.
In the Skyan, and also in the Lewis,
He passit syne, quhair he fand mony schrewis:
Fra he come thair it wes nocht lang to craif
Siclike reward as he gaif to the laif.
Quhen in the Ylis he had maid gude rest,
He passit syne, quhen that him pleisit best,



Of ane legat callit Petellius,
With mony knycht and capitane curious, Col. 2.
Wes send, he said, fra gude Vespacian,
The quhilk in Rome the emprioure wes than,
Syne cuming wes throw all Britania,
With ane greit oist neirby his boundis la.
Als far, he said, as he[1] culd wnderstand,
He schupe rycht sone for to invaid his land.
Quhen this was said, rycht haistilie in hy,
Scharpe men on horss he hes send for to spy,
Quhilk wer expert and had ane rycht greit feill
Of all thing thai saw for to considder weill.
And so thai did, and spyit all the plane;
Quhen tha had done come hame rycht sone agane,
And schew till him of all thing ill and gude,
Of all the Romanis, and thair multitude;
Sa mony knichtis wnder scheild and speir,
So greit ordour and prouisioun of weir,
Wes neuir sene ȝit with na leuand man
In Albione sen weiris first began.
In that same tyme thai schew till him alsua,
How all the nobillis of Deria
And Ordolus had gevin the Romanis feild
Rycht crwellie, quhair thai wer ilkane keild.
This king Galdus, and his lordis ilkane,
Of tha tydenis greit terrour thai haif tane,
Sayand the Britis fremit war and fals;
Accusand thame of thair vnkyndnes als,
The quhilk for thame in mony stour that stude,
In thair defence had bled so mekill blude,
That wald nocht send ane boy anis with ane bill
To lat thame witt quhat wes the Romanis will.

[1] In MS. *I.*



Richt seindill sic is sene in ony place,
Amang gude men the quhilk hes faith and grace:
No marvell wes than sic thing for to se
Amang sic folk of infedilitie.
Bot now on dais richt seindill, as ȝe ken,
Sic thing ar sene amang gude Cristin men;
Thairfoir as now, heir will I hald me still,
And to my purpois pas agane I will.

How Exploratouris schew Galdus of the greit Power of the Romanis, and his Lordis gaif him Counsall nocht to gif Battell.

Exploratouris come till him and tald
How the Romanis, thair innimies of ald,
Come in thair boundis with greit boist and schoir,
Of sic ane fassoun come thai neuir befoir;
With so greit pryde, sic power and sic mycht,
As Albione had bene thair awin of richt,
In that beleif to conqueis all the land
But ony sturt, as nane durst make ganestand.
The lordis than sic counsall gaif the king,
For to be war and wyss in to that thing,
And nocht the battell ouir sone till assaill
Agane the Romanis and thair power haill;
Bot wyislie wirk that tyme for the nanis,
And put thame nocht in perrell all at anis;
Bot byde neirby togidder in thair sicht,
With counterene and skirmusche da and nycht;
With sic ane trane to hald thame ay on flocht,
And lang tarie, to preve gif that tha mocht
With walking, fasting and penuritie,
Gar thame be fane out of tha feildis to fle.
For weill thai wist sic tarie and tha maid,
Within tha boundis oucht lang and tha baid,

How Galdus, seing his Men abhor with Battell, maid his Oresoun to thame.

Quhen king Galdus hes sene thame in sic feir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw ȝow heir.
" Dreid nocht," he said, "for all ȝone multi- 10,315
tude,
" For weill I wait and ȝe rycht wnderstude
" ȝone folk," he said, "that travellit hes so far,
" Rycht eith it is to put thame to the war;
" Quhilk on thair fit sa mony myle hes gane,
" And in thair travell hes sic trubill tane, 10,320
" And of weilfair also hes had greit want,
" Quhairfoir thai ar maid febill, waik,[1] and fant,
" And all thair bodie tyrit and rycht sair,
" That thai dow nocht thair harnes for to bair;
" Quhairfoir in feild thai may nocht weill indure. 10,325
" And of ane thing I am sicker and suir,
" Within our self vnbrokin now at hame,
" Ane of ws may stand for tua of thame;
" For thai haif tynt baith power, strenth, and
mycht,
" And suith it is that we haif all the rycht. 10,330
" Traist weill," he said, "withouttin ony faill,
" Suppois rycht lang that thai haif done prewaill,
" That ouir goddis, for all thair strenth and
mycht,
" Sum tyme will mak thame rycht law for to
lycht,
" The quhilk hes bene richt obstinat so lang, 10,335
" Ouir all the warld wirkand so mekill wrang,
" And throw thair pryde hes spilt so mekle blude.
" Traist weill," he said, "it may nocht turne to gude."

[1] In MS. *maid.*

And euerie bank with brycht blosum had beild,
Petelius than fuir furth to the feild;
And in his strenth wald na langar remane,
Bot with his power passit to the plane.
This Galdus than, with his counsall alhaill,
Decreittit hes no moir for to assaill
With plane power agane the Romanis mycht,
In sic battell nother be da nor nycht.
For-quhy thai thocht sic thing wes rycht vnsuir,
All on ane da to put in aventure,
As thai war wont rycht oft befoir till do,
Bo[t] tak the Romanis as thai mycht win to;
Buschit about neir hand thame for to ly,
Ouir all the plane expertlie for till spy
Quhen ony Roman raikit fra his oist,
To call him hame agane of his awin cost.
And so thai did rycht lang, I bid nocht lane,
And mekill prickin oft maid ouir the plane.
The Brigantinis, for all the Romanis bost,
Full oft thai raid rycht neir the Romanis ost,
And mony saidill temit as I hard tell,
Quhill efterwart sic aventure befell.

How Wodicia, the Dochter of Voyeda, come on the Nycht in Brigantia vpoun the Romanis, and gaif thame ane Fray and slew mony of thame.

Lib. 4, f. 53. Col. 1.

The ȝoungest dochter of quene Woyeda,
Quhilk callit wes to name Wodicia,
The eldest than wes weddit with ane ring
With Marius that wes of Britane king,
Into Britane he wald nocht lat hir dwell.
That samin tyme, as my author did tell,
Into Brigance scho come vpoun ane nycht;
With hir that tyme war mony worthie wicht,
That flemit war fra the Romanis and fled;
Scho wes thair gyde, thair leidar that thame led.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

On to ane strenth thai haistit thame in hy,
Or dreid the Romanis suld thair number spy.
Tha war ouir few to fecht vpone da lycht,
Suppois thai wer rycht hardie on the nycht,
Bot held [thame] with the honour that thai gat.
Petelius, quhen he persauit that,
That thai had fled so fast out of that place,
Forbad his men to follow or to chace; Col. 2.
Bot in that feild in ordour till remane,
Trowand that tyme it wes done for ane trane.

How Wodicia seigit Epiacum, and syne was tane with Tressoun and had to Petelius.

Vodicea vpoun the tother morne,
With all [hir] bernis baldlie blew hir horne,
With haltand hart that holie wes and hie,
So blyth thai wer than of that victorie.
To Epiacum syne thai maid thame boun,
And set ane seig rycht sone about the toun.
With lytill laubour sone the toun thai wan,
And euerie Roman that tyme, wyfe and man,
Bayth ȝoung and ald, that thai fand in that steid,
Without mercie thai pat thame all to deid.
Petelius, of this quhen he herd tald,
Of mony berne that wer bayth big and bald,
Ane staill gart la in till ane quyet place,
Out of the toun syne drew thame with ane chace.
Or euir scho wist, thair with hir weir men all,
The buschment brak about hir like ane wall.
In to that place thair war tha slane ilkone;
Vodicia[1] in handis als wes tone,

[1] In MS., and subsequently, *Vociada.*

How thair come ane Messinger to Petelius and schew him how all the Britis had rebellit agane him, and of his passing that Tyme into Kentschyre.

Sine efter this thair come ane messingeir
To him fra Kent, the quhilk hes lattin him heir
Of mony freik, that fersie wes and fell,
Ouir all Britane agane him did rebell;
And Marius, befoir that he maid king
Tha wald nocht thoill him into that land to ring;
Quhairfoir, he said, rycht sone and he cum nocht,
All wald be loist so deir that thai had bocht.
Petelius, quhen he knew that it wes sua,
With mony berne he bownit him till ga;
And tuke na tume into that tyme to tarie,
Bot set his courss and fast hidder did carie.
Lang thair he had penuritie and pane,
Or he thame brocht to his bondage agane.
The laif he left behind him in Brigance,
Tha wald nocht put thair sickernes in chance,
Keipit the strenthis that tyme that tha war in,
And wes content to hald that thai had wyn.

How Petelius departit this Lyfe into Trynovant, and how Julius Fronticius wes send in Britane.

Sone efter that this ilk Petelius,
In Trynovant, my author sais thus,
Throw sad seiknes assaillit him so soir,
He tuke his leif for he mycht leve no moir.
Quhen that his deith to Cesar wes maid kend,
Ane new legat in Britane sone he send,
Julius Fronticius callit wes to name.
In Rome that tyme quhen that he come fra hame,

How thair come ane Messinger to Petelius and schew him how all the Britis had rebellit agane him, and of his passing that Tyme into Kentschyre.

Sone efter this thair come ane messingeir
To him fra Kent, the quhilk hes lattin him heir
Of mony freik, that fersie wes and fell,
Ouir all Britane agane him did rebell;
And Marius, befoir that he maid king
Tha wald nocht thoill him into that land to ring;
Quhairfoir, he said, rycht sone and he cum nocht,
All wald be loist so deir that thai had bocht.
Petelius, quhen he knew that it wes sua,
With mony berne he bownit him till ga;
And tuke na tume into that tyme to tarie,
Bot set his courss and fast hidder did carie.
Lang thair he had penuritie and pane,
Or he thame brocht to his bondage agane.
The laif he left behind him in Brigance,
Tha wald nocht put thair sickernes in chance,
Keipit the strenthis that tyme that tha war in,
And wes content to hald that thai had wyn.

How Petelius departit this Lyfe into Trynovant, and how Julius Fronticius wes send in Britane.

Sone efter that this ilk Petelius,
In Trynovant, my author sais thus,
Throw sad seiknes assaillit him so soir,
He tuke his leif for he mycht leve no moir.
Quhen that his deith to Cesar wes maid kend,
Ane new legat in Britane sone he send,
Julius Fronticius callit wes to name.
In Rome that tyme quhen that he come fra hame,

How thair come ane Messinger to Petelius and schew him how all the Britis had rebellit agane him, and of his passing that Tyme into Kentschyre.

Sone efter this thair come ane messingeir
To him fra Kent, the quhilk hes lattin him heir
Of mony freik, that fersie wes and fell,
Ouir all Britane agane him did rebell;
And Marius, befoir that he maid king
Tha wald nocht thoill him into that land to ring;
Quhairfoir, he said, rycht sone and he cum nocht,
All wald be loist so deir that thai had bocht.
Petelius, quhen he knew that it wes sua,
With mony berne he bownit him till ga;
And tuke na tume into that tyme to tarie,
Bot set his courss and fast hidder did carie.
Lang thair he had penuritie and pane,
Or he thame brocht to his bondage agane.
The laif he left behind him in Brigance,
Tha wald nocht put thair sickernes in chance,
Keipit the strenthis that tyme that tha war in,
And wes content to hald that thai had wyn.

How Petelius departit this Lyfe into Trynovant, and how Julius Fronticius wes send in Britane.

Sone efter that this ilk Petelius,
In Trynovant, my author sais thus,
Throw sad seiknes assaillit him so soir,
He tuke his leif for he mycht leve no moir.
Quhen that his deith to Cesar wes maid kend,
Ane new legat in Britane sone he send,
Julius Fronticius callit wes to name.
In Rome that tyme quhen that he come fra hame,

How thair come ane Messinger to Petelius and schew him how all the Britis had rebellit agane him, and of his passing that Tyme into Kentschyre.

Sone efter this thair come ane messingeir
To him fra Kent, the quhilk hes lattin him heir
Of mony freik, that fersie wes and fell,
Ouir all Britane agane him did rebell;
And Marius, befoir that he maid king
Tha wald nocht thoill him into that land to ring;
Quhairfoir, he said, rycht sone and he cum nocht,
All wald be loist so deir that thai had bocht.
Petelius, quhen he knew that it wes sua,
With mony berne he bownit him till ga;
And tuke na tume into that tyme to tarie,
Bot set his courss and fast hidder did carie.
Lang thair he had penuritie and pane,
Or he thame brocht to his bondage agane.
The laif he left behind him in Brigance,
Tha wald nocht put thair sickernes in chance,
Keipit the strenthis that tyme that tha war in,
And wes content to hald that thai had wyn.

How Petelius departit this Lyfe into Trynovant, and how Julius Fronticius wes send in Britane.

Sone efter that this ilk Petelius,
In Trynovant, my author sais thus,
Throw sad seiknes assaillit him so soir,
He tuke his leif for he mycht leve no moir.
Quhen that his deith to Cesar wes maid kend,
Ane new legat in Britane sone he send,
Julius Fronticius callit wes to name.
In Rome that tyme quhen that he come fra hame,

The cankarit Scottis that neuir ȝit wes trew,
And leid but lautie as he rycht weill knew;
Sayand, Cesar and his counsall that tyde
Decretit had fra battell neuir to byde,
Quhill the leist boy of all the Scottis blude
Distroyit wer or put in seruitude.
Remember als of the greit harme and skaith,
Ostorius and Aulus Dedius baith
Had win to thame, bot schort quhile of befoir,
The quhilk to thame, he said, ȝit sat full soir:
And gif he thocht that he wald nocht do sua,
He him declarit for the Romanis fa.

How the King of Pechtis maid Ansuer to the Herald send to him be Julius Fronticius.

This king agane sic ansuer than maid he,
Sayand, "It is greit mervell vnto me,
" Quhat causis thame sic querrell for to haue
" Agane the Scottis, or be quhat law thai haif
" Thair heretage, suppois it be bot small,
" Quhilk gevin is thame be thair godis all.
" And sen it is thai wirk efter thair will,
" But rycht or ressone, justice or but skill,
" Takand no tent to law nor equitie,
" Quhairfoir I traist that all sic greit wrang be;
" And for the Scottis that thai call so fals,
" So full of tressoun and als so vntrew als,
" Rycht weill I wait thairof falslie thai leid,
" Tha ar rycht trew bayth into word and deid.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "for buit or ȝit for baill,
" To thame I think neuir for to falt nor faill;
" Nor brek the band to thame that I haif maid, Lib. 4, f. 54. Col. 1.
" That we haif bund with baith our seillis braid.
" Greit wrang it wer my oblissing to brek:
" This is my ansuer," said he, " in effect."

How Galdus come to Saluria with ane greit Armie, and defendit the Bordour all that Tyme manfullie.

his same tyme, king Galdus with ane oist,
ome throw Kyle in by the west se cost,
ı mony one that worthie wes and wicht,
reist plait, birny, and in brasar bricht;
elme and hewmat with bricht brand and speir,
all wapoun that neidfull war in weir:
plantit palzeonis doun vpoune the plane.
is cuming Saluriens wer fane;
eittit hes, as I haif said befoir,
ı haill power to gif thame feild no moir,
kand that wes wnsicker and wnsuir,
ut thame all in sic aventure.
als Fortoun thai had so fremmit feill,
ontrair wes in turning of hir quheill;
es na speid that tyme tha vnderstude,
ut in perrell all the multitude.
quhilis on fit to feir thame with ane fray,
tyme on hors thair gyding till assay,
tyme with bowmen for to mak ane bikker,
keip the greit staill out of danger sicker,
by in sicht the forrow to reskew,
that thai preis with pricking thame persew;
so on force that tyme thai sould be fane
urne bakwart into Brigance agane.
so thai wrocht ane lang tyme of the zeir,
ı so greit sturt thai held thame ay on steir,
ı mony forra oft syis to and fra,
ı countering and carmusche euerilk da.
grumes gay hes oft met on the grene
ir mony saidill temit wes betuene,
t mekill blude, and mony brokin bane;
resoneris on euerie syde wes tane,

Col. 2.

Fyve thousand men, that weill culd weild a brand,
He hes left thame for to defend the land
Aganis the Romanis of sic boist and schoir,
Of the same fassoun as he did befoir.
And syne efter, with greit difficultie,
On ane horss litter that wes maid of tre,
In to ane bed rycht softlie tha him buir
To Argatill ouir mony moss and mure:
And all the laif ar passit hame agane, Lib.4,f.54b, Col. 1.
Exceptand thame wes maid thair to remane.
Efter that Galdus passit hes awa
Tha tuke na scaling nother nycht nor da;
Bot furiouslie, siclike as of beforne,
Of greit heirschip of victuall[1] and of corne,
On euerilk syde with battell and greit blude,
The victorie richt oft in doubt it stude.
And thus thai wrocht ane lang quhile into weir,
Quhill efterwart hapnit as ȝe sall heir.

How that the Scottis, wnwittand of ony Euill, wes vmbeset with the Romanis and Thrie Thousand of thame slane.

Vpoun ane tyme it hapnit so on cace,
The Scottis all convenit in ane place,
Into counsall thair ordinance to mak;
Vnwist of thame the Romanis at thair bak
So neir thai la the Scottis mycht nocht fle,
That force it wes other to do or de.
The Scottis men, quhilk war bayth stout and strang,
In [to] the feild that da [tha] faucht so lang,
Thre thousand men that tyme of thame wer slane;
The laif all fled na langer mycht remane.
Off this battell the infortunitie,
The wratchit end and greit miseritie,

[1] In MS. *battell.*

To cunnyng men that wer expert and fyne
In all science, phisick and medicyne.
And so he did; sone efter on ane da,
He tuke his leif and passit hame awa.
Quhat auenture that he efter befell
Than lyfe and deid I can nocht to ȝow tell.
Thairfoir I lyke nocht in sic thing remane,
Bot to my taill now turne will I agane.

How Domitianus the Emprioure, efter the Passage of Fronticius, send Julius Agricola in Britane.

In Rome that tyme thair wes ane empriour,
Hecht Domitian, quhilk wes of greit honour;
And quhen he knew Fronticius left Britane,
And cumin wes in Italie richt than,
Ane nobill man, my author tellis thus,
The quhilk to name wes callit Julius
Agricola, with mony nobill man,
Directit hes to pas into Britane,
Efter Fronticius for till haif the cuir;
His leif he tuke, syne furth with thame he fuir.
Of all the Romanis that tyme les and moir,
The maik of him come neuir thair ȝit befoir
Into Britane for till haif ony steir,
Quhilk previt weill as ȝe sall efter heir;
He did als far excell thame euerie wycht,
As dois the mone the sternis in the nycht.

How the Romanis passit to spuilȝie Ordalicium, and how the Men of Ordalis slew all the Romanis.

In the same tyme the legat wes absent,
The Romanis raid rycht baldlie ouir the bent,

And fra he knew that all the South wes leill,
No danger wes than with the North to deill.
Quhen that wes done he purposit in the North,
With all his power for till pas ouir Forth.

How Julius Agricola passit to Ordalucium, and how the Men thairof faucht with him to Deid.

Sone efter that, this Jule Agricola
With all his power passit on ane da
To Ordulus, quhair that he hard thame tell
Tha beirnis bald agane him did rebell;
Quhilk now contenis, ȝe sall wnderstand,
Eskdaill, Ewisdaill and Vallis Annand.
Of his cuming quhen that thai haif hard tell,
Tha left the plane and passit to the fell;
In craig and cleuche, in mony wod and glen,
Bayth ȝoung and ald that tyme la all the men.
In that same tyme this Jule Agricola,
Wnwist of thame, sone efter on ane da
He hes thame fund quhair that thai mycht nocht fle,
That force it wes other to do or de.

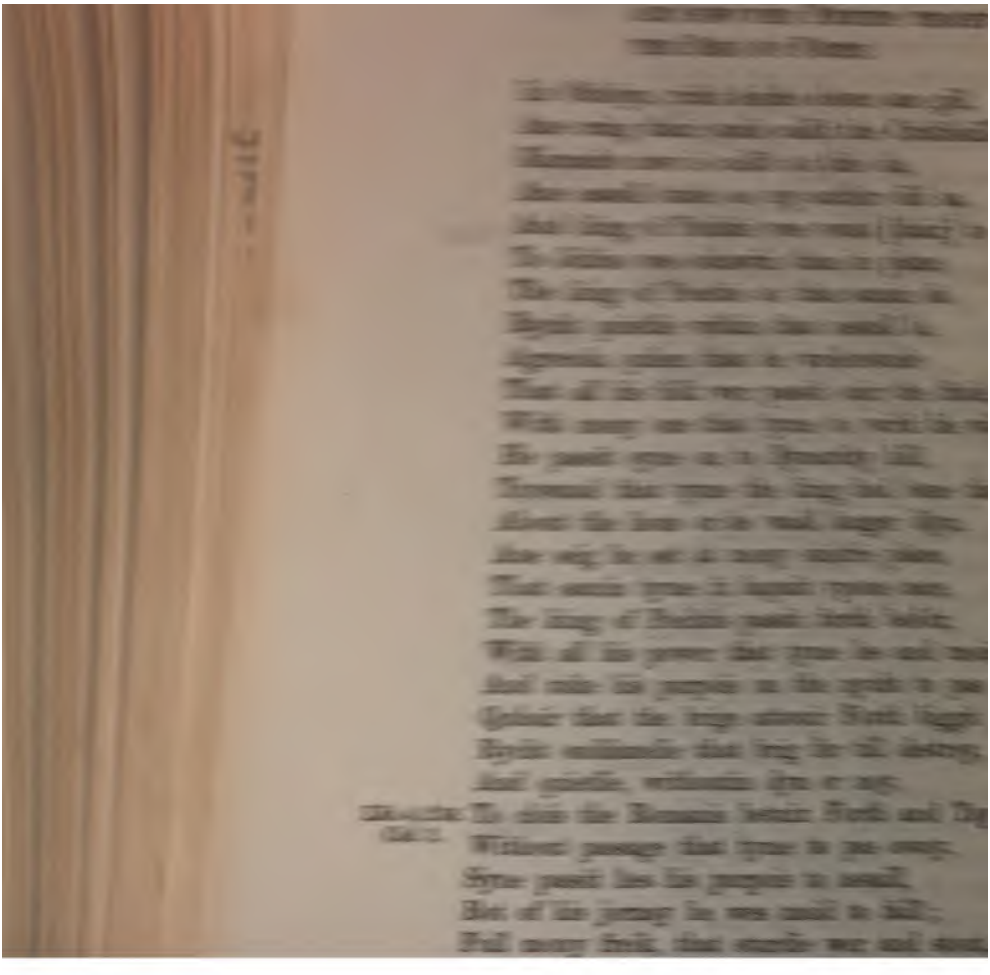
The Romanis had sic ordinance in weir,
The Pechtis docht to do thame lytill deir.
Amang thair feit thair fell baith ȝoung and ald
Als thik as scheip that lyis in ane fald,
That force it wes the Pechtis for till fle,
Or in that feild all fechtand for till de.
And quhen tha saw sic trubill thame betyde,
Turnit thair bak and wald no langer byde:
Syne to the citie of Camelidone,
King Caronat with all the laif is gone.

How the King of Pechtis gave Feild agane to Julius Agricola, and tynt that Feild siclyke as the tother.

This Caronat, that wes bayth wyss and wycht,
Greit diligence he hes done da and nycht,
And his lordis that wer nothing lidder,
Richt mony grume quhill tha gatherit togidder.
Syne with thair power passit to the plane
On the thrid day to gif thame feild agane,
With far war fortoun nor tha had befoir,
And war mycht be, and eik thairto far moir.
The nobillis all that da wer maid to de,
The king him self and all the laif to fle;
The toun wes tane als of Camelidone,
The citineris wer slane that tyme ilkone.
The king him self syne fled in to the north
With waill few folk beȝond the watter of Forth, Col. 2.
Till Otolyn, and thair ane quhile he la,
Quhilk Fyffe is callit now at this same da.
This Julius than wnderstude full weill,
Into his mynd als far as he had feill,
Greit perrell wes the North for till persew;
Full weill he wist that all the South wes trew.

How Julius in the nixt Symmer passit to Vicomagia, and syne throw Calidonia Wod.

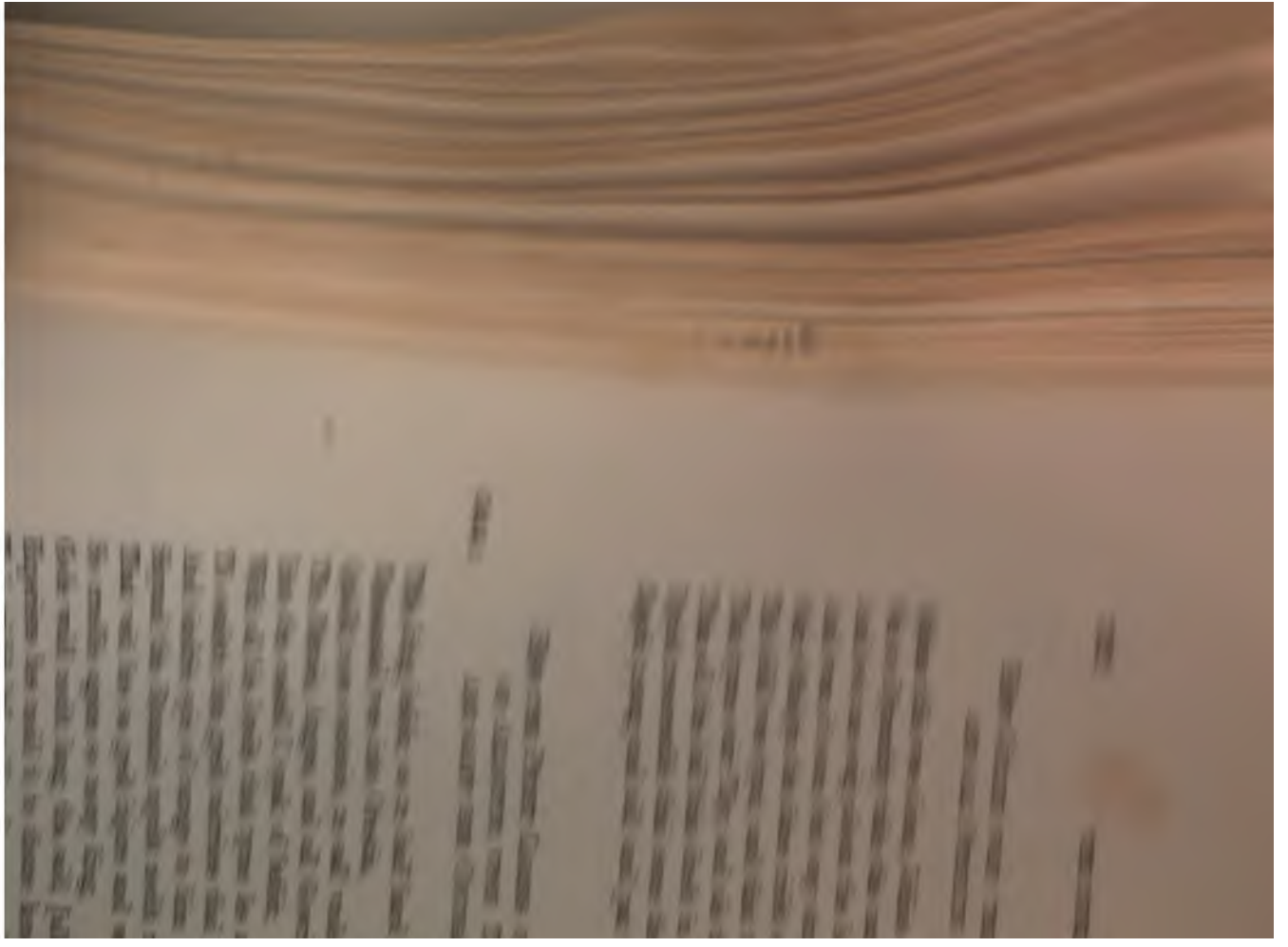
Quhen winter went with wedderis wan and weit,
And symmer come with soft sesoun and sweit,
With bemes bricht blenkand on euerilk beuch,
And all in clauer wes cled craig and cleuch,
The feildis fair, cled ouir witht sindrie hew,
Departit war with reid, ȝallow and blew;
The samin tyme Julius Agricola,
Within his strenth no langar that he la,
Bot to the feild he fuir with mony feir, Col. 2.
And mony knicht weill cled in armour cleir;
Syne passit is to Vicomagia,
Quhilk callit is now Stirling schire this da.
Out-throw the wod that tyme of Calidone,
With mony gydis hastelie is he gone;
That wod contenit in tha tymes ald
Fra Locquhaber at lenth to Cummernald;
Syne cuming is, at his plesour and will,
Into ane place callit the Dolorus Hill;
Quhair now standis the castell and the toun
Of fair Stirling quhilk is of sic renoun,
Quhilk callit wes the Dolorus Hill for-thi
Into the nycht thair hard wes mony cry
Rycht dolorous, with mony hiddeous schout,
With all the pepill duelt neirhand about.
Vpone the craig quhair the castell dois stand
Agricola ane failȝeit place thair fand,
Of litill fect and falling to the ground.
Agricola, quhen he that place had fund,
Remanit thair at greit lasar and lenth,
Quhill he of new reformit had that strenth
Of nobill werk ane castell richt decoir,
Farar befar nor euer it wes befoir;
Syne efter that ane brig ouir Forth he maid,
Rycht stark of tymmer baith lang and braid,



Far fra the brig than and the barris baith,
Sua at that tyme that lute him do na skayth.
Agricola, tha tydenis quhen he knew,
With ferme purpois the brig for to reskew,
With mony berne that wes fell bald and big,
He left the seig and passit to the brig.

How Agricola wan the Feild, and chaissit the King of Pechtis, and pat him ouir Tay.

And as the da depairtit fra the nycht,
The Pechtis come into the Romanis sycht,
In sic ane place quhair tha mycht nocht weill fle;
And quhen tha saw it micht na better be,
Tha tuke the feild that tyme baith gude and ill,
And tuke the chance Fortoun wald send thame till.
The Romanis wes than of sic multitude,
Sic fortoun had and als sic fortitude,
The Pechtis sone in that feild wer confoundit;
Mony war slane and mony deidlie woundit.
The king him self wes maid to flie his way,
And chasit als quhill that he come till Tay;
And on the flude ane bot thairat he fand,
Quhairin he passit to the tother land.
Vpone the north syde of the samin flude
Ane strang castell vpone ane strenth thair stude,
The quhilk Alloctum callit wes to name,
Into that tyme of greit honour and fame,
With mony tour and turrat that wes hie,
Quhair now standis the gude toun of Dundie.
The king of Pechtis ane lang tyme of the ȝeir
Remanit thair, as ȝe sall efter heir.



Thocht tha war lordis of this warld all,
Fortoun richt sone suld mak thame for to fall,
And him agane restorit for to be,
Baith to his land and eik his libertie;
And bad him nocht na vther till presume,
Godis, thai said, had gevin that same dome.
For all the confort that tyme thai culd mak,
It causit him na curage for to tak;
He knew the Romanis had sic strenth and mycht
And sic fortoun in all tyme da and nycht,
Vnpossibill wes thair power to ganestand,
That victor was in all and sindrie land.
With lang adwysing oftymes to and fro,
Syne at the last it wes devysit so,
In haist ane herald to send to Galdus king,
And schew till him the maner of this thing;
And beseik him with all humilitie,
Him for to help in sic necessitie,
Quhilk did appeir the langar ay the moir,
And for the freindschip langtyme of befoir,
With greit bandis betuix thame that had bene
Ay to that tyme vnmaculat so clene.

How the King of Pechtis send ane Herald to King Galdus for his Supplie, and of his Ansuer agane.

Thair wes no moir to mute into that thing,
Quhill sone the herauld passit to the king.
Syne on his kne befoir him that he fell,
Syne word by word, as ȝe haif hard me tell,
He schew till him with sircumstance rycht haill,
Fra end to end the text of all this taill.
Quhen that wes said befoir gude Galdus king,
Rycht sone agane he ansuerit to that thing:

Befoir thame thair wes than baith ȝoung and ald,
As I haif said the leist ane word he tald.
The Pechtis all thairof war weill content,
Heirand the ansuer that king Galdus sent;
Greit diligence thai haif done da and nycht,
Thair king to confort in all thing tha mycht.

How the Men of Saluria put out be Julius of befoir, come in agane and slew all the Romanis that thai fand thair.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
The men that fled out of Saluria,
As ȝe haif hard bot schort quhile of befoir,
Thay come agane that same tyme les and moir,
With greit power into that samin land;
And all the Romanis that tyme thairin thai fand,
Be Julius war left in euerie steid,
But dout that tyme thai pat thame all to deid.
And euerilk strenth, baith castell, tour and toun,
Evin to the erd richt law thai kest thame doun;
Syne corne and cattell all hes led awa,
And all the laif, as my author did sa,
Of that spuilȝie that micht nocht with thame pas,
In ane baill fyre thai brint [it] all in as.

How Julius passit agane to Saluria, and how the Scottis heirand of his cummyng fled out of that Land. Col. 2.

Quhen this wes tald to Jule Agricola,
Rycht sone he passit to Saluria,
With mony one that worthie wer and wycht;
He maid no tarie that tyme da nor nycht.

With greit laubour, with travell and with pane,
Or he reformit all thing new agane.
Of his cuming this ilk wes the ferd ȝeir
In Albione, quha lykis for till heir.
Quhen this wes done and symmer all wes past,
And winter come with mony bitter blast,
With frost and snaw and haill schouris rycht cald,
The Romanis drew to mony sindrie hald.

How Julius gaif his Schippis Command to pas about the Yle, and visie the North Part of Albione.

Lib. 4, f. 56.[1] Col. 1.

In symmer syne quhen the wadder grew warme,
That men mycht hald the hicht withoutin harme,
In Aprile, quhen weill lang wes the da,
Ane grit navin of mony schip thai la
Befoir the coist of Carrik and of Kyle,
Witht armit men to pas about the yle,
To serche and seik the north pairt of the land.
Than Julius hes gevin thame command
To wey anker and for to wend thair wa,
And so thai did sone efter on ane da,
Ay sailland furth aucht dayes still or nyne,
On till ane place that callit is Lochfyne;
In Argatill syne straik into the raid,
And in that place ane weill lang quhile thai baid.
In that same tyme this ilk Agricola
Departit hes out of Saluria,
With all his power passit syne ouir Clyde.
Sone be he come vpone the other syde,
Ane letter send thair come till him anone,
Than fra the captane of Camelidone.

---

[1] This is the second fol. 56.

Trowand thairfoir thai suld cum in his will.
The Romanis than quhen tha saw Argatill,
With montanis hie ascendand to the air,
With craig and cleuche and [mony] holtis hair,
With mos and mure and mony wodis wyld,
And ron and roche with mony rammall[1] ouirsyld,
So fleit all thai wer at the first luke,
And in thair mynd greit terror als tha tuke,
Tha thocht it wes impossibill to be
To thame to pas attouir the hillis he.
Ȝit neuirtheles so greit curage tha tuke,
For na travell that tyme that thai forsuik,
Als licht as lyn or ony leif of tre,
Tha passit all attouir thai hillis hie,
Quhill that thai come efter till Argatill,
Quhair thai remanit lang at thair awin will,
And ilk ane strenth befoir thame that thai fand,
Tha occupeit but stop or ȝit ganestand.
The pepill all that duelt in Argatill
Tha fled richt fast that tyme fra hill to hill,
In craig and cleuche thair self and gude to hyde;
Within thai boundis thai durst nocht thair abyde.
And thus the Romanis raid bayth vp and doun
In Argatill throw castell, tour and toun,

How ane Discord fell haistelie amang the Pechtis, and in seissing of that Discord thair King wes slane.

In this same tyme nów that ȝe heir me tell,
Harkin and heir sic aventure befell.
Corbredus Gald, that wes of Scottis king,
With all his lordis duchtie and conding,

[1] In MS. *rammall all.*

How Galdus tuke greit Displesour quhen he hard tell of the Slauchter of the King of Pechtis.

Quhen this wes schawin to gude Galdus the king,
Rycht sad he wes and sorrowfull for that thing;
And mad in mynd with dirk and havie cheir,
Than for the slauchter of his cousing deir,
Quhome that he louit as his hart alhaill,
And weill he wist that his purpois wald faill.
His lordis all befoir him he hes gart call,
That present wes that tyme bayth ane and all,
The commoun weill than in sic perrell stude;
Beseikand thame thair of thair counsall gude,
Than to devyss the best way that tha mycht
Aganes the Romanis for to defend thair rycht.

How Galdus and his Lordis devysit how thai suld mak Concord amang the Pechtis.

Than suddantlie to counsall ar tha went,
With mynd mature and mony argument;
So at the last togidder thai conclude
Wyse aigit men that wer of counsall gude,
Amang thame thair the most abill wer kend,
Rycht suddanelie than to the Pechtis send,
To caus that scisma rycht sone to be smord
And bring thame self agane to gude concord.
Syne efterwart, quhen tha had tyme and space,
For to convene togither in ane place,
Into ane feild quhair that tha suld nocht faill,
With plane battell the Romanis to assaill,
All on ane da in that beleif to be
Bondis for ay or euer moir be frie.

And thai agane hes grantit with gude will,
Sayand thai suld thair appetyte fulfill,
In the nixt symmer quhen tha mycht provyde,
Traist weill, tha said, tha sould na langer byde.
Galdus siclike in Yreland he hes send
For thair supple, syne as it wes weill kend,
That he and tha wer of the ald beforne
Baith of ane blude and of ane natione borne.
And thai siclyke promittit with gude will
Rycht sone in symmer for to cum thame till.
This king Galdus diuydit hes his ost
In sindrie pairtis, and syne endlang the cost
Of Calidone, neir by the wod thai lay,
That tha sould lat the Romanis of that way,
In mony strenth that eith wes to defend.
Agricola, quhen he thair counsall kend,
Na tuke mair feir thairof nor he had neid,
Vnknawin caicis causit oft greit dreid:
And for that caus full still he lay alone,
All that symmer come nocht throw Calidone.
Syne winter come with woderis cuill and cald,
And frost and snaw wes hiddeous to behald,
With bitter blastis baith of wynd and weit,
With furius flaggis of scharpe haill and sleit;
Sic crwell cald wes neuir sene beforne
In Albione sen ony berne wes borne;
Quhairfoir all battell of tha bernis bald,
Ceissit in winter for that cruell cald.
Quhen Aprile wes passit and ago,
And symmer come with soft seasoun also,
And birdis sang in to the schawes schene,
And euerie garth wes growand ouir all grene,
The feildis with flouris fretand flureist fair,
And all the hicht ouirheild with hailsum air,
Galdus the king, quhome of befoir I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,

How King Galdus was maid greit Governour of baith the Scottis and the Pechtis.

Than with consent that tyme of ald and ȝing,
The haill impyre thai gaif Galdus the king,
For all that ost for to be principall,
At his awin will ay for to weild thame all.
Fiftie thousand thai war be taill weill tald
Of mony berne that wes baith big and bald,
In breistplait, brasar, and in birny bricht,
Wes semblit thair befoir him in his sicht.
That samin tyme tha schew him on ane da,
In Calidone wod quhair that the Romanis la
Without ordour, wer skaillit to and fra,
So lytill dreid tha had than of thair fa.
Than king Galdus, for moir securitie,
Dewydit hes his greit ost into thrie;
Syne haistelie he thocht that samin da
To set on thame but ordour as thai la.
Ȝit neuirtheles his counsall wes maid knawin
To Julius, be ane spy it wes schawin;
Quhairfoir siclike quhair he lay by that cost,
In thre pairtis diuidit hes his ost,
With mony freik wes furneist for the feild.
Quhen Galdus knew his counsall wes reveild,
And of his purpois prevaill mycht he nocht,
Rycht suddanelie he changit than his thocht.
The narrest wing than of his ost he tuke
Of bernis bald, and bund attouir the bruik;
Syne to the Romanis richt on raikit he,
Quhair that thai la diuidit into thrie.
On the first feild thair sleipand quhair thai la,
He maid on set richt lang befoir the da;
And all the watchis suddantlie thai slew,
Or euer the laif mycht mak ony reskew;

Befoir to byde on the help and supple
Out of Denmark wes cumand be the se;
And for to mak, with commonis to and fro,
Impediment to the Romanis to go
Out of the cuntrie that tyme thai war in,
Forder till go new landis for to wyn.

How Julius passit throw Calidonia ouir Awmound to Tay, and maid ane Brig of Tymmer ouir Tay.

Agricola so wes of his intent,
Trowand nothing mycht mak impediment,
He and his oist with thair gydis ar gone
Out throw the wod that tyme of Calidone,
And syne ouir Awmound tuke the narrest way,
Quhill that he come on till the water of Tay,
Quhair brig or furd in that tyme fand he nane. Lib.4,f.57b. Col. 1.
Than on the watter vpwart ar thai gane,
Seikand ane furd, bot zit thai fund it nocht.
Syne quhen thai saw all wes in vane tha wrocht,
Into ane place quhair he thocht best to big
Attouir the flude that tyme ane tymmer brig,
In that same place remanit still and la,
Quhill efterwart hapnit as I sall sa.

How the King of Pechtis gart distroy the Toun of Colenum, that the Romanis suld nocht luge in it.

Vpone the north syid of the water of Ta,
Foirnent the place quhair the Romanis la,
Ane toun thair stude of greit honour and fame,
The quhilk Colenum callit wes to name;
Within ane plane vpoun ane plesand hycht,
With dowbill dykis and wallis that wer wycht,

This king Galdus, thair cuming quhen he knew,
And of the causs of thair cuming than schew, Col. 2.
Ilk word by word thai gart thame vnderstand,
He grantit thame than into Murra land
Amang thair freindis to remane and dwell;
Morauiens, as ȝe mycht heir me tell,
Schort quhile befoir come furth of Almanie;
The quhilk wer baith of ane genelogie.

How ane greit Armie come out of Denmark be Se and arryuit into Tay, for to supplie the Scottis and the Pechtis.

Sone efter that, within ane litill quhile,
Out of Denmark be se burd mony myle,
Ane greit armie in Albione wes send
Of Scot and Pecht the richtis to defend,
Agane the Romanis quhilk hes wrocht sic wrang
Within thair[1] boundis quhair tha lay so lang.
In that same tyme, sone efter on ane day,
With all thair schippis in the watter of Tay
Tha enterit in and passit to the land,
And left thair schippis rydand be the sand.
Ten thousand men tha war be taill weill tald,
With thair capitane baith bellicois and bald,
Gildo to name; ane greit nobill wes he,
In all Denmark most of auctoritie;
With wyne and victuall, hors, harnes, and geir,
And all sic thing that neidfull war in weir.

How Garmardus, the King of Pechtis, come and met this Gildo or he come to the Toun.

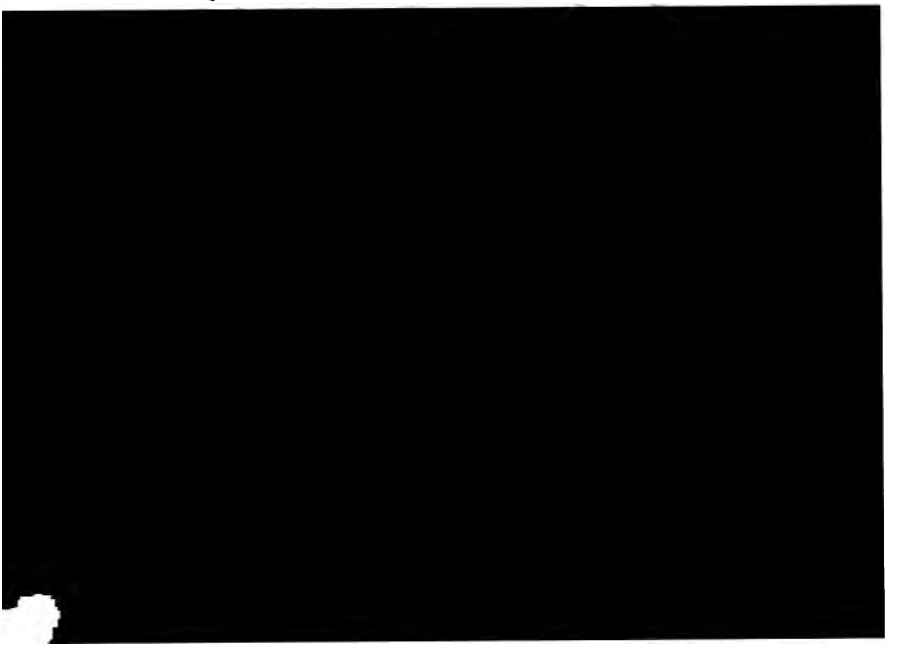
This king Garmard, no langar he wald duell,
Of his cuming quhen that he hard tell.

[1] In MS. ȝour.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] can write, 11,[illegible]
[illegible] infinite.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 11,[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] THE [illegible] OF
[illegible] THE [illegible] HE WES
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 11,[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] by the way
[illegible] 11,[illegible]
[illegible]



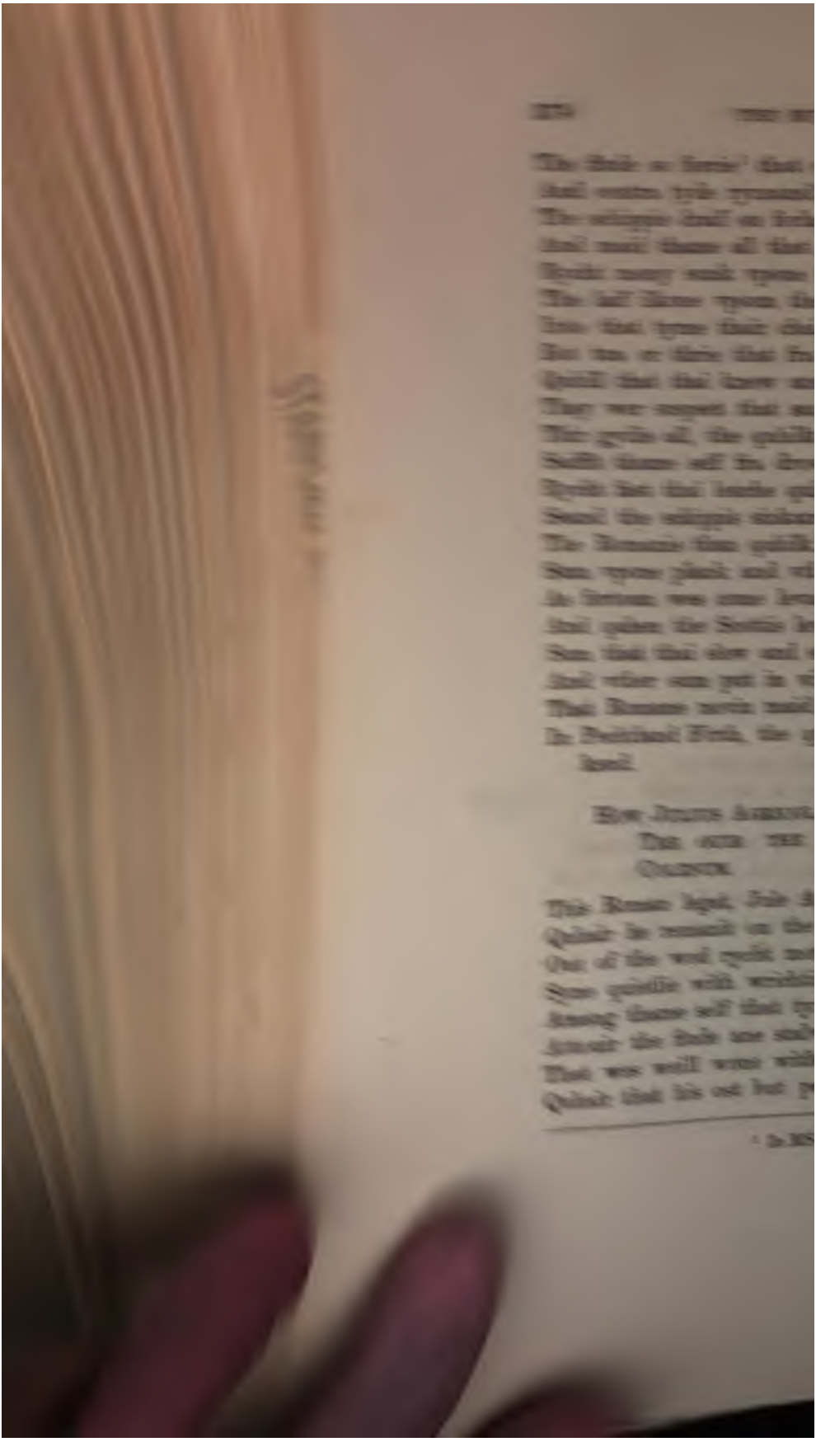
" And in thy beirnes standand heir about,
" Quhilk of thair bodie ar bayth bald and stout.
" Throw ȝow we traist for to releuit be
" Of seruitude and greit miseritie,
" Of travell and trubill that we haif suffrit lang
" Be the Romanis quhilk wirkis ws sic wrang.
" And now I traist into oure goddis all,
" Fortoun sum tyme sall mak thame for to fall,
" And we haif thame haill victor for to be;
" So gude beleif," he said, "we haif in the."
Quhen that king Galdus had said till him so,
Meklie agane than said this ilk Gildo:
" Excelland prince, thow may rycht weill beleve
" My purpois is as I think for to preif,
" In gude or ill efter my facultie,
" With all power and possibilitie,
" In word and werk ay for to wirk ȝour will,
" And for that caus I am cuming ȝow till
" Aganis the Romanis revis ȝow ȝour rycht.
" Traist weill," he said, "and I had strenth or mycht
" As I haif will, ȝe suld revengit be
" Of tha catevis full of crudelitie.
" Beleif," he said, "that it sall ay be so,
" Out of this warld quhill I be maid till go."

How Galdus and Garmardus convoyit thir Daynis to the Toun, and syne gart bring thair Schippis about to Forfair for moir Securitie.

Quhen this wes said, tha kingis of renoun
Talkand thai raid togidder to the toun,
Hand for hand rycht hamelie he and he,
Remanit thair syne dayis tua or thre.
Syne efterwart, for greit danger and dout,
Thair schippis all thai haif gart bring about

And keip the se that nane suld fle away,
Syne for to meit him at Morauia.
At his command tha tuke the se ilkone,
Syne north about the narrest way is gone,
Endlang by Lorne and als Lochqhabria,
Throw all the ylis sailland to and fra.
Quhilis on se, and quhilis on [the] land,
Greit spulȝe maid of all thing that tha fand;
Rycht lang sailling thai[1] maid baith da and nycht,
Of Orkna quhill that thai come in sycht.
And quhen thai knew so greit perrell it wes,
Throw Pechtland Furth without ane gyde to pas,
Into ane yle thair befoir thame fand
The best schipman that wes in all that land,
Oft throw that firth had saillit to and fro,
In thair schippis thai maid thame for till go,
And rycht greit tretie maid him in that tyde,
Out throw the firth thame saiflie for till gyde;
Quhill at the last thai tuke the gyde on hand,
But ony stop thai gart thame vnderstand,
On throw the firth that thai suld gyde thame frie,
Without perrell on to the greit mayne se.
Ane vther way thai had than in thair heid; Lib.4,f.58b. Col. 1.
Tha thocht rycht weill that warit war the deid
To drowne thame all so mekill wrang had wrocht,
Of thair awin self that tyme thai raikit nocht.
The saillis all thai gart thame draw to top,
Sayand to thame that thai suld find na stop
In all that firth quhill thai war passit throw.
Syne as the flude begouth for till reflow,
Baith bark and barge, and vtheris grit and small,
Quhair that the perrell grittest wes of all,
Tha led thame in with musall, fuk, and mane,
Quhill be no way thai mycht returne agane.

[1] In MS. *that.*



In sindrie pairtis syne about that brig,
Of stane and tymmer strenthis hes gart big,
And stuffit thame with mony weirmen wycht,
To keip that brig and walk vpone the nycht;
For all that tyme that it suld tak na skayth
Of Scot and Pecht, the quhilk that thai dred bayth.
Syne with his ost and his gydis ar gone,
Neirby the fut of the Mont Grampione,
Quhilk callit is, befoir as it wes wont
In generall ouir all, the Scottis Mont. Col. 2.
Besyde ane flude, vpone ane plesand plane,
Thair he tuke purpois for to remane.

How the King of Pechtis send ane Herauld to Galdus, and schew him that Agricola wes cum ouir Tay.

The king of Pechtis, that tyme quhair he la
With all his lordis in Arestia,
Quhen that he knew rycht weill and vnderstude
Agricola wes passit ouir the flude,
Ane herald sone to king Galdus he send,
That of his cuming hes maid till him kend.
And quhen king Galdus sic thing vnderstude,
Convenit hes with ane greit multitude
Of mony berne, that weill durst byde thair bost,
Fourtie thousand he had into his ost,
Out-throw the mont quhill he come to the plane,
Quhair this king Garmard that tyme did remane,
With him Gildo he had that samin da,
Neirby the place quhair that the Romanis la.
Quhen that thir princes met vpoun the plane,
That euerie freik wes of his fallow fane,
In counsall all togidder syne is gone,
Bayth king and knycht witht vther mony one.
Efter lang speiking than of mony thing,
Amang thame all this nobill Galdus king,

" Wyfe nor man, freind nor ony vther,
" Ant or eme, sister or ȝit bruther;
" Ane man to flie will think bot lytill rak,
" Quhair na man is to speik of him greit lak.
" Lo quhair tha ly includit round about
" With wod and watter, quhair thai may nocht win out;
" Bot at oure will, how lang that euir it be,
" Closit thai ar in oure captiuitie.
" Oure goddis hes thame festnit in ȝone band,
" At thair plesour to put thame in oure hand.
" I ȝow beseik," he said, "with greit effect,
" To tak na terrour of ȝone vane effect
" Of [1] glitterand gold that ȝe se on thair geir,
" Or schynand siluer that now on thame thai weir.
" ȝone ma nocht saif thair bodie with ane snude,
" Nor ȝit dow nocht of ws for to draw blude."
Far mair he said na I will now reherss,
So langsum wer [2] to me to put in verss.
Quhen this wes said, thai bernis bald and stout,
For blythnes than thai sang all with ane schout
Into that steid with sic ane stalwart stevin,
Quhill that thair noyes rang vp to the hevin.
This wes thair sang, gif I richt wnderstude;
" O thow flour of knychtheid! O thow Galdus the gude!
" Oure law, oure lyfe, oure libertie and land,
" Oure hoip, oure heill, is all into thi hand.
" Heir we beseik," tha said, "oure [3] godis all,
" That thow this tyme sa fair fortoun befall,
" That throw thi strenth and greit nobilitie,
" All Albione be maid for to leve frie."
And thus thai sang in mony royall rout,
With greit laser, and mony rycht loud schout.

[1] In MS. *on*. | [2] In MS. *now*. | [3] In MS. *thair*.

" ȝone folk fra ws rycht oft befoir hes fled,
" Quhairfoir as now thai neid nocht to be dred.
" ȝone blait barbouris, but armour and but geir,
" But wit, wisdome, or prattik into weir,
" Far[1] eith tha ar now at this tyme to win:
" The feild is ouris or we battell begin."
Of this talking so greit curage thai tuke,
All dred and dreddour in that tyme forsuik;
But ony stop siclyke or tha wald stint,
Als ferce to fecht as fyre out of the flynt.

How Agricola, seand the Albionis of sic Power, arrayit all his Men within ane Strentht.

Agricola quhen he [than] vnderstude
The Albionis wer of sic multitude,
Arrayit hes his men within ane strenth
Quhair thai mycht ly into rycht litill lenth,
On euerie syde quhair tha wer out of dout
Of ony battell to cum thame about.
This king Galdus thairof did him begyle,
For euerilk wrink thair hes he fund ane wyle.
He set his feild furth on ane rowmar plane,
Quhair euerie grume mycht gang vther forgane;
Ane wyng also he set in euerie syde,
With thame till ga rycht mony gudlie gyde;
Syne streikit standartis heiche vpon the hevin.
Of trumpettis, tabernis, stalwart wes the stevin,
The clarione clinkit with ane mirrie cheir,
The bugillis blast wes hiddeous for till heir.
Thair stryvand stremaris wrocht all of greit gold wyre,
Thair browdin baneris flammand like the fyre,
Thair pensallis payntit all of sindrie hew,
Agane the schyning of the sone thai schew.

[1] In MS. *For*.

Thair basnetis brycht as onlyd bureall s
Circulit with sapheris as the siluer schone
Thair coit armour of most courtlie hew.
Lib. 4. Sm. Col. 1. With ruheis reid and mony sapheir blew.
With poleist peirle depantit ouir throw pry
And birneist gold bordourit throw bak and
Ane fairar sicht befoir saw neuir man
Off Adames seid, sen that the warld began.

How the Bowmen of Albione interr Feild, and how Agricola send Leg Harnes to brek thame.

Off Albione the bowmen strang and stuir,
Onto the feild befoir on fute thai fuir
With bowis big, quhilk war of nobill tre,
Bayth stark and teuch and of thair schutting fi
And felloun flanis heidit with hard steill,
Bayth greit and lang fedderit to flie rycht weill,
And on the Romanis lousit sone ane flicht,
And thocht[1] tha war bayth stalwart, stout and
wycht,
Tha gart thame wink that tyme in weir to se,
Quhill that the blude hes blindit mony ee.
Thair followit syne ane vther in the taill,
That scharper wer nor ony schour or haill
Throw all thair weid tha wrocht
wyde,

And crwell counter at thair cuming maid.
The bowmen still ȝit at thair bikker baid,
And of thair schutting lute the Romanis feill
Tha maid na stynt, but out-throw all thair steill,
Quhill that the schaftis schuke all into schunder,
Als reid as roiss the blude birst out wes vnder.
With targis braid, and mony glitterand scheild,
The Romanis rudlie ruschit in the feild.
The bowmen than to byde it wes na bute,
Tha had no lasar langar for to schute,
That force it was to lat thair bowis faw,
With buklaris braid brycht brandis out to draw;
And faucht so lang quhill thai wer neir confoundit,
Mony war slane and mony deidlie woundit.
Thair waponis waldin war nocht worth ane myte,
So blunt thai war on basnet wald nocht byte;
Leicht as ane leif, and waldin as ane wand,
At euerilk straik tha faldit to thair hand.

How King Galdus, seand his Archaris in sic Distres, send thame rycht sone Supple.

This king Galdus persauit that rycht weill:
Richt stalwart men with stiff axis of steill,
Buskit for battell all in till breith hew,
He send richt sone his archearis to reskew;
Quhilk enterit sone into the thickest thrang, Col. 2.
And rappit[1] on quhill all the ruvis rang.
At that counter full mony Romane knycht
Vpone the land full law wes maid to lycht;
With greit axis, weill grundin of hard steill,
Rycht mony knicht tha leirit thame to kneill.
The speiris lang, that wer bayth scharpe and squair,
In splendaris sprang aboue thame in the air;

[1] In MS. *rappand.*

Helme and hewmont wer hewin in schunder,
And heid and halss all hakkit that wes vnder;
Lymmis war lachit hard of be the kne,
Hanchis wer hewin hingand by the thie;
Sydis wer schorne with cruell waponis kene,
Quhill all the bowellis birst out on the grene;
Chowppis wer choppit of hard be the chin,
Baith heid and [h]als hewin war in twyn;
The brandis brycht batht in vthers blude,
Into that stour so stifflie that thai stude.
Wes neuir sene with na berne that wes borne
So fell ane faucht fyve hundreth ȝeir befoirne;
Nocht into Perss with knichtis curious,
Quhen Alexander slew king Darius;
No ȝit in Troy, quhen that the ferce Hector
Fechtand wes slane, quhilk wes of sic honor;
Nor ȝit in Aphrik, weill I wat also,
Quhen that the Romanis seigit Carthago.
Greit Julius, that wes of Romanis flour,
In till his tyme stude neuir in sic ane stour.
The Romanes faucht with prattik and with slicht,
The Albionis with strenth, force and mycht.
This king Galdus, [quhilk] wes bayth strang and stout,
Till all his captanis he raid round about,
And till his men quhair tha faucht in the feild,
Exhortand thame, quhill thai micht waponis weild,
Think on thair land, thair lyfe and libertie,
And of the Romanis to revengit be.
At his command so greit curage thai tuke,
That euerie berne, quhill he his lyfe mycht bruke,
Into that feild he thocht farair to de,
Out of that feild ane fute or he wald fle.

11,985 11,990 11,995 Lib. 4, f. 60. Col. 1. 12,000 12,005 12,010

Stone still thai faucht fra morne at hour [of] nyne
Quhill that the sone begouth for to declyne; Col. 2.
And quhen tha saw the da wes neir hand gone,
With greit curage, and sic desyre ilkone
Of ilk partie for till draw vtheris blude,
Into that stour so stranglie that thai stude,
Greit wounder wes other till heir or se,
Sen man wes maid, of sic ane mad[1] mellie.
The Albionis quhen that thair wapynis brak,
So laith tha war that tyme to tak ane lak,
Togidder ran, als round as ony roit,
And thrang thair thowmes in the Romanis throt.
The laif siclyke that fell into the feild,
Vpoun the Romanis quhair that thai lay keild,
Then with thair teith thai bait thame quhair tha la,
So greit invy at thame tha had that da.
Stone still tha faucht als lang as tha had lycht,
Quhill da wes gone and cumin wes the nycht;
Out of the feild neuir ane of thame wald flie,
Quhill it wes lait tha mycht na langar se.
With mekill skaith, but ony schame or lak,
Than[2] bayth the pairteis passit hes abak;
Fra tha mycht nocht ane freind ken be ane fa,
That causit thame out of the feild to ga.

TUENTIE THOUSAND WAR SLANE OF ALBIONIS AND DANIS, WITH THAIR CAPTANE GILDO, AND XII. THOWSAND ROMANIS.

This battell wes rycht bludie to thame bayth,
On euerie syde tha gat so mekle skayth;
Tuentie thousand that worthie war and wycht
Of Albionis war slane that samin nycht;

[1] In MS. *maid.*
[2] In MS. *That.*

For Galdus wes that tyme so full of cair
For gude Gildo that thai had loisit thair,
And mony mo that mekill wer to mene,
The bitter teiris birst fra baith his ene;
For than his mynd so mekill than wes marrit,
And fo[r] that caus the feild wes than deferrit,
Quhill efterwart thair strenthis micht renew,
And ȝoung childer to grittar stature grew.
This king Galdus, and king Garmard also,
With euerilk Dene and mony vther mo,
Tha tuke the mont ane lytill forrow da,
And all the laif thai gart gang hame thair wa;
Levit part into the feild all nicht,
To heit the fyris and gar thame burne rycht brycht,
And hornis blaw all nycht quhill it wes da,
Syne on the morne that thai suld cum thair wa.

How the Romanis stude all Nycht vpone thair Feit in Array, bydand Battell quhill on the Morne.

The Romanis stude all nycht into the feild,
In all thair armour baith with speir and scheild,
Into gude ordour rayit weill at richt,
Bydand battell quhen the da wes licht.
Syne on the morne, quhen that the da wes cleir,
Tha saw na thing about thame far or neir,
Man or beist appeirand thair that da,
Bot deid bodeis into the feild that la.
Thairof the Romanis tuke rycht sone consait,
That that wes done throw tressone and dissait;
Trowand king Galdus maid all for ane trane,
Without ordour to draw [thame] on the plane.
And vther sum, that wes no thing agast,
Stark counsall gaif to follow on thame fast,
Quhair euir thai fled that thai suld follouit be,
Trowand that tyme for feuenes thai did fle.

Fra his schippis that new wer cumin hame,
That all the laif wer drownit in to the fame
Be greit perrell that tyme in Pechtland Firth,
Trowand throw gydis to haif gottin girth;
Into that place thair wer thai perreist all
With storme and streme, with mekill wynd and wall;
And how thair gydis did thame all begyle,
That thai befoir thame fand in till ane yle,
Evin word be word the veritie he schew.
Agricola, quhilk changit nocht his hew
Na countenance, quhen that he hard that tald,
With blumand vult vnabasit rycht bald,
And lauchand luke, as he had ailit nocht,
Rycht litill said quhat euir wes in his thocht.
Ȝit neuirtheles he thocht into his mynd,
Fortoun to him wes growand rycht vnkynd;
So mony men had dround vpone the se,
And mony slane befoir at the mellie,
He dred full soir efter it sould be war,
Quhen he saw Fortoun faill to him so far.
And ȝit he thocht with Fortoun for till stryve,
Rycht mony schip agane gart grayth belyue,
With men and meit and gydis gude ar gone,
Syne set thair cours about all Albione.
The wind wes fair and seruit thame rycht weill,
And all thair gydis had ane fell gude feill;
Syne throw the Ylis saillit nycht and da,
Quhill that thai come in sicht of Orkna,
Throw Pantland Firth to row and saill also,
With thair gydis than wer tha maid till go,
But ony perrell tha war all fred rycht fre,
Syne set thair cours out-throw the greit mayne se.
Quhill efterwart, vpone ane vther da,
Thay come syne quhair thir Danis schippis la;
They tuke the best than at thair awin desyir,
And all the laif thai brint in till ane fyre.

12,170 12,175 12,180 12,185 12,190 12,195 12,200 Lib. 4, f. 61. Col. 1.

And thair awin self than with no man set by,
That is the causs that than tha haif invy.
Rycht as the sone quhen that it schynis bricht,
That of the mone obscuris all the licht;
Rycht so ane man of vertew and gude name,
Of vitious men obfukkis all the fame.
And be this causs ȝe ma rycht weill wit quhy
At vertuous men rycht mony hes invy.
This same exempill that ȝe heir me sa,
May weill be said be gude Agricola,
That in his tyme of all Romanis wes flour,
In Albione quhilk conqueist greit honour,
Ouir all the warld as it wes rycht weill kend,
The quhilk invy brocht till sa wratchit end.

How Domitianus the Emprioure send for Julius to Rome, and syne gart slay him with Tressone.

In Rome that tyme ane emprioure wes than, Col. 2.
Quhilk to his name wes callit Domitiane.
And quhen he hard Agricolais fame
So far excellit aboue his awin name,
That tyme in Rome and vther landis by,
Thairat he had greit malice and invy;
And thocht rycht sone, gif that he mycht but blame,
For to distroy this Julius and his fame.
Ane messinger rycht sone he to him send,
Rycht fenȝetlie with hartlie recommend,
Commandand him that he sould cum his wa;
For-quhy he said in till Asseria
That he behouit to remane and duell,
To stop that land that it sould nocht rebell.
Sone efter syne, quhen that he come till Rome,
As all men knew, be Domitianus dome
He poysonit wes but ony remeid,
And throw invy than sufferit hes the deid.

In Gallia, quhair he did still remane.
And ȝit sensyne he come nocht thair agane.

How Galdus, heirand the Discord amang the Romanis, sped him to the Feild in all Haist.

Quhen this discord to king Galdus wes tald, Lib.4,f.61b. Col. 1.
Quhilk all his tyme wes bellicois and bald,
He tuke na rest than langar to remane,
With all his power passit hes richt plane
Agane the Romanis in Arestia,
With all thair power that tyme quhair tha la;
And with the power of the Pechtis togidder,
Rycht sone in all haist thai sped thame bayth sone hidder.

How the Romanis, seand Cneo so abasit and vnabill to the Feild, tha chesit ane vther nobill Man callit Cecyneus, the Bruther Germane of Trabellio.

Quhen this Cneo hard of his cuming tald,
Affrayit wes quhairfoir rycht mony fald;
For-quhy he knew richt weill and vnderstude
With all the Romanis he wes rich[t] weill lude,
And for that causs he wes in sic affray,
That he wist nother quhat to do or say.
And quhen the Romanis saw[1] him in that stait,
So blunt ane berne so baisit and so blait,
Ane vther chiftane haif tha chosin than,
The bruther germane of Trabellian.
Ane berne he wes withoutin ony blame,
Cyceneus quhilk callit wes to name,
And he rycht sone the senȝeorie forsuik:
On force Cneo till captane than tha tuke.

[1] In MS. *sawin.*

And or tha war accordit of that thing,
Rycht suddanelie that nobill Galdus king
Come at thair hand with mekle boist and schoir,
And all his bowmen in the feild befoir.

How the King of Scottis, Galdus, arrayit him to the Feild aganis the Romanis.

With baneris braid displayit vpon hicht,
Flammand as Phebus with ane leivand lycht,
Thair staitlie standertis stikit in the air
Of fynest gold wer all ouir fret full fair.
The schalmes schouttit quhill the schawis schuik;
The buglis blast reboundit fra the bruke;
The clarione clynkit quhill the rochis rang,
And sic ane sound quhill that the mavis sang.
Thair basnatis brycht, lyke to the buriall brycht,
As ony siluer ouir the schaw tha schone als lycht.
The riche Romanis in thair royall weid,
With glitterand gold tha glemit as on gleid,
With mony perle that poleist wer perfite,
And diamantis deir mony dantie of delyte.
Thair cot armouris wer of ane hevinlie hew,
With rubeis reid and mony sapheir blew;
Moir semelie sicht wes neuir sene beforne
Into this erd sen ony man wes[1] borne.

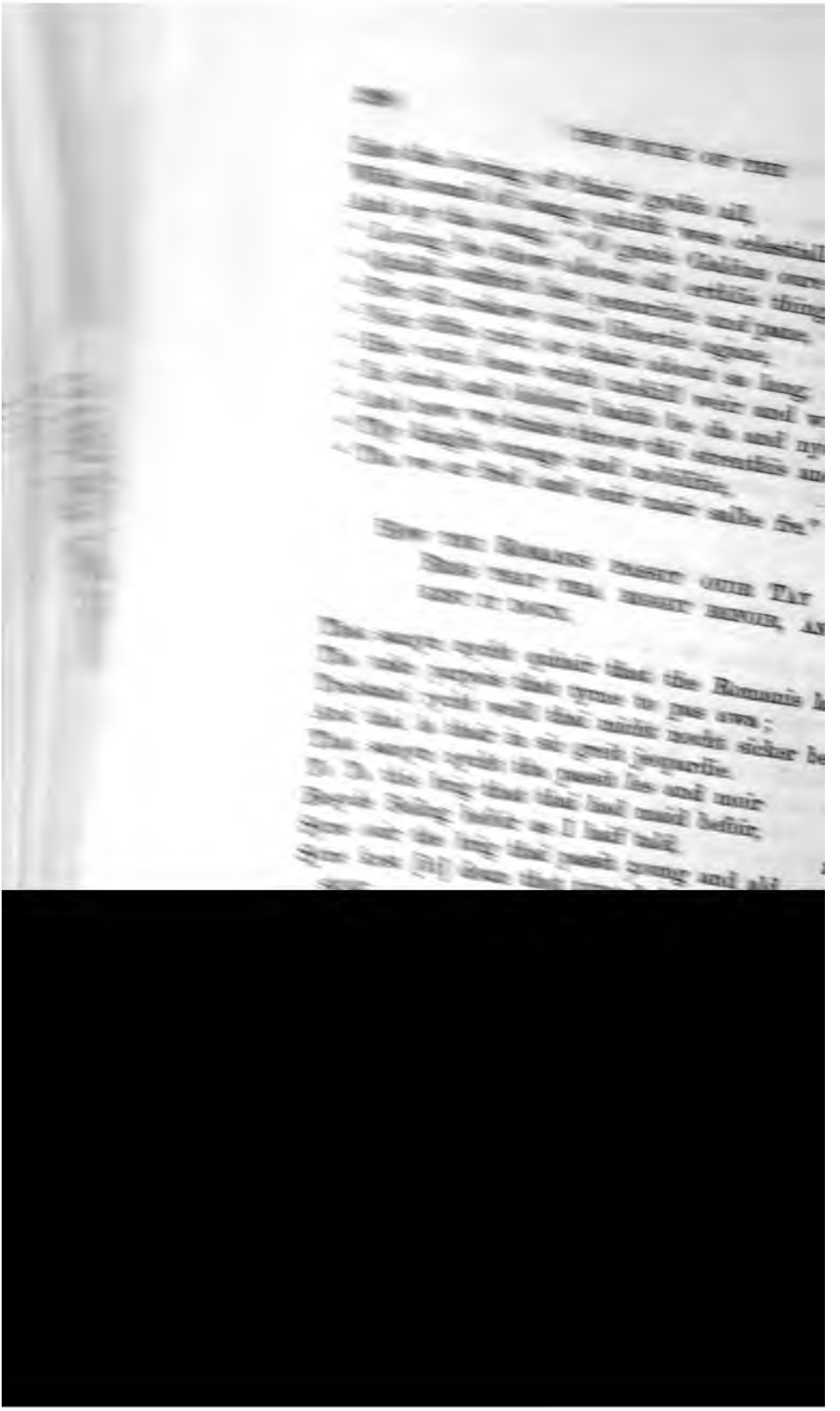
[redacted]

With speiris lang syne enterit in the feild,
So scharp thai war thair sauit thame no scheild;
Throw all thair geir that glitterand wes ar gone,
Tha maid no baid quhill thai come to the bone.
The crwell Scottis tha war bayth stout and strang,
Into the feild quhair thai saw thickest thrang,
Tha ruschit in with stif axis of steill,
And mony knycht than haif tha maid to kneill;
And mony founder, and mony hes gart faw,
Wes none so big of thame mycht byde ane blaw.
As Fortoun wald, suppois scho fikkell be,
Vnstabill als without stabilitie,
Quhen euir scho list hir counter quheill to turne,
Sum for to lauch and vther sum for to murne;
Rycht seindill lang scho standis in ane stait,
Quhen scho will turne, suppois that it be lait,
Scho makis ane man rycht lawlie for to lycht,
Quhome of befoir scho set so hie on hicht.
This by the Romanis suithlie I now say,
Quhome on befoir scho lewche sa mony day,
And now fra thame scho turnit hes hir face,
As previt weill in to that samin place.
So lang tha faucht thai wer confoundit all,
Mony on force that da wes maid to fall;
And mony one vnto the deid wes dicht,
And all the laif on force put to the flycht.
Cyceneus in to that stalwart stonde,
Into his bodie buir mony werkand wound,
That in that battell no langer mycht byde,
That force it wes to flie into the tyde.
The Romanis hartis thocht tha war neuer so hie,
Tha fled ilkone quhen that thai saw him fle.

Into thair tentis that tyme quhair tha la,
With dansing, singing, mekill sport and pla.
The trumpettis blew, the buglis maid greit beir,
With schalmes schill and mony clarioun cleir,
With lute and pype, witht harp and symphony,
Mellifluat than wes thair menstrallie.
Quhen euerilk ane playit in ane tune,
Thair melodie ascendit to the mone.
The madynis come in mony courtlie ring,
Sum for to dance and vther sum to sing,
With hevinlie voice that courtlie wes and cleir,
And thus tha sang, as I sall schaw ȝow heir.

How the Madynis and all vther Wemen maid Sangis, and sang in the Loving of Galdus.

" O thow Galdus, the flour of knychtis all,
" That is, or was, or in this warld be sall!
" Oure auefald freind, oure force and oure defence,
" Vnmensurabill is thi magnificence.
" Invinsall victour, full of laud and gloir,
" Thy nobill name thairfoir sall lest euermoir.
" Oure hoip, our heill, hes ay bene into the,
" Oure law, oure land, oure lyfe and libertie,
" Oure strangest strenth, and tour inexpugnabill,
" With greit curage quhilk is incomparabill.
" Loving mot be now to oure goddis all,
" And thow Fortoun als fair mot the befall,
" So blythlie blenkit on Galdus oure king,
" And makis ws with sic solace to sing."
And thus tha sang all nycht ouir till da,
With greit plesour in sporting and in pla.
Fra mony tempill that tyme to and fra
The preistis come to pater and to pra;
On buik and bell thai red rycht fast and rang
Solempnitlie thair sacrifice and sang,



Rycht mony tent, and proude palȝeone of pryce,
And coistlie clething wrocht at all devyce,
Sic as the Romanis vsit for till weir,
With gold and siluer and mekle vther geir,
With all kin riches maid wes in the mold,
The quhilk wes worth than fyve milȝeoun of gold.
For all the riches that the Romanis wan
In Albione fra mony nobill man,
Tha tynt it all into that samin feild;
Ten thousand men of thame that da wes keild.

How Galdus proclamit that all Man sould be reddie on the Thrid Day to follow the Romanis.

Decretit wes than bȧyth with ald and ȝing,
Proclamit syne with gude Galdus the king,
That euerilk man, als gudlie as he may,
Sould reddie be sone efter the thrid day,
Vpone the Romanis for to follow rycht,
But ony sujeorne other da or nycht,
To baneis thame rycht sone out of thair boundis, Lib.4,f.62b. Col. 1.
Or than to suffer mony werkand woundis.
And syne thai passit to the brig of Ta,
The Romanis biggit as ȝe hard me sa,
And fand it doun quhair thai thocht ouir till go.
And quhen thai saw richt weill that it wes so,
On to Dunkeld thai tuke the narrest way;
Betuix tha brais on the watter of Tay,
That lay richt neir, as ȝit is for to se,
Thair ouir the watter tha maid ane brig of tre,
Of sic greit breid that other thrie or four
Ay syde for syde but perrell micht pas ouir.
Syne ouir tha ȝeid sone efter on ane da,
Quhill thai come neir hand quhair the Romanis la.

mour bricht and cot armour weill cled,
ame sumtyme befoir the Romanis hed,
t with sapheir, and mony targe and schield,
uhilk befoir that thai wan in the feild.
Romanis als vpoun the tother syde,
baneris brycht and proude pynsallis of
de,
rfite prent all wrocht ouir with gold wyre, Col. 2.
Phebus face thai flammit as the fyre.
oureall bemes of thair basnetis brycht
land and laik illuminat with thair lycht,
trumpetis blawand all of sindrie tune.
at thai wer evin reddie for till june,
Galdus bowmen in the feild befoir
; scharplie schot the langar ay the moir;
wes na stuffe thair steill harnes ganestude,
r euir thai hit tha drew rycht mekle blude.
Leuius quhen he persauit that,
out lathin he maid no langar lat;
Romanis all that mycht ane wapin weild,
felloun force hes enterit in the feild.
at counter thair wes ane rycht loud crak,
n birneis brist and all thair speiris brak,
mony scheild in schunder all wes schorne,
mony berne vpone his bak wer borne,
mony freik wer fellit in the feild,
mony knicht caldlie thair la keild.
Romanis knew it micht nocht ellis be,
ther do into that tyme or de,
mak debait than baldlie with thair brandis,
ll thair help than stude in thair awin
dis,
causit thame the baldar to abyde.
Albionis als on the vther syde,
aid thai wer of victorie and gloir,
thai had wyn into the feild befoir,

Thair wes na wound that tyme mycht wirk
thame wo,
So ferce thai war to fecht aganis thair fo.
Bald as ane boir into that stour thai stude,
Onsatisfeit ay of the Romanis blude,
In brich[t] armour and mony suir scheild,
The quhilk befoir thai wan into the feild,
And pansis proude of plaven plait of pryde,
Quhairfoir in battell tha mycht the better byd
Out of that stour that stalwert wes and stra
The Romanis fled, quhilk fochin had so lang,
To Calidone that tyme bayth les and moir,
On till the wod quhair thai had bene befoir,
Within ane strenth quhair tha wer wont to l
The Albionis fast followit into hy,
And left thame neuir als lang as tha had lye
Quhill da wes gone and cuming wes the nych
Fyve thousand men, as my author did sa,
Of the Romanis wer slane thair that same da,
In that battell so baldlie thai did byde:
Tua thousand als vpone the vther syde.
This king Galdus baid in the feild all da,
Syne all the spulȝe tuke with him awa,
And equallie devydit thame amang,
Syne efter that with greit solace thai sang

And vincust had thame twyiss into the feild,
And manfullie richt mony thousand keild;
The laif all left but governour or gyde,
And wist nocht weill thair heidis for to hyde.
Fra euerie pairt quhen tha sic thing did heir,
To king Galdus thai come baith far and neir,
With greit reward and thankand him also,
Quhair euir he list with him reddie till go,
Agane the Romanes to revengit be,
Quhilk lang had vsit greit crudelitie,
Quhill thai war baneist fra thair boundis haill,
Or than Fortoun sould mak thame for to faill.
Ouir all Britane quhen thai hard of this tell,
Agane the Romanis baldlie did rebell,
Traistand thai suld thair libertie reskew,
And mony Romane in the tyme tha slew,
The nobillis all that duelt in Cambria,
Tegen, Cornub, and als Candalia,
Rycht copious to king Galdus thai send
Gold and siluer at his plesour to spend;
And hors and harnes, and all vther geir,
That ganand wes for ony man of weir,
To fortifie him in his querrell gude,
With euerilk wicht so weill than wes he lude:
Traistand by him richt sone that thai sould be
Deliuerit out of all captiuite.

How the Romanis send in Britane to Mawr[i]us for Supplie, and was denyit that Tyme.

In this same tyme the Romanis quhair tha la,
Ane servand send into Britania
To Maurius, the quhilk that tyme wes king,
That schew till him the fassone of that thing,

" To keip this kinrik now that we ar in,
" And schaip ȝow nocht ma landis for to wyn:
" Or dreid rycht sone, with mekill lak and schame,
" And greit defamyng of the Romanis name,
" That all the Romanis at this tyme ilkone,
" Be exull maid richt far fra Albione."

How the Romanis, heirand the Ansuer of Maurius, for Dreid of Galdus passit in Saluria.

Quhen this ansuer wes to the Romanis schawin,
Tha dred rycht soir sone till be ouirthrawin.
Siclike that tyme wes tald thame be ane spy,
Within ten myle king Galdus wes neirby,
With greit power evin cumand at the hand,
But ony stop or ȝit without ganestand.
Fra Calidone, quhair that the Romanis la,
Rycht sone thai passit to Saluria.
Saluriens at thame had sic invie,
Into that land thai durst nocht rycht lang ly,
Bot sped thame hyne in all the haist tha ma,
Quhill that thai come on till Brigantia,
To Epiac, quhilk wes ane toun of strenth,
And thair tha la at greit laser and lenth.

How Galdus maid ane Proclamatioun to all Men to follow him.

In this same tyme king Galdus maid a cry,
That euerilk man suld sone and suddantlie
Sone reddie be weill grathit in his geir,
And ilk woman that harnes docht to weir,
Or that the Romanes sould refreschit be,
And out of Britane to get mair supple,

[illegible]

[illegible] Britania.

[illegible] armour [illegible]

[illegible] ther [illegible]

[illegible] ay [illegible] vend.

[illegible] the Romanis [illegible] end.

[illegible] ming [illegible] ight [illegible]

[illegible] well [illegible] armour [illegible]

[illegible] and furneist [illegible] the feild.

He [illegible] that wapons [illegible] weild.

[redacted]

How King Galdus straik the Thrid Feild with the Romanis, and rycht mony of thame slane, and put the laif in Strenthtis.

that king Galdus lichtit in the feild,
mony wicht that waponis weill culd weild,
baneris braid that brodin wer full bricht,
glitterand gold as ony lantryne licht,
standartis streikit strak vp in the air,
fynest gold wer all ouir fret full fair;
coit armour quhilk wer of cullour cleir,
rubeis reid and diamontis so deir,
semelie sapheir as the siluer schone,
st with perle and mony pretious stone;
breist plait, birny, as the bureall bricht,
ny lanterne lemit all of licht.
farar sicht quha had bene thair to se,
God wes borne saw neuir man with ee.
lbione the bowmen big and bald,
thousand than tha wer be taill weill tald;
bowis big and stringis that war teuche,
fedderit flanis wald flie weill aneuche,
hik thai flaw as ony dewis drop,
w all thair stuff tha maid bot litill stop.
Britis than, fra Maurius wes send
Brigance the Romanis to defend,
it thair bak vpoune the Romanis than,
come till Galdus or the feild began.
· at the Romanis mony lykit ill,
vther sum faucht with the better will,
speiris lang syne enterit in the feild,
ir mony targe and mony schynand scheild
schorne and sched, and all schaikin in
under,
h bla and bludie breistis that wer vnder.
ralie than togidder that thai thrist,
speiris brak and birneis all did brist;

Col. 2.

The Albionis syne woik quhill it wes da
About the place quhair that the Romanis la,
In till all pairt quhair neid wes round about,
In that beleif that neuir ane sould win out.
Syne on the morne, quhen it wes fair da lycht,
The Albionis tha raikit on full rycht
On till ane wod wes neir hand by besyid,
And mony tre tha cuttit in that tyde;
Syne mony draucht thai drew with thame awa,
To fill the fowseis quhair the Romanis la,
Syne for to set ane seig round about.
The Romanis saw tha stude into sic dout,
Richt sone thai set ane sing vpoun the wall;
Syne with ane voice rycht loud furth tham[e] did call,
Of souerance quhill thai had said sum thing,
Desyrand than for to pas to the king,
Beseikand him to souer than and ceis,
Quhill thai cum furth and speik with him for peice.
Quhen this wes tald to king Galdus the gude
And king Garmard togidder quhair tha stude,
Sum gaiff counsall nocht to heir of peice,
Fra blude and battell neuir for to ceis,
Quhill tha had wrocht vpoun thame all thair will,
To thame befoir had done sic skayth and ill;
Till all vther it sould exampill be
To conqueis kinrikis with crudelitie,
Ouir all this warld sa mekle wrang has wrocht,
Withoutin caus so lang on ws hes socht.
Than vther sum, of mair humanitie,
Was moir courtas without crudelitie,
That counsall gaif to heir quhat tha wald sa,
And syne at plesour lat thame pas thair wa,
Quhen tha had hard quhat tha wald sa thame till;
Wirk as tha wald syne efter thair awin will,

12,765 12,770 12,775 12,780 12,785 12,790 12,795

Lib. 4, f. 64. Col. 1.

Vpoun thair feit befoir thame for till stand.
Than ane of thame that tuke the speche on hand, Col. 2.
Into the presens of thame all ilk man,
As I sall say, he hes said to thame than. 12,830

How the Romanis, sittand on thair Kneis, maid thair Oresoun befoir thir Tua Kingis for Mercie and Grace.

" O thow Galdus, of all knychtheid the flour,
" And thi colliggis quhilkis ar of hie honour,
" How can thow haif so hie honour and gloir,
" As for to se ws standand ȝow befoir,
" Quhilk victoris wer of all this warld haill, 12835
" That Fortoun now hes maid so far to faill!
" Vnfeinȝeitlie we ar befoir ȝour face,
" Rycht fane this tyme to ask mercie and grace.
" How can ȝe haif ane grittar honour now,
" And ȝour successioun rycht lang efter ȝow, 12,840
" With greit blythnes also till all ȝour kin,
" To se ws heir quhilk all this warld hes wyn;
" The nobill Romanis lyand vnder ȝour feit,
" So piteouslie on ȝow for mercie greit!
" We grant ȝow weill that we haif done ȝow 12,845
wrang,
" Persewand ȝow but ony caus sa lang,
" Quhill now," he said, " that oure fortoun is past,
" And goddis ws als hes lichlyit at[1] the last,
" Aganis quhome is na power may stryfe.
" In ȝour handis is baith oure deith and lyfe; 12,850
" Victoris ȝe ar, and ma wirk as ȝe will,
" As plesis ȝow this tyme to put ws till."
And syne all four fell doun befoir thair feit,
Quhen this wes said, and piteouslie did greit;

[1] In MS. *as*

" Now ar ȝe vincust thryss into plane feild,
" And mony thousand of ȝour men als keild;
" Ȝour self chaissit ouir mony moss and mure
" Into na place can sicker be or suir;
" Quhill ȝe ar fane richt law befoir oure feit,
" Vpoun ȝour kneis to ask mercie and greit,
" Beseikand ws rycht puirlie with pitie
" Of ȝour mischeif this tyme to haif mercie.
" How can Fortoun gif ȝow a grittar fall,
" With sic exempill to this warld all,
" In tyme till cum mair mercifull to be
" In the vsing of ȝour auctoritie?
" Richt mony of ws present in this place,
" Decretit hes, without mercie or grace,
" Ȝow and ȝour power to distroy to nocht,
" For the greit wrang to ws that ȝe haif wrocht;
" Till all this warld it sould exempill be
" In tyme till cum of ȝour crudelitie,
" That euerilk man may vnderstand and knaw,
" How ȝe haif wrocht agane ordour of law.
" Ȝit neuirtheles we will moir gentill be
" To ȝow this tyme, and fullar of petie,
" Gif it plesis ȝow thir pointis to fulfill,
" As ȝe haif said quhilk we sall put ȝow till.
" Into the first, to pas out of oure landis,
" And all the strenthis ȝe haif in ȝour handis
" To leif thame all this tyme bayth les and moir,
" And all the riches till ws agane restoir,
" That ȝe haif tane ouir all bayth far and neir,
" To ws agane with pledge and presoneir.
" And secundlie, to sweir befoir ws all,
" For ony thing that efter may befall,
" Never moir agane for to invaid oure land;
" And als with ws for to mak ane band,
" And we with ȝow siclyke, to leve in peice,
" Fra this tyme furth all weiris for till ceiss,

" In gude freindschip withoutin ony fo."
With this ansuer thai tuke thair leve till go
Vnto the laif that lay within thair strenth,
And word by word thai schew thame all at lenth.
Quhen the Romanis had hard as thai haif tald,
Content thai war thairof baith ȝoung and ald;
And syne to thir kingis come furth into plane,
And all that thing rehersit hes agane,
Ilk word by word befoir as I ȝow schew,
To keip promit, and in all thing be trew.
On baith the sydis sworne thair till also,
Syne tuke thair leif; the Romanis for till go
To Maurius, that king wes of Britane,
In ȝork schyre quhilk wes remanand than.
Sextie thousand sum tyme by taill weill tald,
Agricola, quhilk wes bayth big and bald,
Col. 2. He brocht with him rycht far in to the north,
Quhen he come first attouir the watter of Forth.
Tuentie thousand or thair about, few ma,
ȝeid hame agane out of Brigantia.
The laif wer slane in Galdus weir ilkone,
Except so few in Britane syne ar gone.
Syne land and strenth agane thai did restoir,
Fra Scot and Pecht that thai had win befoir;
The pleddis all with pray and presoneir

Thy strange acquentance is ay to mak of new,
Thy feinʒeit face, of mony diueriss hew,
With heviulie visage sum tyme amiabill,
And lauchand luke so dulce and delectabill,
With amorus ene, as ony cristall cleir,
Blenkand so blythlie with ane balmy cheir:
Syne in les space nor twynkling of ane ee,
Crabit as Saturne, full of crudelitie,
With attrie visage droppand full of sweit,
With glowrand ene and girnand gammis greit,
With busteous browis glowmand on hir bric,
With lyoun luke richt awfull for to se;
And thus thow changis all tyme as thow will,
Neuir in ane stait can stabill be and still,
Quhen euir thow list the counter quheill to turne,
Sum for to lauch and vther sum for to murne,
Sum for to fall, sum to felicitie,
Sum till plesance and sum till povertie,
Sum to greit[1] welth, sum to greit wretchitnes,
Ay as scho list scho gydis moir and les.
Thair is no leid this day lèvand on lyve,
Tha[t] ma haif strenth agane hir for to stryve,
Or ʒit wisdome, or sic subtilitie,
Of hir all tyme that ay ma sicker be,
Bot suffer ay and wait the tyme and place,
Or cast the neuir to cum in till hir grace.
By the Romanis weill ma be said sic thing,
And gude Galdus of Scotland that wes king,
That Fortoun maid so lang abject to be,
And set the Romanis on hir quheill so hie;
Syne suddantlie scho maid thame for to fall,
With greit confusioun of thair stait royall,
Fra weill till wo richt law scho gart thame lycht,
And king Galdus syne set als far on hicht;

[1] In MS. *greith.*

The pepill all met him by the way,
With dansing, singing, with greit sport and play.
Thair sangis all that tyme that tha did sing,
Wes in the loving of gude Galdus the king.
" Welcum," thai said, " of all knichtheid the flour,
" Oure stalwart strenth, strangest in euerilk stour,
" Oure governour and als oure gratious gyde,
" The worthiest in all the warld so wyde!
" The riche Romanes proude of imperiall,
" Thocht thai war victouris of this warld all,
" Thow hes vincust for all thair strenth and mycht,
" And manfullie reskewit thi awin richt;
" And all thi pepill [out] of bondage brocht,
" Full deir ws all with thi blude thow hes bocht."
Rycht so thai sang with plesand vocis cleir,
On lute and harp playand with mirrie cheir;
Quhair euer he come, ather be nycht or da,
With sic solace thai met him by the wa.

How ill disposit Personis wald haif put Discorde betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis.

In this same tyme, as my author did tell,
Ane greit discord rycht suddantlie thai[r] fell
Betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis than,
Be the fals counsall of ane wickit man.
Seand greit apperance of peice to be,
Dreidand full soir that he, and sic as he,
Haiffand na way to wirk and to wyn geir,
Nor to be tretit bot in land of weir,
In land of peice kennand he culd do nocht, Col. 2.
Quhairfoir richt sone ane subtill way hes socht.
Betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis land,
Vpoun the bordour by ane litill strand,
Ane rycht small pece that lang tyme had lyne ley,
For rycht thairof he raisit hes greit pley,

Ilk da be da, with mekill bost and schoir,
Ane greit discord the langar ay the moir.
Thir kingis baith fra that thai knew the caice,
In Calidone wod at set day and place,
Thair haif thai met togidder king and king,
And suddantlie considderit all that thing.
Syne quhen thai knew it of so litill availl,
And hes him fund that first gart mak that faill,
Vpoun ane gallous hes him maid to de;
And all the laif fra that furth to leif in le,
Neuir ane agane suld efter vther greif.
Syne king at king that same tyme tuke thair leif,
Quhen thai lykit no langar to remane,
With all thair lordis passit hame agane.
Lang efter that this nobill Galdus king
In peice and rest mony da did ring,
But outwart weir or ony inwart wrang.
Ouir all the warld the rumour of him rang,
His knichtlie name amang thame so did spreid,
With euerie man in greit honour wes hed;
In everie land he wes of sic valour,
Callit he wes of all the warld the flour.

[redacted]

The quhilk Hector had at his gyding haill,
Ja ferlie wes thocht scindill he suld faill.
Greit Alexander, ouir all the warld that rang,
Sic multitude had of the Greikis strang,
With promptitude and prattik into weir,
Rycht circumspect in nothing for to leir,
His partie ay wes equall or than les,
And he him self wist neuir of no distres;
Fortoun his freind as all man knew rycht weill,
Scho festnit him so fast vpone hir quheill,
Quhair euir it turnit, other hie or law,
So sicker sat that he mycht neuir faw;
Throw hir fauour thus mycht he neuir faill,
Quhat wounder wes how oft he did prevaill?
Als Julius, sa oft greit honour that he wan,
At his command had mony nobill man,
Of thair knawledge quhilk wer incomparabill,
Off micht and riches als inestimabill;
Quhairfoir it wes inpossibill to be,
That he sould tyne in ony jeopardie.
Bot gude Galdus, his power wes so puir,
Small wes the kinrik that he had in cuir,
Without riches of hors, harnes and geir,
But policie or prattik into weir.
And als thairwith, as my author did wryte,
His pairtie wes of power infinyte
Of men and money in that tyme vntald,
For all this warld thai weild it as thai wald;
Thair honour than wes far aboue all vther,
Dame Fortoun als wes ay thair foster mother.[1]
Quhat farlie wes thocht Galdus sufferit pane,
Quhen strenth and Fortoun baith wer him agane?
Dalie with thame into greit stryfe he stude,
Rycht mony ȝeir with mort battell and blude,

13,080 13,085 13,090 13,095 13,100 13,105 13,110

Lib.4,f.65b. Col. 1.

[1] These last six lines should, apparently, precede line 13,099.

He tuke his leif and bad thame all gude nycht.
For wo of him thair weipit mony knycht,
And mony ladie quhit as quhalis bane,
The lordis all and commonis als ilkane.
Syne till his graif thai haif him grathit sone,
With all honour sould till ane king be done;
With sence and singing, and sic sacrifice,
Solempnitlie as that tyme wes the gyiss.
The lordis all, as to thair cheif and heid, Col. 2.
So greit honour did him efter his deid,
Tha landis all callit Brigantia,
Efter his name is callit Galdia.
So that his name most knychtlie till advance,
Sall euer remane in till rememberance,
To signifie efter to euerie man,
Into that place the Romanis last he wan;
As ȝe ma reid quha lykis for to luke.
Loving to God, heir endis the ferd buke.

How Lugtatus, the Sone of nobill Galdus, was crownit efter the Deith of his Father, quhome of all the Lordis and Pepill war rejosit, traistand that he sould follow the Tred of his Father; [of] quhome sone efter thai war all begylit. Lib. 5.

Liber 5.

Efter the deith of nobill Galdus king,
Lugtat his sone succeidit to his ring.
I schame rycht sar the suith of him to tell,
So crewell wes, baith furious and fell.
Thre ill vices in his persone did ring,
Contagious are for ony prince or king;
Full couetous, and greit crudelitie,
Rycht lubrius and full of licherie.

Thir thre richt oft in him causit greit noy,
And haillalie his kinrik till distroy.
I will nocht heir rehers ilk thing be name,
For the degrading of gude Galdus fame,
As oft is kend, fra vengeance and fra wraik
The sone is spurit for the fatheris saik;
But ane thing suithlie dar I say zow till,
Ane war nor he, or skantlie half so ill,
In Albione wes nocht in all his dais,
Gif all be suith of him my author sais.
He wes neuir gyldit be the men of gude,
Bot be trumpouris that nothing vnderstude;
Richt mekill wrang be thair counsall he wro
Quhill he and thai wer sone put all to nocht
In all this warld zit wes thai neuir ane wai
Degenerit fra his father so far.
Quhairat the lordis had rycht greit dispyte;
And for till wit thairof quha had the wyte,
Into Ewone ane counsall thair gart call,
Quhair king and lordis hes convenit all.

HOW THE LORDIS OF SCOTLAND IN I
ANE COUNSALL ACCUSIT THAIR KI
VICIS.

In that counsall accusit hes thair king

syne with that bricht brandis out tha drew,
ir suddantlie this Lugtatus thai slew,
all his counsall standand at his bak;
nd thai maid as worthie wes to mak.
the thrid ȝeir efter of his ring,
'es the end of this Lugtatus king,
his counsall misgydit hym so far.
ounsall is that all sic like be war,
cuming ar of sic sempill degrie,
ing or prince ane counsallor to be;
and tha do, traist weill tha will nocht chaip
te ane deid, or than de in ane raip.
ane king sould ay be circumspect,
reid sic thing sone stryik him in the nec,
n he hes nother tyme nor space to fle:
foir in tyme be war of sic folie.
na weill wit, and he rycht wnderstude,
esour is to euerie man of gude,
n that thai se thair prince, or ȝit thair king,
yde him self in ony kynd of thing.
uhy ane seiknes that is into the heid,
out the soner that it get remeid,
us the seiknes fra the heid to slaik,
memberis all will rycht sone tyne and traik.
t so it is quhen other prince or king,
lk sould be heid and rewllar of his ring,
him self and he misgydit be,
realme can nocht leif in tranquillitie;
vith his lordis in till ane effect,
ie of vther all thair tyme suspect,
greit abusioun ay amang the best,
l thair tyme withoutin pece or rest.
foir ane king sould ay at counsall be
en of gude quhilk war of equitie,
conscience knew to execute the law,
keip justice for other before aw;

And nocht infect him with sic fals uyce
Quhilk hes no knawledge bot of cartis and dyce,
To drink and dance, and fo· to play the fule,
Quhilk all thair tyme wer trowanis at the scuill.
I pray to Jesu. for his woundis fyve,
To keip oure king this da levand on lyve,
And prent his passioun in his mynd rycht deip,
Gyffand him grace this counsall for to keip.
In this mater no moir I will remane,
Bot to my purpois pas I will agane.

How the Dochter Sone of Galdus, callit Mogallus, wes crownit King of Scottis efter the Deid of Lugtatus.

Col. 2. Quhen Lugtatus, as ȝe haif hard me tell,
Into Ewone sic auenture befell;
Ane nobill man wes callit Mogallus,
Wes dochter sone to worthie king Galdus,
And lauchfull air also to that ring,
Crownit he wes of Scottis to be king.
In his begynnyng gratious wes and gude,
Weill louit als with all the nobill blude,
And preissit hes. the langar ay the moir,

Distroyaris into Lugtatus tyme
Accusit hes committaris of sic cryme;
Quhair thai war fund in ony toun or steid,
Without delay gart put thame all to deid.

How the King of Pechtis send to Mogallus for Supplie aganis the Romanis and the Britis.

In this same tyme that I haif said ȝow heir,
To Mogallus thair come ane messingeir
Fra king of Pechtis, quhilk did him wnderstand
How that the Romanis come into Pechtland,
And Britis baith with thair power in ane,
And of his men had mony slane and tane;
Quhilk petiouslie that did him than imploir
Of his supplie for the kyndnes befoir,
And band also betuix thame lang had bene
Vnmaculat on to that day ay clene.

How Mogallus promittit Help to the King of Pechtis incontinent.

Off this desyre Mogallus wes content,
And suddanelie thairto gaif his consent.
Sayand richt sone he sould send him reskew,
Bot first he thocht the Romanis till persew,
Requyrand thame than to keip thair band
Tha maid till Galdus in Brigantia land,
And all the spulȝe also les and moir
That tha had tane agane for till restoir,
With sic plesure as he thocht than first to pruve,
Or he sone wald weir or battell muve, Lib.5,f.66b. Col. 1.
To mak it knawin till all the warld haill,
Tha suld be first that sould begin to faill.
In that same tyme come furth of Gallia,
Quhilk callit wes befoir Brigantia,

To Mogallus ane man, the quhilk
How that the Romanis cumin wes
Within thair boundis that wer la
Bayth brint and slew and rycht g
maid.
Of tha tythandes Mogallus lykit il
Ȝit neuirtheles he gart thame thai
Into that place with him for to r
Quhill that he hard quhat ansuer
The messinger has tane his leif an
Without tarie is passit to Lundon
Quhair Lucius Antonius[1] than la,
That legat wes of all Britania;
And schew till him his criddens l
Fra end till end as I haif said be

Of the lychtlie Ansuer
to Mogallus, the Kin
Herald.

This Lucius, that busteous wes an
Befoir thame all quhen thir tyden
Lichtlie he leuche with greit heth
And Scot and Pecht, he said, had
In thair boundis all winter he sou

How the Scottis Herald schew his Ansuer befoir the King and all his Lordis.

With this ansuer the herald passit hame,
Quhen he hes hard the caus of that reclame;
And tuke na rest that tyme for to remane
Quhill he come hame into Scotland agane.
Befoir the lordis and the kingis grace,
Fra end to end he schew thame all the cace.
And quhen the king hes hard the haill maneir,
He said agane as I sall schaw 3ow heir:
" Heir I tak witnes of our godis all,
" Quhat efterwart may hapin or befall,
" Now at this tyme that we be nocht mensworne,
" Nor brek no band that Galdus maid beforne
" To the Romanis to wirk no violence;
" For-quhy," he said, " it is in oure awin defence,
" That force it is now at this tyme to be,
" So greit injure that thai haif done to me.
" O 3e goddis, 3our grace heir I beseik,
" As 3e ar just, richt mercifull and meik,
" That all the perrell at this tyme and plicht,
" And sword of vengeance also on thame licht,
" That maid the falt and first begouth to faill;
" And als siclike 3e caus thame till prevaill
" Quhilk innocent and saikles in this tyme,
" And puneische thame committit hes the cryme!"

How Mogallus, heirand sic Ansuer fra Lucius, incontinent raisit his Armie and passit to resist him.

Quhen this wes said as I haif said 3ow till,
No moir as than he said bot held him still.
Sone efter syne proclamit with ane cry,
That euerilk man suld reddie be in hy,

" And vincust thame thryss into feild agane,
" Quhair fourtie thousand of thair men wes slane ;
" Syne all the laif thow maid at thi command
" With thair lyuis rycht fane to leue the land ;
" I the beseik, sen thow art da and nycht
" Familiar with oure godis of mycht,
" As thow wald with thame ma wirk thi will,
" Tak tent till ws now cumyng heir the till;
" In thair seruice committit neuir ane cryme,
" Quhilk louit the so weill into thy tyme,
" Into this tyme oure aduocate to be,
" Befoir oure godis in thair majestie :
" That thai ma grant ws of thair speciall grace
" The victorie in till all tyme and place."
The laiff siclike, quhair tha stude round about,
Bayth ȝoung and ald, with mony cryand schout,
On gude Galdus thai cryit loud on hicht,
Beseikand him for to defend thair richt.

Lib 5, f. 67. Col. 1.

How the Drewedes and the Wemen that war Wichis warnit the Romanis.

The wemen syne, quhilk war rycht perqueir
Of negromancie aneuche wes than to leir,
And Drewedes with bibill, bell and buik,
Haldand thair handis to the hevin and luik,
Witht cruell cursing and with cummerance
Thair wareit hes rycht rudlie the Romans ;
Beteiching thame to Pluto, prince of hell,
And Cerberus, quhilk is baith fers and fell,
With all the godis mager to thair meid,
To gif thame grace in na jornay to speid,
And lat thame neuir be maister of thair fa.
Quhen this wes done tha tuke thair leif to ga.

And in the presens of thame euerie man,
His oresone richt lustelie began;
And opinlie befoir thame did rehers
All fatheris deidis that I haif put in verss.
As gude Edeir that faucht with Julius,
And Caratac that wes so curious,
And Corbreid als, the quhilk than wan Catus
Into Britane, my storie tellis thus;
And of Galdus the greit triumph and gloir,
As ȝe haif hard nocht lang gane syne befoir.
Thair deidis all als far than as he kend,
Ilk word by word rehersit to the hend;
To that effect gif that he culd thame mak
Of gude beleif and moir curage to tak,
That da to fecht and erar thair to de,
Out of that feild ane fut or thai wald fle.

How Lucius the Legat, in Presens of his Armie, to giff thame Curage, reheirsit the nobillis Deidis of ald Romanis.

This Lucius, siclyke he wes nocht lidder,
Quhen all his men convenit war togidder,
Siclike to thame wes thair, bayth les and moir,
Rehersit hes all thing wes done befoir.
Begynnand first at Aulus Plantius,
Ostorius and Aulus Dedius,
Suetonius, and mony vther ma,
Petelius and gude Agricola;
Thair deidis all he brocht in memorie,
Thair greit triumph and all hie victorie;
So plesandlie amang thame that he spak.
Beseikand thame exempill for till tak
Be[1] thair fatheris schort quhile of befoir,
And to pretend to sic honour and gloir
Amang thair peiris for till prysit be,
Or in battell all in ane da to de.

[1] In MS. *That.*

Hes enterit in with sic ane rous and reird,
Quhill rochis rang and trimlit all the erd.
With dyntis dour ilk ane on vther draue,
Quhill all thair scheildis into pecis raue;
In that same tyme it wes rycht ill to ken
Quha buir best hand the wemen or the men,
So stifflie than into that stour thai stude
Vnabasit other for boist or blude.
The mo woundis thai sufferit in that tyde,
The baldar war and schupe langar to byde.
Thair wes no wapin that mycht gar thame wynk,
Na swordis scharpe quhairfoir that tha wald schrink.
Into thame wes sic curage, strenth and mycht,
That wounder wes to ony war[l]dlie wycht
Quha had bene thair that semlie till haif sene,
Of tha wemen sa cruell wes and kene.
Wes neuir sene with na berne that wes borne
So fell ane faucht fyve hundreth ȝeir beforne.
The Romanis faucht for till vmschew greit schame,
Tha thocht it wes degrading to thair name,
With barbour bodeis for till vincust be,
That wes the caus thai wer so laith to flie.
The Albiones with grit curage and mycht,
Tha faucht that tyme for to defend thair rycht
And victorie that thai befoir had wyn;
Rycht layth tha war with sic honour till twyn.
Greit wounder wes how thir bernis mycht byde
In thair bodeis that buir sic woundis wyde;
Quha had bene thair that same tyme till haif sene
Sa mony berne ly bleidand on the grene,
That wounder wes till ony war[l]dlie wycht
How that thai sould haif curage, strenth or mycht,
Thocht thai wer neuir so stalwart and so sture,
To stand so lang and sic dyntis indure.
On euerilk syid thair captanis raid about,
Exhortand thame with mony cry and schout,

13,505 13,510 13,515 13,520 13,525 Col. 2. 13,530 13,535

Lat not thair tryne of sic auctoritie
With barbour bodeis so defoullit be;
Nor maculat so far the Romanes name
For ony feir to fle with sic infame.
Thair banerman, wes bald as ony boir,
With ane braid arrow woundit wes so soir,
In the bodie he mycht na langer byde;
Quhairfoir to fle he tuke purpois that tyde,
Waittand on him rycht mony worthie wycht,
Followand rycht fast quhen that he tuke the flycht.
And quhen the laif beheld and saw thame fle,
Rycht sua tha fled and lute the fechting be,
On till ane wod that wes neirhand besyid, Lib. 5, f. 68. Col. 1.
In that beleif thair saiflie for till byde.
Be this wes done than cumin wes the nycht,
And euerilk syde of vther hes tynt sycht,
The Albionis thair buglis baldlie blew,
And all thair men together gart renew
On to the feild quhair that tha faucht befoir,
Thair to remane that nycht baith les and moir.
With trumpet, tabborne, and with clarione cleir,
Thair dulce musick wes hevinlie for till heir,
The lang nycht ouir with sic sporting and pla,
In greit solace quhill on the morne wes da.
Syne on the morne, be that the lauerok sang,
Deuydit hes the spulȝe thame amang;
Rycht equallie to lad, to lord and laird,
As he wes worth, gaif him to his reward.

How efter the Feild ane Cumpany of Romanis fleand wald nocht be tane, quhill thai war slane ilk Man.

In that same tyme thair schew to thame ane spy,
Ane multitude of Romanis wer neirby,

How Mogallus and the King of Pechtis, on the Morne efter thai wan the Feild, maid thar Oresoun and Offerand in the Loving of God. Col. 2.

Syne on the morne, that tyme as wes the gyiss,
Solempnitlie thai maid thair sacrifice;
Thankand thair godis thair bayth ane and all,
Sic adventure had maid thame for till call.
Syne euerie man efter his facultie,
Rewardit hes quhilk had auctoritie.
Ilk captane and euerie courtas knycht
Richt richelie rewardit euerie wicht,
Efter his work that tyme as he hes wrocht,
Ȝoung nor ald at that tyme forȝet he nocht,
Without reward till [no] man les and moir;
Syne passit hame with greit honour and gloir.

How Lucius, efter that he had tynt the Feild, send ane Epistill till Rome schawand his Infortunitie.

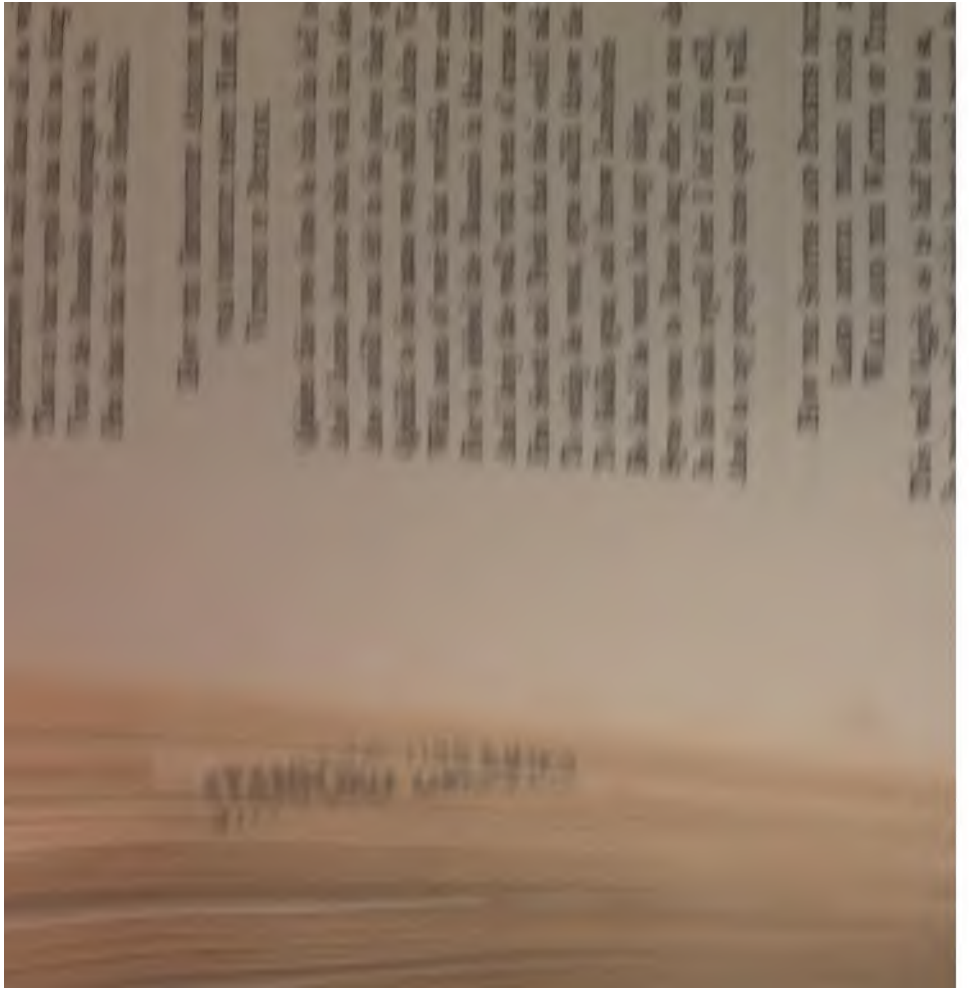
This Lucius, of quhome befoir I spak,
Quhilk sufferit hes so mekill skayth and lak,
To Cesar sone ane epistill that he send,
Quhilk schew till him at lenth fra end till end,
How all wes done as ȝe haif hard befoir;
Complenand als into the tyme rycht soir
Of Scot and Pecht, full of crudelitie,
Rycht furious without humanitie,
With fyre and blude distroyit hes his land,
Wes nothing frie befoir that tha fand.
Rycht so he said, als far as he culd ken,
That thair wemen wes far war nor the men;
Baldar in blude, and wald no tyme abhor
Throttis to cut, and for to stik and gor:

To Adriane that tyme ane come and schew,
How Scot and Pecht wer cumin of the new
In his boundis with mekill boist and schoir,
And moir power nor euir thai did befoir;
Fra blude and battell schupe nocht for to blin
Of victorie befoir that thai had win.
Thair haltane hartis grew on hicht so hie,
So full of curage and crudelitie,
In blude and battell baith busteous and bald,
Without mercie other to ȝoung or ald,
In to his ward so mekill wrang had wrocht
Cattell and corne and insicht sparit nocht;
And all the laif, but stop or thai wald stint,
That wald nocht turs in to ane bailfyre brint.

How the Emprioure Adrianus come with his Armie first to ȝork and syne ouir Tyne, and syne tuke haill Purpois to follow on the Scottis.

Quhen Adriane thir tythandis hes hard tell,
Without dilay he wald no langar dwell.
To Eborac he haistit him in hy,
And thair he tuke him lasar for to ly
Quhill all his men wer garneist in thair geir,
With fourtie dais victuall for the weir.
With haill power he sped him rycht sone syne,
Quhill that he come on to the watter of Tyne;
And as he come ouir to the hidder syde,
That da till end throw waist land he did ryde,
Quhair thai saw nother corne, cattell, nor ky,
But hald or hous, withoutin harberye;
In that cuntrie that tyme culd nane be kend.
Rycht so thai raid the secund da till end,
And saw nothing bot naikit feild and bair
In all thai boundis other les or mair.

Or dreid Fortoun sould mak him for to faill.
Syne efterwart, with all thair counsall haill,
Fra Tynis mouth ane wall of stane and lyme,
To Esk mouth he biggit in that tyme;
Quhilk lang efter, with the induellaris all,
To name wes callit Adrianis wall.
Fra Sulwa sand it streikit rycht eist, syne
To New-Castell vpone the mouth of Tyne,
Rycht stark and strang, and of ane rycht greit strenth,
Quhilk fourtie myle contenit als of lenth;
Fra the west se on to the eist also,
This yle diuydand equalie in tuo.
In mony place remanes ȝit to se
Of that same wall greit pairtis lang and hie;
With greit takynis quhair strang touris hes bene,
As I myself in this same tyme hes sene.
To force the wall, wes maid on euirilk syde
Stankis rycht strang that wer bayth deip and wyde,
Rycht mony one that wer nocht far in twyn,
That Scot and Pecht be no way ouir mycht wyn,
Within thai boundis for till bring ane oist:
He omittit nocht, suppois he maid greit coist,
With all power the pepill for till pleis,
Fra Scott and Pecht to gar thame leve in pece.
Quhen this wes done, out-throw Westmawria
And Tegen als, passit in Cambria;
Quhair that he did ane litill space remane,
Quhill that he had reformit all agane;
And euerie berne rebellit had befoir,
Into that tyme he puneist hes rycht soir,
And pledgis tuke with greit securitie:
To Lundoun toun syne efter that went he.
The nobillis all that wer into Britane,
In Loundoun toun come to this Adriane,
Thankand him greitlie witht humilitie;
And he agane, with all humanitie,



This Mogallus and Vnispan also
Rycht equalie diuidit hes in tuo.
The Scottis tuke the west pairt of that land,
Fra Cheueot rycht on to Sulwa sand;
The strenthis all that thai kest doun befoir,
Gart big agane at laser les and moir,
Rycht sone that tyme and farar als befar,
And of moir strenth befoir nor euir thai wer;
Syne stuffit thame with men of armes strang,
With nychtlie watche that thai sould tak na wrang
Of Brit or Roman, other da or nycht;
Syne euerie man hes raikit on full richt.
In peice and rest syne leuit mony da,
Quhill efterwart hapnit as I sall sa.

How Mogallus, quhilk was so nobill in his begynnyng, drew to sic Vicis in his Aige, quhair he was distroyit.

Sanct Paule sayis in his narratioun,
In seiknes oft and tribulatioun
Vertew is maid to grow and till incres, Col. 2
And vice to menische and be maid les.
As be the contrair we ma rycht weill se,
Quhen men ar in ouir greit prosperitie,
Without ane fall in oucht him till offend,
Vice growis quent and vertu is miskend.
Quhairfoir me think als far as I haif feill,
For this same caus I ma conclude rycht weill,
The most perrell in all this warld I se,
Is perfite heill with greit prosperitie.
As suith is said, that wyiss men sais thair till,
That ouir grit welth makis wit for to gang will.
This ilk exempill that ȝe heir me sa,
Ma weill be said be Mogallus alwa,
That Fortoun set so hie vpone hir quheill,
Culd nocht be war in tyme quhen he wes weill.

And thocht I micht, I think schame to reveild
The foull vices he vsit in to his eild;
Of venerie vice, as I haif said befoir,
And auerice the langar ay the moir,
Quhilk causit him to do rycht mony thing
Agane the honour of ane prince or king,
The commoun welth and his kinrik alss bayth,
And all his liegis greit damnage and skayth.
He maid ane law, the quhilk does ȝit remane, Lib.5.f.69b. Col. 1.
For ony cryme gif that ane man wes slane,
Or exull maid for ony kind[1] of thing,
That all his gude sould escheit be to the king.
This law wes nocht maid for the commoun weill,
Bot for him self, as far as I haif feill,
To find ane falt be ony subtill slicht,
Quhair plesit him to win rycht or mycht.
Be sic lawis he wrocht rycht mekill wrang;
Mony gart heid and mony als gart hang,
Baith of the pepill and of the nobill blude,
But ony caus to wyn riches and gude.
His lordis seand that it wald be so,
In quyet counsall did togidder go;
And secretlie, or knawin wes sic thing,
Conspyrit hes that tyme agane thair king.
So quietlie this thing wes nocht done,
Quhill to the king ane come and schew him sone,
That knew thair counsall bayth in ill and gude.
This Mogallus than quhen he vnderstude
Of thair counsall baith for gude and ill,
He dred full soir to cum into thair will;
Knawand so weill his awin iniquitie,
For verra dreid tuke ferme purpois to fle,
Or tak his chance, thair wes na vther chois,
He knew him self that tyme so criminois.

[1] In MS. *king*.

And sall gif comp rycht so of all his cryme,
Wald nocht resist quhen that tha mich[t] in tyme.
He faillis farrar that sould the faltar mend,
Fra that the falt be cleirlie to him kend,
That sould correct and dois nocht in tyme,
No he that is committar of the cryme.
In this mater I will na mair remane,
But to my purpois pas I will agane.

How efter the Deith of Mogallus, Conarus his Sone was crownit King of Scottis; the quhilk sone efter was fund rycht euill.

Efter the tyme of this ilk Mogallus,
Ane sone he had wes callit Conarus,
That crownit wes sone efter he wes deid,
For to be king and ring into his steid.
At his begynnyng fenzeit wes richt fair,
Syne efterwart the langar ay the wair,
With mony falt mycht nocht be fra him reft,
Begynnyng than quhair that his father left.
Rycht fremmit wes ay to the men of gude,
And tretit nane bot brybouris of vyld blude,
Rycht mony dastart that full lytill docht,
And at thair counsall all thing ay he wrocht.
Bayth land and gude in to that graceles gaird,
He sparit nocht to gif thame in rewaird.
Syne efterwart into the parliament,
Quhair all his lordis that tyme wer present,
Complenit planelie thair befoir thame all,
That his rentis wer so puir and small,
Quhilk mycht nocht weill his stait royall sustene,
In sic honour as his eldaris hes bene.
Quhairfoir he hes desyrit of thame all
Ane small tribute and zeirlie victuall,
Sen that his rentis war ouir small ane thing,
For to sustene the honour of ane king.

How the Lordis, that culd nocht weill mak Ansuer at that Tyme, tuke ane Auysment to giff Ansuer.

The lordis all that present war thair plane,
Knew nocht weill how thai sould ansuer agane,
In sic ane thing so suddanelie to say,
Bot tuke ane respit till ane vther day.
That samin nycht syne, or thai ȝeid to rest,
To counsall went to do as thai thocht best.
In that counsall than thai decreittit ilkone
That this ilk king in handis sould be tone,
And put in ward quhill endit be this stryffe,
Lib. 5, f. 70. Col. 1. And thair remane for terme of all his lyfe.
Syne all his court quhilk war bot lad and knaif,
To hang thame all that him sic counsall gaif,
Till all vther ane document till be
To vse justice, ressoun and equitie.
Syne efterwart, quhair that the tryst wes set,
The lordis all thair with this king hes met;
Ane agit lord that tyme in hand hes tane
To mak ansuer at thair command ilkane,
Greit prattik had and in wisdome perqueir,
Sic ansuer maid as I sall schaw ȝow heir.

" Quhen gude Galdus, in all his grittest stres,
" Nocht wi[r]th ane myte desyrit moir or les,
" Quhilk in his weiris wagit mony knicht,
" And worthelie rewardit euerie wicht;
" Greit travell tuke to keip him on ouirthrawin,
" And all that tyme content ay of his awin,
" And had aneuche ay of his awin to spend,
" With sufficians vnto his latter end.
" Rycht full he wes of liberalitie,
" But auerice or prodigalitie,
" And at the counsall of his lordis wrocht;
" In all his tyme without thame did he nocht.
" Into his tyme authoriȝit neuir ane knave,
" No nane that wes unproffittabill to haif;
" Bot fra his realme excludit thame rycht far.
" Wes nane so pert into that tyme that dar
" Be send agane, wnder the pane of deid,
" In his boundis for wanting of his heid.
" And ȝe," he said, " quhilk [1] I dar rycht weill say,
" Without wisdome gangis ane vther way;
" So glittuslie full of gulositie,
" Of meit and drink with sic pluralitie;
" Into sic daffing putting ȝour delyte,
" As brutell beist that followis appetyte,
" Makand thair self so puir and indigent;
" Consumand all thair riches and thair rent,
" On huris, harlottis, and in hasartry,
" With sic plesour ȝour purpois till apply,
" With gredines and greit vngratitude,
" And tretis nane but brybouris of vyld blude;
" At that counsall hes bene led all ȝour tyme
" Evin like ane bird is lampit in the lyme;[2]
" And euerie lad syne haif ȝe maid a lord;
" ȝour riches thus is waistit and euill waird. Col. 2.

[1] In MS. *quhill.*
[2] In MS. *lyne.*

Syne handis laid vpone him haistelie,
And in ane cell that secreit wes neirby,
Inclusit him but companie alane;
Syne all the laif of his counsall ilkane,
Baith ȝoung and ald, but patience or petie,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to de.
In that presoun, with displesour and pane,
For all his tyme thai gart him thair remane.
Ane nobill man of greit honour and fame,
That callit wes Argadus to his name,
Of Argatill the lord and prince wes he,
To him thai gaif the haill auctoritie,
Quhill efterwart that tha mycht weill provyde
To cheis ane king thair kinrik for till gyde.
This Argadus, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
His regimen rycht royallie began.
Bayth thift and reif, slauchtter and oppressioun,
He puneist all at counsall with discretioun; Lib.5,f.70b. Col. 1.
And but counsall nothing he tuke on hand,
Greit peice he maid rycht sone ouir all the land;
And in his tyme he wes as traist as steill,
Quhairfoir the lordis louit him rycht weill.
The puir pepill luifit him with thair hart,
For he to thame keipit sa gude ane pairt.
Sen quhen he wes of maist auctoritie,
And in thair fauour dalie stude sa hie,
He changit sone in till ane vther man,
And left the gait quhairin he first began.
Without consent than of his lordis all,
With priuat counsall sic as he wald call,
Quhome he vsit, that said ay as he wald.
And so he wrocht richt lang and monyfald,
And blythast wes quhen he saw maist discord,
And grittest stryffe betuix ilkane lord,
Traistand thairfoir mair sicker for till be,
Without trubill in his authoritie.

How Argadus, seand that he culd nocht excuiss his Falt, fell doun on his Kneis askand thame Grace.

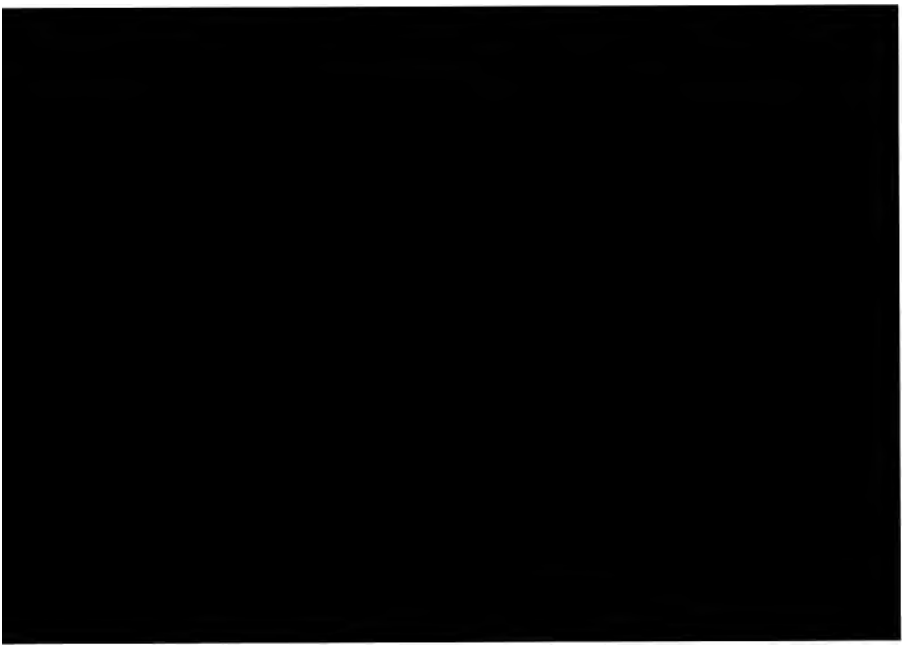
This Argadus befoir thame all that da,
So abasit wes wist nocht weill quhat to sa ;
Becaus ke kend that all that thing wes trew,
Wox reid for schame and changit oft his hew,
Excusand him als far as [that] he mocht ;
Bot all sic langage wes that tyme for nocht.
Thair wes no way by thame that he mycht gang,
By sic ressoun thai fand him in the wrang.
And quhen he saw that he culd not prevaill,
The langar ay the lykar for to faill,
Doun on his kneis he fell befoir thair feit,
And for his gilt thair he begouth to greit.
Sayand he wald at thair willis rycht sone
Amend all thing befoir that wes misdone,
Beseikand thame to haif him of petie,
Sen in thair will so far that tyme wes he.
Thocht he that tyme had seruit weill his deid,
Ȝit neuirtheles thair was better remeid,
Sen that his will was alway for till mend,
In tyme to cum the quhilk sall weill be kend.
Syne puirlie thair he put him in thair will,
As plesit thame other to gude or ill ;
Bayth land and gude, freindis and all the laif,
Evin at thair will, as plesit thame till haif.

Col. 2.

How the Lordis of Scotland, heirand this Argadus so penitent, tuke him in thair Grace, and ressavit him to all Auctoritie quhilk he had of befoir.

The lordis all consideritt weill sic thing,
His wordis meik, rycht laulie and bening,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]



As micht be said of this Conarus king;
The fourtene ȝeir then efter of his ring,
And aucht of thame in presoun than he la,
And in the last cloisit his latter da.

How Ethodeus, the Sister Sone of Mogallus, efter the Deid of Conarus, wes crownit King, and wes efter all his Tyme ane nobill Prince.

Ane nobill man callit Ethodeus,
Wes sister sone to the king Mogallus,
That father was to this Conarus king,
Was crownit than in Scotland for to ring,
And he that wes the narrest lauchtfull air,
Ane prince he wes rycht plesand and preclair,
With haill consent, my storie tellis thus,
And speciallie of nobill Argadus,
To quhome that king greit credens gaif,
And thankit him heichlie attouir the laif
Of nobill deidis he had done befoir,
Befoir thame all that present than wes thoir.
Rewardand him, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Rycht richelie with gold, guidis and land;
With haill consent gaiff him authoritie,
Of all Scotland the lieutennand to be;
Quhilk in his tyme did mony nobill deid,
As ȝe ma se quha lykis of him to reid.
Syne efter that, this nobill king with croun
Ouir all his kinrik raid baith vp and doun,
With greit plesour ouir all baith far and neir,
To euerie man he wes haldin so deir.

How the King send Argadus in the Ylis with ane Armie, the quhilk brocht mony with him that maid Slauchter.

In this same tyme that ȝe heir me tell,
Into the Ylis sic aventure befell.
Ane greit discord, and of ane litill caus,
Quhilk wes begun of euill disposit sawis,
That efterwart causit richt mekill stryfe,
Quhair throw richt mony loissit hes the lyfe
I[n] mort battell quhair mekill blude wes drawin.
And fra that cace vnto the king wes schawin,
Without delay he passit hes richt sone
Onto the Ylis quhair that the deid wes done.
This Argadus, of quhome befoir I tald,
Directit wes, quhilk wes ane berne full bald,
To tak thir folk quhair euir tha mycht be fund,
Syne to the law befoir him bring thame bund.
And so he did sone efter on ane da,
Rycht suddantlie he tuke thame quhair tha la,
Vpoun the nycht, convoyit be ane spy,
Within ane strenth quhair thai kest thame to ly.
Col. 2. In raipis rude gart bind thame ald and ȝing;
Syne on the morne presentit befoir the king
[redacted]

How ane Messinger come and schew to the King how the Britis and the Romanis had hereit Galdia.

Sone efter syne, vpoun the secund da,
Ane messinger come furth of Galdia;
Schawand to him [how] the Britis gart brak
The stark stone wall quhilk Adriane gart mak,
And witht the Romanis come into thair land,
Makand greit forray vpone euerie hand;
And all the gude within thai boundis la,
Of Scotland, Pechtland, thai draif with thame awa.
The cuntrie men that followit on the fray,
On fit and hors come till thame in array,
And gaif thame feild than or thai fordert fuir,
And faucht als lang as thai docht till induir;
Quhill mony one on euerie syde wes keild,
Syne at the last the Romanis wan the feild;
The quhilk richt lang stude betuix thame in weir,
Ȝit neuirtheles thai haif it coft full deir.
Of thair forra thai neid nocht to be fane,
Thair nobillis all come thair that da ar slane.

How Ethodeus send ane Herauld to the Legat, askand Redres of the Wrangis done to him.

Ethodeus, quhen he hard it was so,
In haist ane herald hes he maid till go
With his credence, and send him sone on syne,
To thair legat, this Aulus Victoryne,
To ask redres of all that thai had done;
And wald he nocht, declair him battell sone,
Within schort quhile that he sould cum him till,
And tak ane mendis in mager of his will.

[illegible] all [illegible] their words in effect.
[illegible] he [illegible] no trewis [illegible].
No [illegible] with [illegible] violence. [illegible]
No [illegible] in his own defence:
[illegible] he [illegible] to understand.
The [illegible] of all [illegible] in his own hand.
This [illegible] before this Romane knycht.
[illegible] their words all [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] the words all in plane.
This [illegible] that he [illegible] agane.

[illegible] How the Romane [illegible] so [illegible] and answer to the King of Scottis Herald.

"[illegible] he said, "[illegible] gang.
"How [illegible] we first [illegible] the wrang.
"[illegible] come with their power [illegible]
[illegible]
"And [illegible] that [illegible] the wall,
"[illegible] of [illegible] and of stone.
"[illegible] of this [illegible] time [illegible].
"[illegible] passage [illegible] and [illegible].
"And [illegible] with [illegible] that [illegible] awa. [illegible]
"And [illegible] his [illegible];

How the King of Scottis, heirand the Ansuer of Victoryne, wrait to the King of Pechtis schawand him the same Ansuer.

Quhen this wes said the herald leif hes tane
Befoir thame all wes present thair ilkane,
And word by word as ȝe haif hard he schew.
This nobill king, quhen he that ansuer knew,
Ane epistill wrait, and suddanelie it sent
To king of Pechtis with his haill intent,
Beseikand him of his help and supplie,
At da and place that he sould reddie be
To meit with him, and he sould tak the cuir
Till be revengit of the greit injure,
And to reforme the greit dampnage and cryme
Tha had sustenit laitlie in that tyme;
The lichtlie langage of ilk lad and knave,
And the ansuer the Romane legat gave.
The messinger this epistill hes present
To king of Pechtis in his parliament.
Befoir thame all quhen it wes red alone,
Tha war content of that desyre ilkone,
Grantand thair that thai sould reddie be
Richt suddantlie to cum in his supple,
At da and place quhair he plesit to meit;
Of that counsall so wes the haill decreit.
This messinger no langer wald remane,
With that ansuer he passit hame agane;
And schew till thame as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Tha suld be reddie baith at place and da,
At his plesour to meit in ony place;
And so thai did within ane litill space.

That samyn nycht, ane lytill forrow da,
Come neir the place quhair that the Romanis la;
Sone as the day depairtit fra the nycht,
Apperit hes into the Romanis sycht,
Without tarie into that samin tyde,
Bownyng for battell vpone euerie syde.

How Aulus Victoryn and Ethodeus, the King of Scottis, faucht quhill the Nycht departit thame.

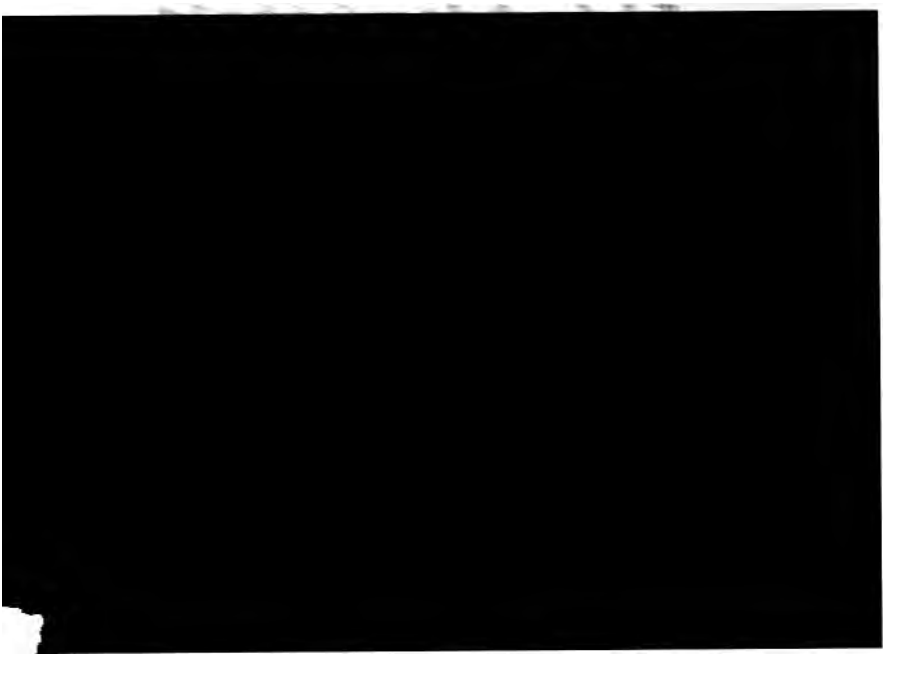
Sone on the bent thir bernis that war bald,
Togidder met with mony straik wntald;
Quhair mony douchtie dung wes fra his hors,
And mony freik fellit also on force,
And mony berne withoutin bute or beild,
In that counter rycht cruellie wer keild.
Thair dyntis dour, sua awfull till sustene,
With mekle blude hes spilt vpoune the grene;
Wes nane that day sic curage had in hart,
Or all wes done he wes full of his pairt.
Fra morne airlie that tha mycht ken the lycht
Continewallie thai faucht on to the nycht;
That wounder wes till ony creature,
Sic dyntis dour sua lang thai mycht indure;
And syne had bled so mekle of thair blude,
In so greit dreid and danger ay tha stude,
Wounder it wes thai sould had hart or hand,
Or ony strenth so lang to stryke and stand.
The Romanis had sic prattik into weir,
And furneist war so weill into thair geir,
That wes the caus quhairfoir tha mycht weill byde.
The Albionis vpoun the tother syde,
At the Romanis thai had so greit invy,
For that same caus and for na vther quhy,

Lib. 5, f. 72. Col. 1.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



How Victoryn wrait ane Epistill to Marcus Antonius the Emprioure, complenand off the Scottis and Pechtis.

In this same tyme this Aulus Victoryn
Ane epistill wrait to Rome, and send it syne
To Mark Antone, wes emprioure for the tyme,
Complenand soir of greit injure and cryme
Wes done till him be Scot and Pechtis bayth,
With fyre and blude rycht greit damnage and skayth.
And how thai had met planelie into feild,
On euerilk syde sa mony thousand keild;
And how thai faucht fra morne that it wes lycht
But victorie quhill twynnit thame the nycht.
The king of Scottis, he said, that tyme alsua
Passit he wes agane in Galdia;
The king of Pechtis siclike in his awin land,
To that effect he did him wnderstand,
With new power agane him till persew;
Quhilk and he did, without he gat reskew,
Force that it wes the Romanis all till fle
Out of Britane, or than ilkone till de. Col. 2.
In his epistill also that tyme he writis,
That he mycht put no traist into the Britis,
Sa fals thai wer with grit subtillitie,
With sic affectioun to thair libertie;
Quhairfoir rycht soir he wes of thame adred.
This Mark Antone, heirand that epistill red,
How that it said and circumstance all syne,
Consideritt weill of Aulus Victoryne,
His negligens without humanitie
Had all the wyit of his calamitie,
Traistand he wes vnabill for sic thing.
Rycht suddanelie thairfoir he did assing
Calphurneus to pas in that jorna,
Quhilk nevoy wes to Jule Agricola,

And thair thai lay rycht lang at greit laser,
And waistit all that land bayth far and ner,
Quhill wynter come that the wedder wox cald,
That euerie man suld draw him till ane hald.
Thocht he wes nevoy till Agricolay
He durst nocht put him self in sic assay,
As that he did with his armie ilkone,
So lang that lay into Camelidone;
Bot ȝeid abak as my author did sa
To Eborac, and thair all winter la.

Lib.5,f,72b, Col. 1.

How Calphurneus, the Roman Legat, the nixt Symmer passit to the Feild agane the Scottis and Pechtis, and in the samyn Tyme was schawin him how thai rebellit in Cambria.

Syne efterwart, quhen symmer come in sycht,
Calfurneus with mony worthie wicht
Prouydit hes within ane certane day,
Baith Scot and Pecht with battell till assay.
In that same tyme ane come till him and schew
Of greit perrell apperit of the new;
In Cambria how that thai did rebell,
And mair attouir that tyme he did him tell,
Of mony Romanis that the Britis slew,
Without mercie, quhair thai gat na reskew;
The Romanis all within thame that had cuir
Wer slane ilk one that tyme bayth riche and puir.
Calfurneus, tha tydenis quhen that he knew,
Changit his mynd and tuke ane purpois new,
And left the jornay he wes to begyn,
To keip the land befoir that tha had wyn,
And mak remeid quhair that rebell wes maid,
And thocht no moir thair kingdomes till invaid.

Tha war content to lat the Romanis be,
And leif at hame in greit tranquillitie.
Calfurneus siclike also did meyne,
Seand fra battell that thai did abstene,
And left the weir, thairof he wes content
To keip his awin and wes moir diligent.
Into that tyme he did as he culd best
Ouir all Britane to mak gude peice and rest.
In euerilk place that tyme quhair he hard tell
Quha that maid caus agane him to rebell,
Withoutin moir richt sone and suddanelie
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to die.
In equall wecht thair wrangis he hes weyit;
Ouir all Britane thairfoir he wes obeyit.

How the Emprioure send for Calfurneus, and send ane vther Legat in Britane, callit Tabellio,[1] the quhilk wes rycht fenzeit.

This emprioure, callit Antonius,
That same tyme send for Calfurneus,
At his command that reddie wes till go,
And in Britane he send Tabellio.
Fenzeit he wes, alss far as I haif fe[i]ll,
That his compaine tretit the Britis weill;
And Lucius, that tyme that wes thair king,
He honourit him aboue all other thing.
But his consent and all his lordis haill,
He did nothing that wes of greit availl;
Wryting to Cesar that richt oft he send,
In quhome this king rycht gritlie did commend;
Sayand he wes the Romanis freind so far,
In all Britane wes nane so bald that dar

[1] In MS., and subsequently, for *Trebellius*.

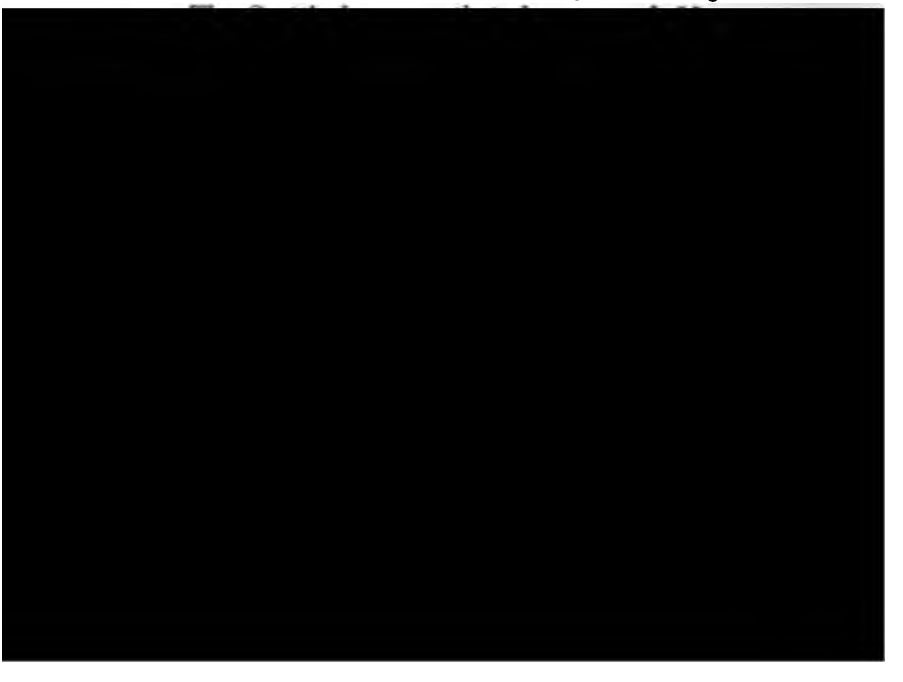
For dreid of him, of hie or law degree,
That durst rebell aganis his majestie.
Throw sic lowing that he gaif to this king,
The emprioure he louit ouir all thing.
And all the Romanis sicklike les and moir, 14,570
With mair fauour nor euir tha had befoir.
Because he wes so curtas and so heynd,
Quilit he wes tharfoir the Romanis freind.
Sone efter that this ilk Tribellious,
Quhen that he saw his tyme commodious, 14,575
That he had brocht all Britane into rest,
Trowand richt well all perrell had bene past.
He left the way in quhilk he first began,
And changeit sone in till ane vther man.
Feindeit he wes and infectit richt far 14,580
Till averice the quhilk of all is war;
In [illegible] quhair that he wnderstude
[illegible] win gold, riches or gude,
[illegible] with [illegible] law,
Sum he gart heid and sum gart hang and 14,585
[illegible]
[illegible] alhail [illegible] he,
[illegible] maid [illegible] be;
[illegible] the Britis him haitit to the deid,
[illegible] for to mak remeid.

How Ethodeus, heirand the Discord betuix the Britis and Tabellious, considderit weill than wes his Tyme, and send to the King of Pechtis for his Supplie.

Ethodeus, that wes of Scottis king,
Rycht suddantlie quhen that he knew sic thing,
Consideerit weill that tyme in his intent,
The greit invie, malice, and haitrent
The Britis had at this Tabellius,
To thame alway he wes so odious,
Than wes the tyme of oportunitie
Of Romanis for to revengit be.
To the king of Pechtis ane epistill sone he send,
Beseikand him with hartlie recommend,
To reddie be, als gudlie as he ma,
With haill power and meit him at set da;
Thame to revenge withoutin ony moir,
Of all injure wes done to thame befoir.
And so he did, the suith gif I suld tell.
Thir kingis thus thai met vpone ane fell
With greit power, syne fordward fuir with all,
Quhill that thai come wnto this foirsaid wall,
Quhilk biggit wes richt stark of lyme and stane,
With touris hie and turatis mony ane;
And sone thai set ane seig vnto the wall,
In sindrie pairtis quhair thai gart it fall.
Suppois it wes rycht starklie maid of stone,
Tha kest it doun, syne in ouir it is gone,
And enterit sone into the Romanis land,
With fyre and blude quhair no resist tha fand,
Hereit and brint into that tyme ouir all,
Bayth tour and toun and strenthis maid to fall.

How the Ordoure and Enteres of the greit Battell betuix Ethodeus King off Scottis and Yribelleus the Legat.

Yribelleus, thairof quhen he did heir,
Rycht haistelie he come with greit poweir.
By the place quhairat thir kingis la,
He tuke the feild, as my author did sa,
Besyid ane medow on ane rycht plane mure, 14,630
In rayit battell till his fais fuir.
Ethodeus, persaueand it wes sway,
Rycht sone he put his men in till array,
With pensallis proude and standartis on hycht
And baneris braid broderit with gold so brycht; 14,635
With scheildis schynand ouir the semelie schaw,
In coit armour als quhit as ony snaw.
The Romanis als quhair tha stude on the mold,
Col. 2. In curage cleir glitterand as ony gold,
With baneris braid buskit on euerie syde, 14,640
And pynsall proude quhilk wer of mekill pryde.
On euerie syde the schalmes schouttand schill
Gart cowartis quaik thairof that lykit ill.
The braid arrowis, als fers as ony flint,
Rycht fast thai flaw with mony deidlie dynt. 14,645



[redacted]

At the Romanes thai had sa greit invy,
Tha fled fra thame than for that samin quhy.
The Albionis so cruell war and kene,
The Romanes mycht na langer weill sustene;
So mekill slauchter of thame that wes maid,
Quhill that thair blude ran into burnis braid.
Tribelleus, quhen that he saw that sicht,
No langer baid and sone he tuke the flicht;
With greit perrell out of the preis he fled,
On ane swyft hors out of the feild wes hed.
The laif also na langar that thai baid,
Than efter him schort tarie than thai maid.
Mony war tane, and mony thousand keild;
Thir kingis tuo that da thai held the feild.

How Tribelleus thocht to giff Battell on the Morne; the Scottis knawand that, sclew[1] all the Romanis war tane in the Feild.

Tribelleus so soir that tyme he dred,
To Eborac that samin nycht he fled.
Syne all his men, als gudlie as he mycht,
He gart convene togidder that same nycht,
In that beleif to gif battell agane.
The Albionis quhen thai knew that rycht plane,
The presoneris that thai had tane befoir
That samin nycht tha sclew[1] baith les and moir,
For to revenge the cruell deid and pane
Of thair freindis in that feild wes slane.
In Westmureland, and in Candalia,
Baith brint and slew, and all thing tuke awa;
Thair wes nothing into thair gait tha fand
Wes saiff that tyme, or ȝit mycht mak ganestand.

[1] In MS. *schew.*

Or dreid thair power suld grow and be ma,
And mix thame[self] syne efter with his fa:
And for sic perrell that thai saw appeir,
Concludit hes as I haif said ȝow heir.
At thair counsall sone efter he did so,
On fit and hors he went toward his fo.
Thairof the Britis tuke ane greit affray,
Seand the Romanis in so gude array,
In glitterand geir that flammit as the fyre,
And baneris bricht all brodin with gold wyre.
Thair captane Caldor gaif thame sic curage,
Bayth ȝoung and ald, bayth euery man and paige,
Tha tuke the feild that tyme be as it mycht,
Quhair suddantlie mony to deid wes dycht.
The Britis all wer nakit than but geir,
And the Romanis sic prattik had in weir,
Tha wan the feild, suppois it wes with pane,
For in that feild mony of thame wer slane.
Caldor thair captane seing so betyde,
He tuke his leve and wald no langar byde;
Lyke ony foull out of the feild he flew
With his freindis the quhilk his counsall knew;
Withoutin stop quhair he fand no ganestand,
Quhill he come hame agane into Pechtland.
With loude lauchter he maid grit ruse and vant,
How he had playit the Romanis *tant pro tant;*
And thair with all blerit the Britis ee
On euirilk syde sa mony he gart de.
Tribelleus gart tak in to that feild,
Bayth ȝoung and ald that wald than to him ȝeild;
Amang the laif thai tuke of nobill blude,
In vyle habeit wnkend for men of gude,
Ten or tuelf, or neirby sic and certane,
Of the best men that wes in till all Britane,
Quhilk causit all the commonis to rebell.
Tribelleus thairof quhen he hard tell,

14,720 14,725 14,730 14,735 14,740 14,745 Col. 2. 14,750

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Testament [illegible] Epistill [illegible] Rome [illegible] Cesar, [illegible] Emperoure

[illegible]
[illegible]
Ryvit humelie heir I complene to the

[redacted]

" And in the feild thai left me all allane,
" Myself wes chaist, my men wer slane and tane.
" Quhairfoir, he said, "send ȝe nocht sone supplie,
" Now force it is rycht suddantlie to me
" To leif Britane with mekle schame and lak,
" Or byde and die sic aventure to tak."

How the Emprioure send ane Legat in Britane, callit Pertinax to name.

The emprioure, heirand that it wes so,
With ane armie than[1] hes he maid till go
Ane greit nobill, hecht Pertinax to name,
Of greit honour withoutin ony blame.
In all his tyme ane man of gude wes he,
Curtas and heynd and full of liberalitie;
In greit honour he held the Britis blude, Lib. 5, f. 74.
And speciallie the grittest men of gude. Col. 1.
This Lucius, that wes king in thai dais,
Weill louit him, as that my authour sais.
The Britis hartis with grit favour he wan,
So humelie amang thame he began;
The Scottis men and Pechtis als tha[t] da,
That duelland wer into Candalia,
He hes compellit that tyme ane and all
On force to pas hame bakwart ouir the wall,
Of quhilk befoir to ȝow as I haif tald,
And farder mair persew thame he no wald;
Bot haistelie he hes gart big anone
The wall agane rich[t] stark of lyme and stone;
And wes content to bruke his awin in peice,
Fra Scott and Pecht syne fra all weiris ceis.

[1] In MS. *that.*

With greit power, my author tellis thus,
Of Argatill the nobill Argadus.
The Ylis men that weill his cuming knew,
As in the tyme thair spyis to thame schew.
That samin tyme, als ȝe sall vnderstand,
Tua thousand thevis come furth of Ireland,
In Argatill ane lang tyme quhair thai baid,
Bayth brint and slew, and rycht greit spulȝe maid.
Quhen thai hard tell Argadus wes cumand,
The Ylis men and thai bayth in ane band
Convenit thair togidder baith in ane, Col. 2.
And ilkane vtheris part that tyme hes tane.
And as [come] Argadus within the land,
Thir perverst pepill bayth in ane band,
Ane multitude thai laid within ane schaw,
Syne kest ane trane this Argadus to draw
Within the strenth, quhair that thair greit staill la.
Syne one the morne, rycht sone be it wes da,
This Argadus he followit on the trane;
The Ylis men thairof thai wer full fane,
Lay at the wait that tyme into the schaw,
And leit him pas by closlie ane and aw.
Syne suddantlie, as he wes passit by,
At onis raiss all with ane schout and cry,
Behind his bak come rydand in ane raice,
The staill befoir set on into his face:
So with his fais than with mekle schoir
Inclosit wes thair baith behind and afoir.
This Argadus, als het as ony fyre,
All dreddour than hes turnit into yre,
And baldlie baid that tyme for all thair boist,
And faucht so lang quhill he the lyfe hes loist.
Of him this tyme I haif no moir till sa;
Quhen he wes slane the laif fled all awa.
This Argadus, as my author me tald,
Efter his name so bellicois and bald,

The multitude thairof wes weill content,
And suddantlie thairto gaif thair consent,
For-quhy that tyme, in storie as we reid,
Sic force it wes it stude thame in sic neid.
Out haif thai tane tua hundreth in that tyme,
Moist principall and caus of all that cryme,
And thair captane withoutin ony moir,
And presentit hes this nobill king befoir;
And all the laif hes of thair harnes tane,
And in his will cuming that tyme ilkane.
The king thame maid than all to pas hame frie,
The tua hundreth gart on ane gallous de;
And thair captane, quhilk caus wes of that cryme,
Befoir thair ene wes hangit that same tyme.
The laif thairof for noy and dreddour schuik,
So greit displesour in thair mynd tha tuke,
As tha war wod out of thair wit tha ran,
Vpoune the oist ane bikker than began,
And stonis kest that wounder wes to se.
The men of armes in greit quantitie,
Tha closit thame all nakit quhair tha stude,
And syne thair brandis baitht into thair blude.
Rycht cruellie thair wer thai slane ilkone,
Neuir on of thame levand away is gone.
Fra this tyme furth that ȝe haif hard rehers,
The Ylis all lang levit into peice.

How Ethodeus all his Tyme fra that furth levit in Peax and Rest with the Romanis.

Tribelleus, of quhome befoir I spak,
He wes content for all the skaith and lak
That he had tane laitlie, this is no leis,
Of Scot and Pecht than for to leve in peice;
Skantlie he micht hald Britane into rest,
So oft rebellit and erest of the best.

Ethodeus efter that all his dais
In peax and rest, as that my author sais,
And greit honour all fra that tyme furth he rang,
But outwart weir or ony inwart wrang,
Efter greit pane in weir that he had tane,
And all his lordis, bayth ȝoung and ald ilkane,
Dewysit hes for recreatioun,
To confort thame with consolatioun,
All kynd of pastance with gude sport and pla,
To dance and sing and for till hunt ilk da,
With all sporting of sic plesand plais,
But ydilnes for till put ouir the dais.
Oft with his lordis throw the realme he raid,
And mony lawis of the hunting maid,
Col. 2. And to the first he ordanit into plane
That na hunt beist with schutting sould be slane,
Nor ȝit with net, with stone, or ȝit with tre,
Vnder greit pane that sic slauchter suld be.
Or ȝit ane beist that had forrun the hound,
In ony place that da quhair it wes fund,
It sould haif girth and respit for that tyme,
Vnder the pane of siclike deidlie cryme.
Siclyke ane beist of ȝouthheid within eild,
Quhair it wer fund in forrest or in feild,
It suld be fre vnder siclike pane,

Off the Infelicitie of Ethodeus in his Aige, quhilk was so nobill ane King in his 3outhheid.

Syne fals Fortoun without stabilitie,
Quhilk hes invy ay at prosperitie,
And turnis erast quhen scho hes no caus,
For-quhy scho is subdewit to-na lawes,
And workis nocht by ressone na by skill,
Bot as scho list ay efter hir awin will;
Quhairfoir he sittis in ane perrelus place,
Intill all tyme that standis in hir grace.
So mycht be said of gude Ethodeus,
In all his tyme that wes so gratius,
Quhen he traistit hir freindschip for till feill,
Rycht suddantlie scho turnit hes hir quheill,
Quhilk he mycht rew and all his liegis als.
Ane trumpatour, that fein3eit wes and fals,
That in his chalmer wes maist inwart man,
Borne in the Ylis, and of the cursit clan
Of quhome befoir this king rycht mony slew,
Bot schort quhile syne as I heir to 3ow schew,
Thocht he wes treittit rycht weill with the king,
Out of his mynd remouit neuir that thing,
Bot ay lukand quhill he his tyme mycht se,
Of that same thing for to revengit be.
Quhen that the king ilk nycht to sleip wes laid,
This trumpatour in his chalmer he plaid,
Quhill that the king wes frelie brocht on sleip.
Sa on ane nycht this tratour tuke gude keip,
Quhen that the king on to his bed wes gone,
And sleipand wes and all the laif ilkone,
Into his bed he slew him quhair he la,
Syne quyetlie he schupe to pas his wa.
3it neuirtheles be that this deid wes done,
The kingis men laid handis on him sone,

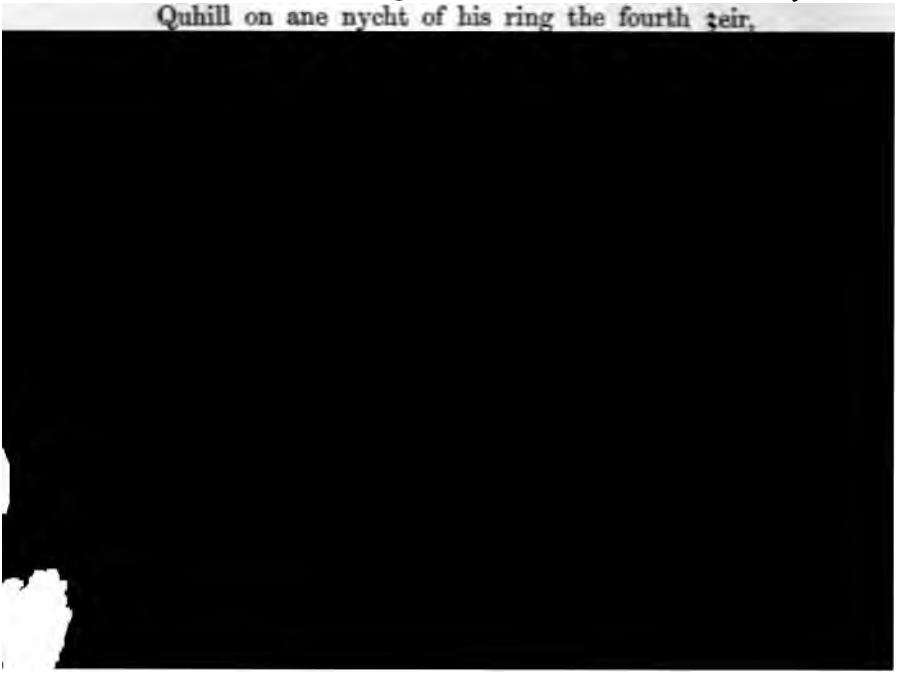
In Albione wes nocht ane better king,
Nor ȝit so gude, in the tyme of his ring,
Na lang befoir sen the weiris began,
Of the Romanis sic victorie that wan.

How the Britis tuke the Faitht of Christ be thair King Lucius vnder ane Paip callit Elyntherius.

Into the tyme of this Ethodeus,
Ane paip callit wes Elyntherius,
Quhilk marterit wes into the tyme and ring
Of Seuerius the emprioure and king,
The king of Britane in thai samin dais,
Quhilk Lucius hecht, as that my author sais,
Be the Romanis amang thame maid repair
Daylie he hard of Chrystis law and lair;
Into the quhilk ane greit plesour he tuke,
With his lordis syne ydolatrie forsuke.
Syne to the paip ane epistill sone wrait he,
Sayand thai wald into the number be
Of Cristin men, and tak the fayth of Christ,
With all his pepill for to be baptist.
Into Britane this paip than till him send
Tua nobill men of vertew to commend,
Fugatius the tane he hecht to name,
And Damean the tother of greit fame,
Quhilk baptist hes this ilk king Lucius
With Britis all, my author sais thus. Col. 2.
Puttand away the ryte of sacrifice,
Of ydolatrie and all sic wickit vice;
With diligence efter thai wer baptist,
Instructand thame into the faith of Christ,
Efter he borne wes of the Virgin cleir,
Ane hundreth auchtie and als sevin ȝeir.

How Satrehell, the Bruther Germane of Ethodeus, wes crownit King of Scottis, becaus Ethodeus Sone wes that Tyme nycht far within Aige.

Ethodeus, of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author did me mention mak,
Ane sone he had that wes ane perfit cheild,
Quhilk wes bot ȝoung and nocht of perfite eild.
To keip the law that thai had maid befoir,
With haill consent of all baith les and moir,
Ane Satrehell, Ethodeus germane bruther,
Quhilk narrest wes that tyme of ony vther
For to succeid into his brutheris steid,
And bruke his croun efter that he wes deid,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.
Full litill grace thair wes in all his ring:
With greit falsett infectit wes he so,
With auerice and vther vicis mo;
Throw greit dissait, full of subtillitie,
Full mony one syne efter ma[id] to de.
Quhairfoir his lordis had at him greit feid,
And da by da imaginand his deid;
Quhill on ane nycht of his ring the fourth ȝeir,



How Donaldus, the Bruther Germane of Ethodeus, with Consent of all the Lordis, was crownit King.

Ane nobill man, hecht Donald rycht conding,
The bruther germane of Ethodeus king,
With haill consent of all boith moir and les,
In rob royall that same tyme crownit wes.
Greit difference wes betuix him and his bruther,
For in his tyme he exceidit all vther
In vertuous lyfe and religiositie,
And full he wes of liberalitie.
Rycht sone he maid his kinrik into peice,
Murthure and slauchter suddanelie gart ceis;
Baith thift and reif and all sic opin wrang;
And puneist hes richt mony tratour strang.
Ane multitude dalie in armour bricht
Conducit hes of weirmen that wes wicht,
Reddie to pas quhair ony did rebell
In contrair him, so did my author tell.[1]
And thus he rang in rest rycht mony ȝeir,
Quhill efterwart hapnit as ȝe sall heir.

Lib. 5, f. 75b. Col. 1.

How Lucius, the King of Britis, departit, and the Romanis decreittit to mak na ma Kingis in Britane.

This Lucius, of quhome befoir I spak,
The emprioure did king of Britane mak,
With eild and seiknes viseit wes so soir,
He tuke his leif for he micht leve no moir.
Efter his deid the Romanis did conclude
Na king[is] mo to mak of the Britis blude.
For weill thai wist it wes the speciall caus,
The Britis brak so oft the Romanis lawis:

[1] In MS. *did tell.*

And causit thame so oft for to rel
And for that quhy, as my author
No king in Britane wes that mon
Quhill efterwart as I sall to ȝow
Fulgentius, quhilk wes ane man o
Ane greit nobill borne of the Brit
Seand thai war defraudit of thair
Rycht far he wes commouit at th
Quhairfoir richt sone amang the E
Richt quietlie ane counsall he gart
Quhair thair comperit mony men
This Fulgentius in middis of tham
As he that wes the maist wys no
And of this wyis his oresoun begs

How Fulgentius maid his Romanis that wald noc ane King.

" Lordis," he said, "perfitlie weill
" How the Romanis hes distroyit
" And hes defamit baith kinrik a
" The nobill blude put to confusio

Applyit hes to tak that thing on hand,
Syne altogidder bund wer in ane band,
In gude and ill ay at ane pairt till byde
Quhat auenture that efter may betyde.
Syne Fulgentius, without ony discord,
Then thai haif chosin to be gouernour and lord,
As he richt weill that same tyme mycht haif bene,
Syne set ane da quhen thai sould all convene.

How Fulgentius, efter the Britis consentit till him, send ane Herald to the King of Scottis for Supple.

Ane herald send with his writing in hy, Col. 2.
Directit hes richt sone and suddantly,
Commendand him richt lawlie and bening
To gude Donald that wes of Scottis king.
Sayand to him, as ȝe haif hard me tell,
How all the Britis maid thame to rebell
Agane the Romanis to reskew thair richt.
In all Britane wes nane sa ȝoung and wicht,
Bot he wes reddie for to suffer deid,
Or mak thame frie out of the Romanis feid.
Sayand also the tyme wes rycht ganand,
And speidfull als to tak sic thing on hand.
For-quhy, he said, that tyme in Gallia,
And all the pairtis of Germania,
Agane the Romanes mony did rebell,
Be richt relatioun as he hes hard tell.
Cesar also, quhilk wes baith waik and sueir,
Seiklie and ale and micht nocht rycht weill steir,
Sic perrell saw in Rome appeir to be,
Into Britane sould send no moir supple.
Beseikand him, as he wes humbill wycht,
To rew on him and help him gif he mycht

Vnto the wall, of quhome I spak befoir,
With trumpet, talburne, blawand with greit schoir.
In sindrie pairtis doun the wall tha brak,
That Scot and Pecht thairin passage mycht mak.
Be this the Scottis war cumand at thair hand,
And Pechtis alss togidder in ane band,
And brak the wall befoir thame thai haif fund, Lib. 5, f. 76. Col. 1.
And fillit the fowseis evin full to the ground.
Syne efter sone enterit within the land
At thair plesour, quhair thai gat no ganestand,
With the Britis quhair at tha met togidder,
To Eborac syne all ar passit hidder.
Tribelleus as thai than vnderstude,
And all the nobillis of the Romane blude,
That grittast war and most than of renoun,
Remanand than war within that toun.
Ȝit neuirtheles it wes nocht as thai wene;
Tribelleus, of quhome this tyme I mene,
Passit in Kent his armie to renew,
Quhairfoir as than thai wald no moir persew
To seig the toun, bot lute it than alone;
With haill power syne fordermair is gone,
In ony place quhair that thai vnderstude,
Quhair tha micht find ony Romane blude,
Or in quhat pairt thai hapnit for to be
Rycht cruellie thai maid thame all to de
Without petie, that tyme thair wes no pley,
And all vther that wald thame nocht obey.
And so thai wrocht ay into that land,
Quhill symmer went and winter come to hand,
With frost and snaw that furious wes and fell,
With wynd and weit, and mony schouris snell,
With mist and roik, and als with mekle rane,
That force it was that tyme to leue the plane.
Baith Scot and Pecht, and all the Britis bald,
Ar passit hame ilkone to thair awin hald.

And all the laue siclike baith les and moir,
And mend all faltis that wer maid befoir.
This Seuerus thairto wald nocht consent,
For-quhy he wes that tyme in his intent
Rycht couetus of gloir and victorie,
That was the caus that gart [him] so deny
For [to] ressaue Fulgentius in his grace;
Sen he fra Rome had maid so far ane raice,
To him he thocht it wes bayth lak and schame
But victorie or battell to pas hame.
Fulgentius, herand that it wes so,
To counsall than with his lordis did go;
Thair in the presens of thame euerilk man,
Thame to perswaid of this way he began.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE TENNOUR OF FULGENTIUS ORESOUN THAT HE MAID TO THE BRITIS TO CAUS THAME TO [ENTER] THE FEILD.

" Lordis," he said, " now gif ȝe list to heir,
" How the Romanis neirby thre hundreth ȝeir
" Hes occupyit oure landis as tha lest;
" The nobill blude of Britane and the best,
" But ony caus hes put to confusioun,
" And laitlie now translaittit hes our croun;
" Excludit hes fra ws our prince and king,
" Wnder thair wand in sic bondage to ring.
" Syne efterwart, quhat tyme that euir tha lest,
" The nobill blude quhair that tha think best,
" In other pairtis for till skaill full wyde,
" And in this land no langar for till byde,
" And thus tha think the nobillis till exclude,
" Syne all the laif put in vyle seruitude.
" My counsall is now," he said, " thairfoir,
" Or thai distroy our grit honour and gloir,

" And put oure self in sic miseritie,
" All on ane da far erar for to de,
" That efterwart to all the warld be kend,
" We and oure gloir all on ane da tuke end.
" Ȝit neuirtheles we haif na caus to dreid,
" As weill I wait it sall preve into deid;
" For-quhy I knaw thai ar nocht of ane mynd,
" Nor of ane will, of mony sindrie kynd,
" Of diuerss langage and of diuerss land,
" That few of thame can vther wnderstand;
" Without thai haif the moir prattik in weir,
" Or of Cesar that we tak sic ane feir,
" Be na ressoun that I can heir or se,
" Na ma nocht weill ane pairtie till ws be,
" Sen we ar all of ane vigour and will
" Dreidand no chance godis will send ws till,
" Lyfe or deid, and thinkis nocht to fle,
" Traist weill," he said, " all at oure will salbe.
" Also this tyme I think it is nocht gude
" To gif thame feild with all the multitude,
" Bot to defend oure self with jeoperdie,
" Of Scot and Pecht quhill that we get supple."
Throw sic persuasioun as he maid thame thair,
All in ane will that tyme, bayth les and mair,

Lib.5,f.76b. Hes vndertane vpoun ane da to de,

[redacted]

Gif that the Romanis come for till assaill
Thair self, thair gude, that thai suld nocht prevaill.
Richt mony Scot and Pecht in ane band
That samin tyme come reddie at thair hand,
With thair captanis the quhilk war men of gude;
Syne lichtit doun besyde thame on ane flude.
Vpoun ane ley thair ludging syne thai maid;
Ane royall oist thai war baith lang and braid,
Threttie thousand of nobill men of weir
With hors, harnes, waponis and vther geir.
Thairof the Britis war rycht blyth and glaid,
At thair meitting greit mirrines wes maid;
The trumpetis blew and hornes vpone hicht,
With baill fyris richt baldlie birnand bricht,
Ane hevinlie sound of all solace and sang,
Grit mirrines wes that tyme thame amang.
At thair counsall thai la that tyme stane still,
Ane da or tua waittand the Romanes will.

How Seuerus left his ȝoungest Sone to governe Britane, and brocht his eldest Sone with ane Armie to Eborac.

This Seuerus, that nobill emprioure,
Quhilk in his tyme that wan so greit honour,
Richt weill he knew, as spyis till him brocht,
The wayis all that this Fulgentius wrocht.
His ȝoungest sone, that Geta hecht to name,
With him that tyme he brocht so far fra hame,
Behind him left in Britane for to be
Thair governour baith be land and se.
Syne with his oist fordward to his fa,
His eldest sone Antone he gart with him ga,
Of his greit oist lieutennand for to be,
Wantoun he wes and of ane curage he,

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Tha knychtis kene cled all in curage cleir,
Witht diamontis ding most dantie and most deir,
With rubeis reid and perle of orient,
Poleist, perfyte, rycht precious and potent;
And mony ressone writtin all in grew,
Sum with fyne gold and sum with aser blew.
Cesar him self quhair he raid in ane rout,
With bernis bald wes bordorit about;
His bodie schene like ony lanterne lycht,
Or as ane sterne into the frostie nycht.
In curage cleir his cors wes weill cled,
And cot armour thairwith aboue he had
Of fynest gold, that burneist wes full brycht,
With rubeis reid and diamontis weill dycht,
Pouderit with perle most plesand and perfyte,
And goldin letteris into Latene dyte.
Moir plesand sicht befoir wes semdill sene
In Albione with ony fleschlie ene.
The buglis blew rycht baldlie on the bruke,
The schalmes schouttit quhill the schawes schuke.
Of Albione the bowmen les and moir,
With bowis big hes tane the feild befoir.
The flanis flew like fyre out of the flint,
Rycht awfull wes for till induir thair dynt.
The archearis schot on euerie syde a quhile,
Quhill ane micht pas the pas of half a myle.
The bairdit hors syne enterit in the feild,
With speiris lang and mony targe and scheild,
And fuir fordward with sic ane felloun force,
Quhill to the erd thai draue bayth men and hors.
Thair scheildis raif and all thair speiris brak,
And mony berne wes laid vpone his bak;
Full mony schank and schulder than wes schorne,
And mony bald men throw the bodie borne,
And mony breist wes bludie maid and bla,
And mony heid hackit the bodie fra.

That mad melle rycht mony men mycht mene, 15,430
[illegible] Ane stranger stour in erd wes neuir sene.
Lang so tha faucht ane da neir to the end,
But victorie of ony syde wnkend;
Quhill at the last throw strenth of men and geir,
And greit prattik the Romanis had in weir, 15,435
The Albionis war maid on force to fle,
And threttie thousand of thair men to de;
And neir as mony on the tother syde,
Of the Romanis that tyme for all thair pryde.
Cesar him self that wan so greit honour, 15,440
Stude neuir befoir intill ane stranger stour.
Fulgentius quhen he saw thame fle,
Sa mony als of his nobillis thair de,
Efter his deid that tyme he thocht full lang,
And wald haif enterit in the thickest throng, 15,445
In that purpois to purches his awin deid.
His men rycht sone that war into that steid,
Mager his will hes put him on ane hors,
Out of the feild syne gart him fle on force.
The Scottis than and Pechtis quhen tha knew 15,450
Of no beleif the battell till renew,
And quhen thai saw Fulgentius als fle,
And wist rycht weill thair wes no moir supple,
Tha kest fra thame thair harnes and thair geir

In greit danger that da he wan the feild,
Quhair mony thousand of his men wer keild;
Thairfoir he thocht, for perrell that mycht fall,
Wald nocht that tyme pas farrar no the wall,
Farrar to follow into Albione,
Bot with his oist bakwart agane is gone.
With greit power syne raid ouir all his land;
In euerie place quhair he rebellouris fand,
Baith ȝoung and ald, but patiens or petie,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to de.
Syne all the lave that wald till him obey,
Evin as tha wald but counter pleid or pley,
Bayth gude and ill, and als bayth ȝoung and ald,
To vse thair law ay as thair awin self wald.

How Seuerus than in Winter passit to Eborac, and remanit thair with his Armie that Winter.

Be this winter approchand wes rycht fast,
With fell flawis and mony bitter blast
Of frost and snaw, and mekill wynd and rane,
That nane for cald mycht byde vpone the plane.
Quhairfoir Seuerus drew him to the toun
Of Eborac quhilk than wes of renoun;
Thair in that winter to remane and byde, Col. 2.
And all his lordis, quhill the symmer tyde.
Fulgentius with greit travell and pane
His men togidder gatherit hes agane;
And all that winter, ȝe sall vnderstand,
Remanit hes into the Pechtis land,
And with the Scottis, quhair thame lykit best,
For all that winter thair thai tuke thair rest.
The Scottis send than in Ybernia,
The Pechtis to Denmark and Norua,

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

Waldin thai war, and wicht as ony hors,
Ouir craig and cleuche to clym and ryn on force,
In mos and montanis and in marres bayth,
Quhairfoir the Romanis did thame lytill skayth.

How Seuerus for Eild and Waiknes mycht nocht travel, bot send his Sone Antonius to keip the Bordoure.

This Seuerus so trublit wes with eild — Lib.5,f.77b. Col. 1.
And greit seiknes mich[t] nocht cum to the feild,
Antone his sone, that weill the weiris kend,
With ane greit armie to the bordouris send.
Antoneus, quhen that he saw and knew
Sic perrell wes the Albionis till persew,
Within sic strenth quhair he mycht nocht preuaill,
And saw the Romanis in thair weiris faill,
Turnit his mynd on to ane purpois new,
And wald no moir the Albionis persew.
Bot suddantlie than with his power all
Gart big agane the Adrianis wall,
In all partis that tyme les and moir,
Quhair it brokin was, as ȝe haif hard befoir,
With touris stark and turatis mony one,
And in the wall wyde conductis maid of stone,
Fra toure to toure and endlang the waw,
In tyme of neid thairin hornis to blaw,
Baith lang and wyde the quhilk war maid of brass,
So that that sound endlang the wall mycht pas,
Ilkone vther to warne quhen thai had neid
Quhen that thai war in perrell or in dreid.
Watchis thai maid to walk vpoun the waw,
And men siclike thair hornis for till blaw.
Syne efter that, with all power and micht,
Greit diligence hes done da and nycht,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[redacted]

And speciallie the men of maist honour,
Nane bot him self for to mak emprioure. Col. 2.
On to the captanis also of the gaird
He gaif that tyme mony riche reward;
Beseikand thame richt anefald with his hart,
Agane his brother for to tak his pairt,
And him declair haill emprioure and king,
Without collige allanerlie to ring.
The quhilk to do that tyme thai war full layth;
Sa [thocht] tha wist that he wes neuir so wraith,
Ȝit wald thai nocht gif thair consent thairtill,
Wittand so weill it wes thair fatheris will,
Efter his deid that thai sould equall be,
And ring togidder in tranquillitie.

How Antoneus, the eldest Sone of Seuerus, send to the King of Scottis and to the King of Pechtis for Peice.

Antonius, persaueand weill sic thing,
Ane herald send on to the Scottis king,
And Pechtis alss into that tyme but leis,
Beseikand thame for thair freindschip and peice,
Sen peice and weir war bayth into thair will;
And tha agane sic ansuer send him till,
That wald tha nocht at that tyme, tha maid hym plane,
Without he wald rycht sone ressaue agane
Fulgentius, and also him restoir
To all possessioun that he had befoir,
And all the laif that tuke his part that tyme
Forgif siclyke of all malice and cryme,
And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent.
Antonius thairof wes rycht weill content;
Syne sone ane herald hes he send thame till,
All thair desyre at that tyme to fulfill,

Syne with the pig togidder all ar gane,
Thir tua brethir and thir lordis ilkane,
To Rome that tyme and put that pig in grave,
With all honour ane emprioure sould haue.

How Antonius in Presens of his Moder slew Geta his Bruther, and succeidit syne to all the haill Impyre.

Syne on ane da that ilk Antonius,
Without fabill my author sais thus,
Syne efter that, in presens of his mother,
Rych cruellie he slew Geta his bruther,
To satisfie his lust and his desyre;
Succeidit syne to all the haill impyre.

How the Scottis first tuke the Faith of Christ in the Tyme of Victoryn, Donald beand King.

Efter this tyme Donald the Scottis king
In peice and rest ane rycht lang quhile did ring,
And put his kinrik in greit policie,
With peice and rest, and greit tranquillitie.
Wes nane better in all his tyme that rang,
Na ȝit befoir nor efter him richt lang.
Heir will I leif and talk thairof no moir,
And now rehers of thingis done befoir.
Into the tyme of this ilk Seuerus,
Ane paip thair wes faithfull and famous,
The quhilk Victor wes callit in thai dayis,
The fyiftenit paip, as that the legend sais,
Fra Sanct Peter, as it is rycht weill kend.
This king Donald ane seruand to him send,

[redacted]

[redacted]

And mekill moir nor I will now rehers,
Quhilk neidis now nocht to be put in verss.
This thing wes done efter tua hundreth ȝeir
And thrie also that Marie virgin cleir
In Bethlem than buir the blissit birth,
Till all mankynd quhilk is refuge and girth.
Efter this king had tane the faith of Crist,
And his kinrik compleitlie wes baptist,
With haill consent of liegis les and moir
Hes gart distroy all tempillis maid befoir,
In euirilk pairt that tyme baith ane and all,
And brint thair goddis into poulder small.
Putting away all superstitioun
Of gentill ryit with euill conditioun,
And big kirkis of greit auctoritie,
Efter the vse of Cristianitie;
And preistis mak thairin to sing and sa.
The pepill als vpoune the halie da,
Na warldlie laibour that da for to wirk,
Bot honour God and pra into the kirk,
On sax dayes that maid all as him lest,
Syne on the seyvint fra all werkis tuke rest.
Lang efter that, as my author did sa,
This king Donald he leuit mony da,
All mammitrie fra he gart thame forsaik;
And wes the first into Scotland that straik
Gold and siluer, and sic money to gang,
Quhilk of befoir thai wantit had richt lang.
On the tane syid he gart prent Christis cors,
And on the tother him self vpone ane hors,
In sempiterne rememberance to be
Of Christis deith and Cristianitie.
Syne efter that, as that my author sais,
In Christis faith cloisit his latter dais,
And bereist wes ane litill efter that
Into ane place the quhilk wes consecrat,

With service sung and
Efter the use of Christ

How Ethodeus,
deus, wes
gude King I

Lib.5,f.79b. Col. 1. Quhen passit wes this
Than crownit wes the
That sone and air wes
Ethodeus, of quhome b
Quhilk fra his father v
With auerice the langs
He thocht nothing so
To kist and coffer for
Silver and pla, all sic
Stalis and law also h
The lyfe of thairfoir
Bayth the of air a
And he the wes his
Quhilk wes the cans quha l
Loving to God heir endis t

Heir endys the Fy
the Saxt, and
Ethodeus,

LIB. 6.

Ethodeus on this way being deid,
No king thair wes richt lang into his steid.
Ane sone he had that wes ane prettie child,
Fettis and fair and nocht of lawfull eilde,
To name that tyme wes callit Ethorton,
Fairar in eirth ȝit wes thair neuir none;
In Yle of Mone standand into the se,
With Drewedes at studie that was he.
In greit beleif of his wit and ingyne,
His gentres and als his wisdome syne,
With haill consent than baith of ald and ȝing
Within ȝouthheid than wes he crownit king.
Plesand he wes, perfite in euirilk pla,
Walkryffe in weir at all tyme, nycht and da;
Blyth and benyng, full of humanitie;
Richt large he wes in liberalitie.
Ane lang da ouir thocht I my pen wald vse,
Vnsufficient I am this tyme to ruiss
His greit vertew and his nobilitie,
To euirilk man with sic humanitie;
Quhairof as now I lat sic thing pas by,
And to my purpois now I will apply.
Sone efter syne into the auchtane ȝeir
Wes of his ring, as I sall schaw ȝow heir,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell ȝow than,
He changit sone intill ane vther man.
Bot weill I wait it wes ill company
Of lad and loun, hurdome and harlatrie.
Ill companie, without it get releif,
It bringis mony to rycht greit mischeif.
Full suith it is as I hard wyss men sa, Col. 2.
Et tu semper cum bonis ambula.
With auerice he wes so far infeccit,
Quhilk causit him to be baith blind and blekit

And lordis als, the quilk richt weill he knew
Tha hait the king, as sindrie to him schew;
Full weill he wist tha hait him to the deid,
And for that caus he socht at thame remeid.
Vntill ane counsall than he did thame call,
Quhen thai come thair in middis of thame all,
Seand also ganand wes tyme and place,
Exponit hes to thame that cruell caice,
And all the faltis als of this cruell king;
Sayand he wes vnabill in all thing
To weir ane croun, or be ane king or prince,
To his liegis had done sic violence.
Far mair be said na I will now report;
All that I leif becaus the tyme is schort.
Nathologus quhen he his taill hes endit,
With sair complaynt how that he wes offendit,
Bayth ȝoung and ald was present in that steid
Promittit hes for to tak lyfe and deid
In that querrell agane that cruell king,
Quhill that he wer revengit of that thing:
Syne thai wer sworne to keip counsall and lane,
Settand ane place quhair thai sould meit agane,
And mak thame reddie alss sone as tha ma.
Syne efter that, vpoune the tuentie da,
Rycht suddantlie than haif thai tane the feild,
With mony man that waponis weill culd weild.
Towart Ewon thai tuke the reddie wa,
Quhair that this king with his euill counsall la,
Into his hurdome and greit harlatrie.
So at the last thair come to him ane spy,
Quhilk schew to him, as ȝe haif hard befoir,
Nathologus with mekill bost and schoir,
And mony lord into his companie,
Onto the toun wer cumand into hy,
As he beleuit for na vther thing,
But for to be revengit of the king:

Lib. 6, f. 79. Col. 1.

[redacted]

And said tha wer rycht lytill to commend,
To fecht for him durst nocht him self defend.
With haill consent, my authoor tellis thus,
Tha passit all syne to Nathologus,
And said to him that tha wald tak his part;
And he agane thame thankit with his hart.
Syne tha wer sworne for to be trew him till,
And byde with him baith into gude and ill.
Nathologus that tyme, withoutin rest,
Vpone the king he hes gart follow fast,
Attouir all quhair him for to seik and se,
In ony place gif he ma fundin be.

How the King, seand he micht nocht eschaip, slew him self erar na cum in his Fais Handis.

So hapnit him into this samin quhill,
Into ane gaila passand to ane yle,
Be aventure of storme fell in the se, Col. 2.
Drevin to the land bakwart agane wes he,
Quhair he arryuit in ane previe place.
Syne efterwart quhen that he knew the cace,
Into that tyme he stude in so greit dout,
Heirand his fais la him round about,
Erar that tyme or he come in thair will,
To heir sic schame as thai wald sa him till,
And byde thair boist, and for to heir sic blame,
The mekill scorne, the heidding and the schame,
The greit confusioun but ony remeid,
Ane thousand tymes he had levar bene deid.
Thairfoir rycht sone ane lang knyfe out he drew,
And at ane straik his awin self thair he slew.
Into his tyme quhen he had rung tuelf ȝeir,
He maid sic end as I haif said ȝow heir.
Sic thing as this sould greit exempill be
To king or prince for to keip equitie,

" Of this tirrane quhilk wes oure prince and king,
" So cruell wes in mony sindrie thing,
" Puttand him self now to so vyle ane deid, Lib.6,f.79b. Col. 1.
" Thankit be God hes send ws sic remeid!
" The hand of God it strykis with sic strenth,
" Suppois it cum at greit laser and lenth,
" Quhair euir it lycht it smytis than so sair,
" Sua that thai neid to punneist be na mair.
" Quhilk ma be said be this vnhappie king;
" In sic folie thocht God sufferit him to ring,
" ȝit at ye last, as it wes rycht weill kend,
" God hes brocht all vnto ane richt just end,
" And causit him of him awin self to tak
" Ane greit amendis, with mair schame and lak
" Na we desyrit of him for till haif.
" The quhilk sould be exempill to the laif
" Of all his kin, and ȝe moir wyiss to be,
" And nocht desyre sa greit ane dignitie
" As to be maid ane crownit king or prince,
" Sen that ȝour father hes done sic offence.
" To his liegis thai ma weill traist sic thing,
" Tha will luif nane cumis of his offspring.
" Heirby," he said, "ȝe may richt weill considder,
" ȝe lordis all that heir now ar togidder,
" Greit perrell is, and ȝe richt wnderstude,
" To cheis ane king that cuming is of the blude
" Of this fals king, thocht it be neuir so fair,
" And speciallie the narrar as the war.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "ȝe faill far in that thing,
" Tak ȝe his sone at this tyme to be king,
" Or ony vther that is of his kin;
" Traist weill," he said, "thair sall rycht sone begyn
" Of his vnkyndnes dalie for till craif,
" Thinkand of ws ane mendis for to haif.
" Thus[1] all oure tyme we sall leif ay in dreid
" Quhill thair is ony levand of that feid.

[1] In MS. *This.*

Bot suddanelie tuke purpois for to fle
Into Pechtland with nevoyis thre,
Fyndocus and Carentius hecht the vther,
Donald the thrid, quhilk wes his ȝoungest bruther;
All sonis war to Athartone the king.
This Dorus full soir he dred sic thing,
Nathologus sould do thame mekill noy,
Syne finallie baith him and thame distroy.
For that same caus, as ȝe sall vnderstand,
With feinȝeit weid he passit in Pechtland,
Dissimuland his birth and als his blude.
Quhat that he wes rycht few than wnderstude.

How Nathologus feyit ane Man to follow Dorus was fled in Pechtland for to slay him.

Nathologus, fra he wes crownit king,
Had greit desyre perpetuallie to ring,
And his airis, bot ȝit he[1] wes adred
Quhen that[2] [he] knew that this Dorus wes fled
Into Pechtland with thir childer to byde.
Rycht priualie thairfoir he gart provyde
Ane man richt sone the quhilk hes tane [on] hand
To sla Dorus and he war in Pechtland.
Quhen he wes reddie efter on ane da
He tuke his leif, syne passit on awa,
Ay fordwart furth without ony ganestand,
Ilk da by da quhill he come in Pechtland.
So at the last it hapnit him to meit
Rycht quyetlie ane man vpone the streit,
Of figure, fassoun, and of quantitie,
As Dorus wes he semit for till be.
Into the mirk, and als he wes disgysit,
Thairfoir the tother that wes evill advysit,

[1] In MS. *it.*
[2] In MS. *thai.*

[redacted]

Secreit writ, the quhilk that to thame schew
Tha thocht rycht sone thair richtis to reskew.
Betuix thame of[t] this woman so hes gane,
Quhill at the last with wryting scho wes tane
Rycht quietlie, and syne had to the king,
Quhilk schew to him the suith of all that thing.
Secreit and cloiss he keipit [h]as that caice,
Quhill efterwart that he saw tyme and place.

How Nathologus slew mony Lordis that he held suspect agane him anent this Dorus.

Syne efterwart he send in greit effect
For thame he held in that mater suspect,
Beseikand thame richt sweit to cum him to,
For greit mater he had with thame to do.
And thai agane, truetand of sic thing,
Richt reuerentlie obeyit to thair king
At his bidding, and maid na tarie lang.
Syne quhen thai come in presoun all thame flang;
Rycht quyetlie thairin gart thame include
Thir lordis all that war men of greit gude;
Lang thair ane quhile he did thame to remane,
Syne sone efter thir lordis all hes slane,
Rycht cruellie but other dome or law;
Of God or man he stude so litill aw.

How the Freindis of thame that war slane tuke Feild agane the Tirrane King and chaissit him in Murra.

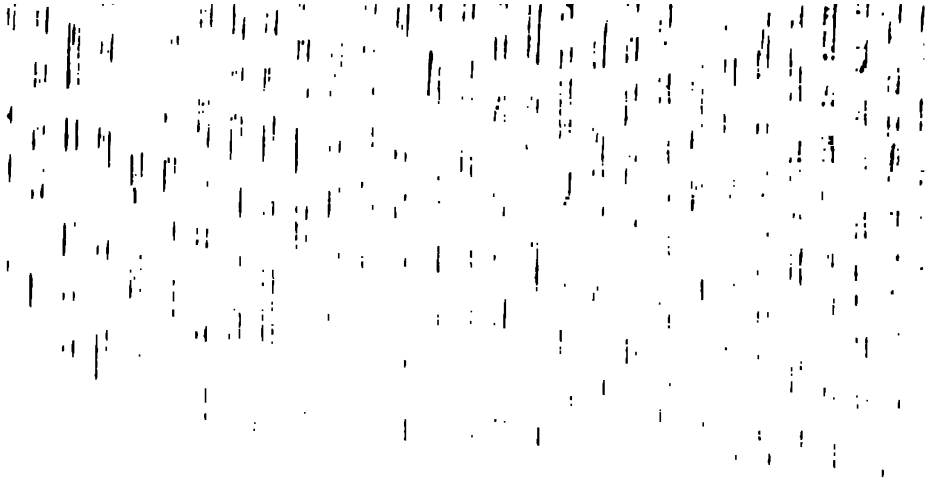
This cruell cace quhen it wes efter kend
To thair freindis how thai had maid sic end

Baith Erss and Latyne scho culd reid and wryte,
And in that craft wes cunnyng and perfyte ;
Thingis to cum perfitlie scho culd tell,
So hamelie wes with the angellis of the hell.
Ane Murra man maist inwart with the king,
And had counsall to him of all that thing,
To speik that wyse in Iona yle he send
Richt quyetlie, to wit the finall end
Of his fortoun that tyme aganis his fa ;
Syne with his charge he tuke his leif to ga.
Quhill at the last, within ane lytill quhile,
Come to this wyfe that wes in Iona yle ;
Syne schew to hir his erand and his charge,
With fair langage and giftis als rycht large,
Be ony way that gif scho culd reveilld
Quha sould prevaill and victor be in feild,
And schaw to him als far as scho kend
Of that battell the mortall fait and end,
And gif the king in that battell sould die,
And quhen or quhow by strenth or subtilitie.

How this auld Carling gaiff hir Ansuer on the Morne to this Messinger.

This ald carling, the quhilk wes rycht perqueir
Into that craft, as ȝe sall efter heir,
Scho tuke a terme quhill on the morn at none
To gif ansuer how all thing suld be done.
Syne on the morne with this carling he met,
At tyme and place quhair that the tryst wes set,
Waittand alway vpoune that wyffis will ;
This wes the ansuer that scho had him till.
" Wit ȝe," scho said, " revelit is to me,
" On to the king is force to him till de ;
" Quhilk be na way nor wisdome he ma schaip,
" Or ȝit prayer of patriark or paip.

Lib. 6, f. 80 b. Col. 1.



Thairfoir he dred he sould hald him suspett,
And all the spate to lay into his net:
Syne efterwart, but ony dome or law,
Rycht cruellie suld him baith hing and draw.
Lang so he wes perplexit in his mynd,
Syne at the last concludit and defynd,
For to vmschew that chance and havie caice,
To sla the king ma he get tyme and place.
And so he baid lang waittand on his tyme,
Adred he war accusit of sic cryme.

How the King was slane vpoun the Closat be the same Man that I spak of befoir.

It hapnit syne sone efter on ane da,
This king he went, as my author did sa,
On to ane closat richt quyetlie him allane, Col. 2.
Ane lytill colick that tyme he had tane.
That samin man of quhome befoir I spak,
He followit him richt cloiss in at the bak,
Sayand he had sum secreitt schaw him till.
The king beheld to heir quhat wes his will,
And he agane so lawlie to him spak
The king of him sould no suspicioun tak.
Rycht mekle ill, and rycht mekle lak and schame,
Befoir the king that tyme he spak of thame
Agane his croun committit had sic cryme;
Syne suddantlie, quhen that he saw his tyme,
Vpoun the closat that tyme quhair he sat,
He stickit him withoutin ony lat;
In baith his armes syne hes him claucht,
And flang him doun rycht deip in that same draucht.
Syne quyetlie he passit in the tyde,
Be ane postrum sone furth on the bak syid,
Quhair that ane seruand with [ane] hors him baid,
Syne hand for hand togidder furth thai raid

Seruit richt weill thame baith at fit and hand,
With greit honour come hame into Scotland.
Syne but delay togidder all are gone
With thair bruther the lordis in till Ewone.
Fyndok, the eldest of thir brether thrie,
Rycht fresche and fair, full of formositie,
Worthie and wyss, rich, gudlie and conding,
With haill consent that tyme wes crownit king. 16,275 Lib.6, f.81. Col. 1.
His perfyte prent and plesand portrature
Exceidit far all vther creature;
Fragrant, formois, and flurischand in ȝouth,
Fredome and fairnes he had at all fouth,
Quhilk did exceid alss far all other wycht,
As dois the mone the sternis in the nycht.
The pepill syne quhen that tha did considder
His pulchritude and greit vertu togidder,
Of him that tyme thai had ane greit beleif,
Traistand he sould ane nobill prince preif.
And tha of him wer nothing than begylit,
Richt clene he wes, but ony vice vnfyllit;
Referrand him ay to his lordis will,
And thair counsall in all thingis gude or ill.
Suppois he wes thair governour and king,
But thair counsall he wald do nothing.
With Brit and Pecht, and Romanis to also,
He had greit peice quhair euir he list till go.
And in gude peice ane lang quhile so he rang,
But outwart weir or ony inwart wrang,
Haiffand na fa that tyme him to persew,
Quhill fals Fortoun, that na tyme can be trew,
Hes brocht him sone vnto ane suddant end,
Quhilk wes greit harme quhen all the suith wes kend.

How Donald the Sone of this foirsaid Donald come furth of Yreland and hereit all Argyle.

Quhen this wes done as I haif to ȝow tald,
The sone and air than of this ilk Donald,
Quhilk Donald als to name callit wes he,
Ane rycht scharpe schro full of iniquitie,
Out of Yreland he brocht full mony cheif
Quhilk in Argyle hes done rycht greit mischeif.
Bayth brint and slew, and hereit all the land,
Wes nothing fre befoir thame that tha fand.
Quhen thir tydenis on to the king wes tald,
He maid him boun than[1] baith with ȝoung and ald,
Syne on the nycht richt cloislie with ane spy
He come richt sone quhair thir theuis did ly;
And in the tyme he set thame round about,
Syne suddanelie set on thame with ane schout.
Richt mony thair wer slane in to that steid,
The laue war tane and hangit to the deid;
Donald him self he fled rycht fast awa
In ane small bark on to Ibernia;
To saue him self thair still he did remane,
Quhill that this king wes passit hame agane.
And sone agane he come syne of the new,
As of befoir richt pertlie to persew,
To birne and sla, bot than it wald nocht be,
For-quhy he wantit all help and supple,
His men wer slane as ȝe haif hard befoir,
His freindschip all distroyit les and moir,
And all his land wes waistit vp and doun,
But corne or cattell, tilthe or ony toun.
And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid,
To do his devoir be the way of deid,

[1] In MS. *that.*

Perswadit hes with wordis richt bening
And greit giftis for to betraiss the king.
At his plesour thai[1] tuke that thing on hand;
Syne fenȝeit thame as tha had left the land
For dreid of Donald, causit thame to fle
As he had bene thair mortall ennimie.
Traisting the king of sic thing sould thame trow,
And [of] thair flemyng greit als till allow,
Quhairthrow thai sould grow hamelie with his grace,
And syne richt sone to find ane tyme and place.
Richt quyetlie, other be way or streit,
Without perrell thair purpois to compleit.
Was nane in court that tyme gaif thame credence,
Nor ȝit admitt to the kingis presence;
Suspectit wer lang efter thai come thair,
And wald haif bene the langar ay the mair,
Had nocht bene the kingis secund bruther
Carentius, the quhilk aboue all vther
Gaif thame sic traist and credens in all thing,
Acquentit thame syne efter witht the king.
And quhen thai come in presens of his grace,
With fraudfull mynd, with fals and feinȝeit face,
Mony loud lesing richt planelie thai culd mak
Of this Donald of quhome befoir I spak.
Quhairthrow thai war richt inwart with the king,
And greit credence had of him in all thing;
And of his counsall most inwart and trew.
Carentius the suith quhen that he knew,
Tha war auctoreist with the king his bruther,
He traistit thame that tyme aboue all vther,
In word and werk to him haldin most deir,
To him all tyme withoutin ony peir;
And throw sic traist of Carentius tha had,
With nane that tyme suspectit wer and dred.

[1] In MS. *that*.

How thir Tua Tratouris war tane and accusit, condampnit, and syne hangit and drawin for thair Reward.

Quhen this was done thir tratouris bayth did fle
Out-throw ane mos on till ane montane he.
And as God wald, for-quhy it wes bot rycht,
Tha war ouir tane or tha come to the hycht;
Within ane park that stude vpoun ane plane,
War apprehendit and baith brocht agane.
And quhen thai war accusit of that thing,
Quhy and quhairfoir thai slew that nobill king,
With sic tressoun and greit crudelitie,
Quhilk schew to thame so greit humanitie,
And had thair faith and lawtie so degradit;
Tha schew agane how that thai war perswadit
Be fals Donald, of quhome befoir I tald,
Ane bellomy richt busteous wes and bald;
And maist of all that of ony vther,
Be Carentius quhilk wes the kingis bruther.
Ȝit neuirtheles it wes eith to presume
Of thir tratouris it wes ane suspect dome,
And thai of him said it for invye;
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell weill quhy:
Quhill efterwart previt richt weill in deid,
As ȝe sall find heir of him quhen ȝe reid.
This beand done as I haif to ȝow schawin,
Thir tua tratouris wer bayth hangit and drawin
With foure wicht hors, as it wes rycht weill kend,
For that same deid this wes thair latter end.

How Carentius, herand that he was suspectit of his Brutheris Deith, fled into Britane, and thair remanit lang vnknawin that he wes ather of Blude or Natioun.

Carentius of that quhen he hard tell,
He tuke sic dreid he durst na langer dwell;

On fals Donald with anger and dispyte,
His broderis deid for to revenge and quyte.
In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me sa,
Ane messinger come fra Morauia,
Quhilk riddin had and gone richt mony myllis,
And schew till him how Donald of the Ylis
In Murra land, and als in Lugia,
Had brint and slane with heirschip nycht and da.
So cruellie his pepill he had slane,
Durst nane so bald in tha boundis remane;
Impotent pepill that doucht nocht for to fle,
Richt doggitlie he maid thame all to de.

How King Donald wes slane in Murray be this fals Tirrane, Donald of the Ylis.

This king Donald, quhen he hes hard him tell
The greit mischeif amang his lieges fell,
He maid no tarie that tyme nycht nor da,
Bot suddanelie he passit in Murra.
Syne stentit palȝeonis doun at the se coist,
With small power thair byding on his oist,
Endlang ane balk quhair that he gat sum beild,
And wes ouir few to gif his fais feild.
This ilk Donald quhen that he knew that thing,
So small power was that tyme with the king,
And weill he wist the langar ay the mair,
That it wald grow and his awin power pair,
Decernit hes thairfoir richt suddantlie
To gif battell or he gat moir supple.
That samin nycht, ane litill forrow da,
Come on the king that same tyme quhair he la,
With greit power wnwittand of this king,
So quyetlie he gydit all this thing.
Syne with ane schout, ane litill forrow da,
Come on the king that samin tyme quhair he la.

And weill he wist, and tha thair tyme mycht se,
Of the injure thai wald revengit be
That he committit the king quhen that he slew,
And traistit weill neuir on till him wes trew.
Ilk man of gude he held his mortall fa,
In audiens durst nother byde nor ga,
In all his tyme he stude into sic dout,
But armit men that ȝeid him round about;
And da by da in greit haitrent he grew
Of his pepill, so that thair wes richt few
Or nane[1] that tyme that he mycht traist in till,
To thame he wes so wickit and so ill.
Full mony lord, as ȝe sall vnderstand,
But ony falt dishereist of his land:
Syne maid thame all, throw his inniquitie,
But ony grace vpoune ane gallous de.
Greit wrang he wrocht throw malice and invy
To thame of quhome he had sic jelosie;
And mekill mair nor I haif tald ȝow heir,
Neirby the space that tyme of threttene[2] ȝeir.
Syne gratious God, reformar of all thing,
Mich[t] nocht suffer this tirrane langar ring,
Knawand so weill he wes so obstinat,
Into ill mynd and vicis indurat,
Quhairfoir he did ane vengence of him tak,
Quhilk lang befoir he held fra him abak;
Bydand alway quhill that he sould repent
Of his vicis and to pennance consent,
That men ma knaw his mercie and fauour
Exceidis far his justice and rigour.
The langar ay he suffer men to syn,
And planeliar to perseveir thairin,
Quhen he plesis for sic synnis to smytè,
The sword of vengence will the sarar byte.

Lib.6,f.82b. Col. 1.

[1] In MS. *man.*
[2] In MS. *threttie.*

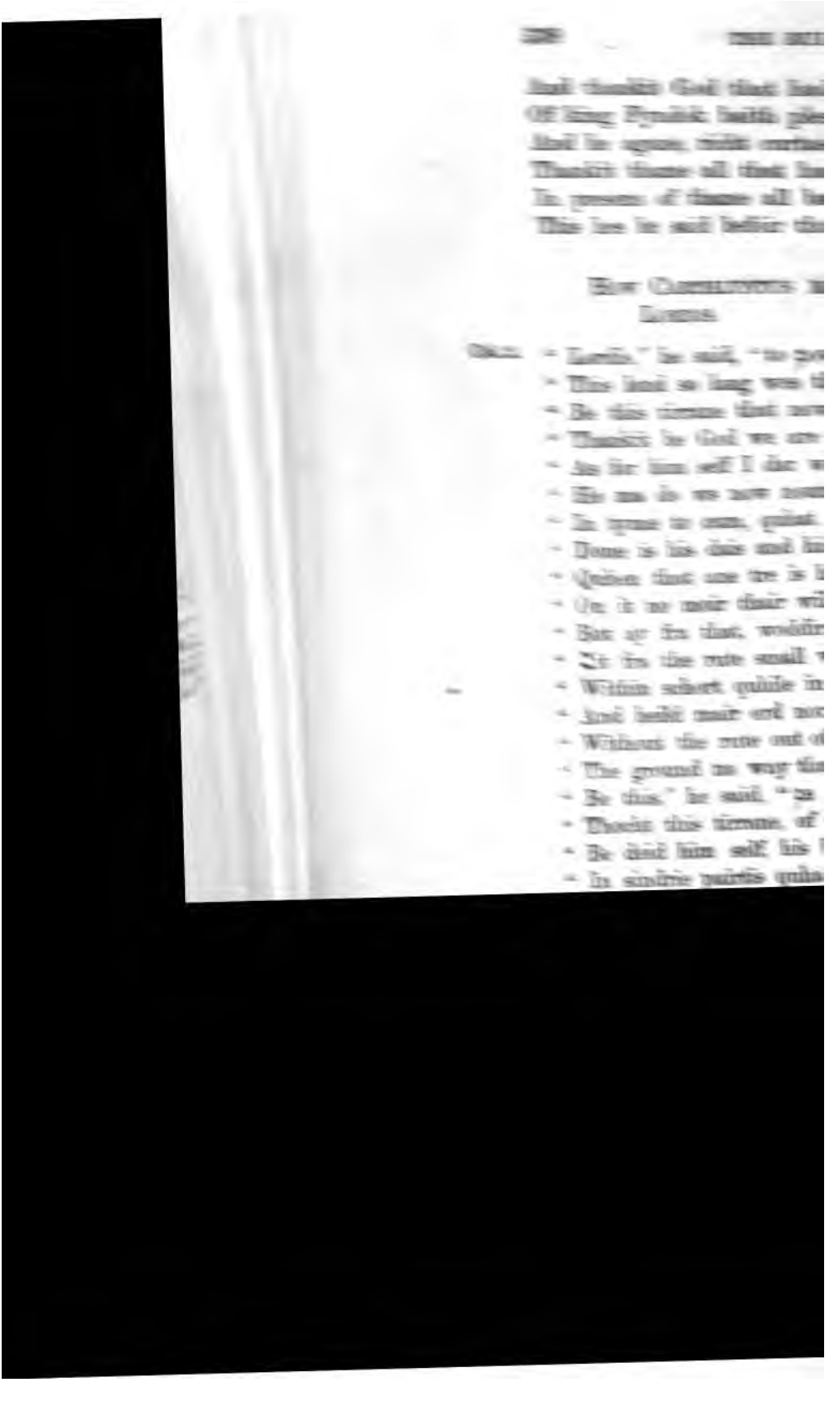
Col. 2.

So at the last he hes fund ane devyiss,
To that tirrane to enter into seruice;
Quhairby he micht quhen that him list to haif
His presens, ay siclike as had the laif
Of his famelie, quhometo that he gaif fe,
And thus he thocht revengit for to be
Of this tirrane so mekill wrang had done,
Quhen euer he saw his tyme wes oportune.
For weill he wist thair wes na man him kend
For kingis sone, thairfore richt sone he wend
On to this king, askand him with gude will
To sum seruice that he wald put him till.
Rycht weill content thairof wes this king,
Ressaueand him richt blythlie and benyng,
In his seruice but baid or ȝit rebous,
Maist inwart man maid him of all his hous.
This Carthlyntus that wes bayth wer and wyss,
Throw his gyding to greit honour and pryss
The langar ay he grew aboue the laif,
So greit giftis amang thame that he gaif,
Quhairthrow he wan thair fauour ouir all thing;
Ilk man him louit better nor the king.
And quhen he knew he stude so in thair grace,
Richt quyetlie, into ane secreit place,
To thame he wist the quhilk to him wes trew,
Rycht planelie than his secreittis all he schew,
Word by word as I haif said befoir.
Of this mater quhat sould I say ȝow moir?
Tha war content to be at his command;
Ilkane of thame syne oblist be thair hand,
To tak his pairt quhen thai saw tyme and place.
So efterwart it hapnit vpone caice,
This samin king into ane tyme to be
Into ane citie foundit be the se,
Into Locquhaber that worthelie wes wallit,
Quhilk Enwerlochtie than to name wes callit.

Of tha tythandis thai war rycht blyth ilkone,
And haistelie to harnes all ar gone,
And to the toun syne passit in ane rout,
With armit men syne set the place about,
Quhair that the freindis of this tirrane la,
And tua thousand syne slew of thame or da;
And all the laif that chaipit in that place,
Tha slew thame efter without mercie or grace;
Ȝoung and ald, baith man, barne and wyfe,
Tha sparit nane that tyme that buir the lyfe.
This wes the end syne of that tirrane strang,
In the tuelt ȝeir quhen he had rang so lang.

How the Lordis of Scotland convenit all in Berigone and, efter lang Prouisioun and mony Argumentis to and fro, crownit the Sone of Fyndok callit Carthlyntus.

Quhen this wes done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
The lordis all convenit on ane da,
In Berigone that tyme baith ald and ȝing,
For to devyiss quhome that thai wald mak king.
Amang thame all that tyme thair wes rycht few
The veritie or nocht perfitlie knew,
Or ȝit culd tell gif that this Carthlyntus
Wes carnell sone to the king Fyndocus.
Vnknawin also he wes to euerie wicht,
For he so lang had bene out of thair sicht;
And for that caus he wes hald in suspecc
That samin tyme almaist with all the fecc.
His foster father the suith thairof that knew,
Befoir thame all [be] witnes than anew
Wes vnsuspect, and mony vther sing,
He preuit him the sone of Fyndok king.
The pepill all thairof wes weill content,
And crownit him with all thair haill consent,



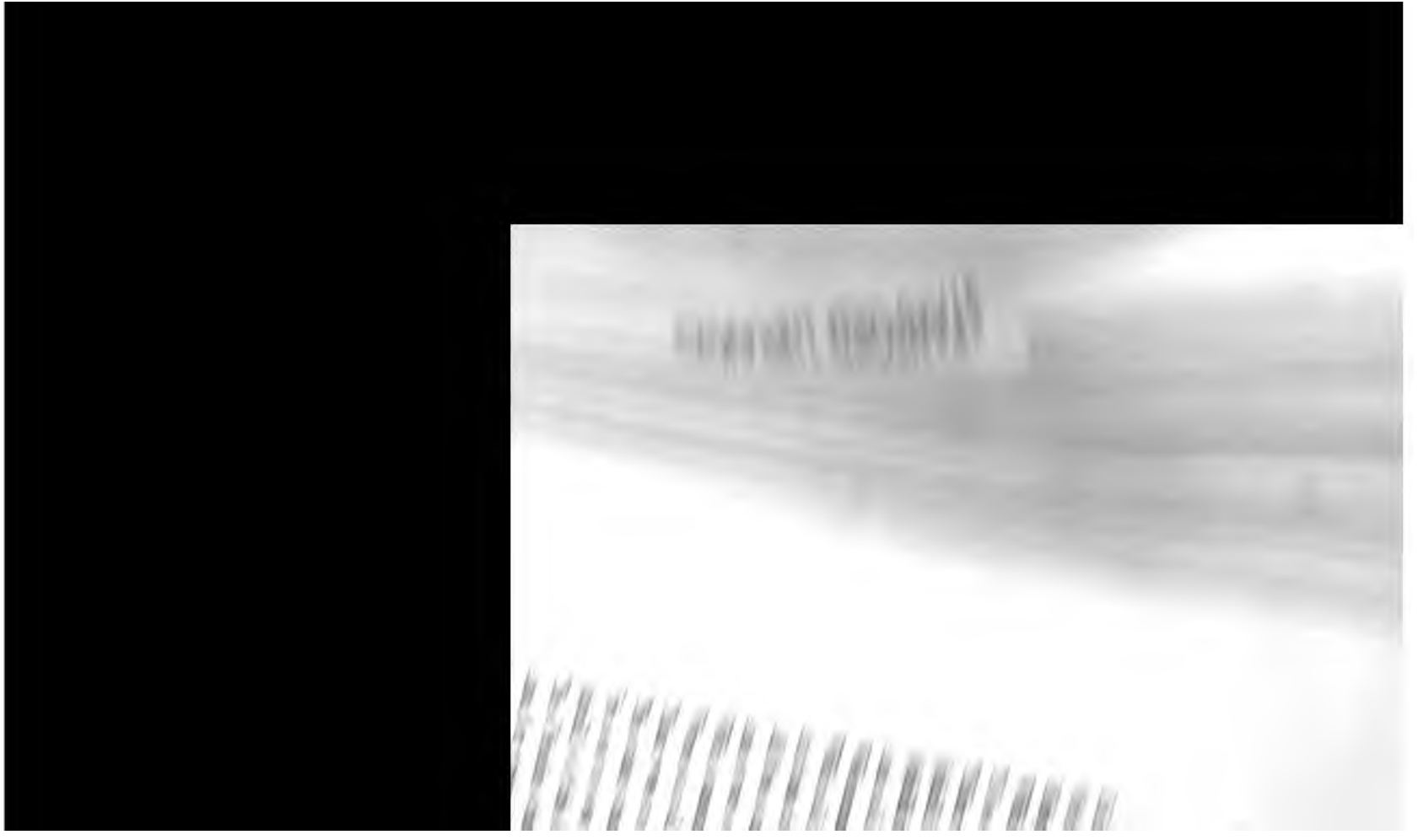
" Ouir all the land in so greit quantitie,
" And be far war nor euer wes the mane tre.
" Be wyiss in tyme and traist that this is trew,
" Or dreid efter it mak ȝow all to rew."
Quhen this wes said befoir thame that wes thair,
Rejosit that tyme wes bayth les and mair
Of his wisdome, and of his hie prudence,
His pulchritude that wes of sic plesance.
Rycht ȝoung he wes, full of speciositie,
Bayth fresche and fair with greit humilitie,
Quhilk ar to pryiss rycht greitlie in ane prince,
ȝouthheid and strenth, pulchritude and prudence.
Thair is no king that is of gritter pryiss,
Nor in ȝouthheid quhen men ar fair and wyiss,
Lustie and lawlie, manlie and benyng,
So was that tyme this ilk Carthlyntus king.
Syne efter that that I haif said ȝow heir,
Bayth Eist and West he hes gart spy and speir
In ony pairt that thai war levand in,
Into that tyme wes of that tirranis kin;
Without discretioun, reuth, or ȝit remeid,
Bayth ald and ȝoung tha haif put all to deid.
This being done he chesit of the best,
To put his kinrik into peice and rest,
Wyss agit men, that weill the lawis knew,
Of conscience clene and in all thingis trew,
And gaif thame cuir to execute the law
Into his kinrik vp and doun ouir aw.

How ane Messinger come to Carthlyntus fra Thelargis, the King of Pechtis, quhair he was at hunting.

Efter all this, within ane lytill space, 16,800 Lib. 6, f. 83 b. Col. 1.
This king at hunting being in ane place
Of Grampione, the greit mont and the hie,
Into ane plane that plesand wes to se,

The king agane, with mony riche reward,
Deliuerit him, baith befoir lord and laird,
With gay grew houndis for the fallow deir,
And fair falconis for foullis of reveir;
And mony ratchis rynnand thame besyid,
With greit cursouris and pamfrayis of pryde.
This messinger syne tuke his leif anone,
In till all haist than hamewart is he gone,
And schew this king that tyme how he had sped.
This Thelargus thairof greit blythnes had,
And lang efter, as my author did sa,
Greit kyndnes was betuix thir kingis tua.
Bot fals Fortoun, the quhilk is sa vnstabill,
To mony men quhen that thai ar most abill,
In plesour, lufe, and greit prosperitie,
Scho puttis syne than in miseritie,
Or euir he wist, in magir of his will,
That he ma nocht mak no remeid thairtill.
Quhat be the caus that garris me sa so,
That sall I tell ȝow forder or I go.
This Carthlyntus, of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author dois me mentioun mak,
In Grampione ane[1] greit hunting hes set
Quhair he that tyme with mony lordis met,
And mony knycht with fallowschip and in feir,
With greit doggis for slauchter of the deir;
And small houndis to bring thame to the burne,
Sum for the speid and vther sum to turne,
And mony ratche ta ryn vnder the ryss;
With mony tent and palȝeoun of greit pryss, Col. 2.
With wyne at welth, and danteis that war deir,
Tha wantit nocht that langit to gude cheir.

[1] In MS. *in*.



HOW THE ȝOUNG LORDIS OF THE PECHTIS, BEING AT THE HUNTING WITH THE KING OF SCOTTIS, EFTER THA TUKE THAIR LEIFF WITH GREIT REWAIRDIS, STAW THE KINGIS BEST HOUND, AND OFF THE GREIT MISCHEIFF THAIROF POLLOWAND HEIREFTER.

Ȝouthheid no way that can no perrell cast,
Quhill that all thing be loissit at the last. 16,900
And all the perrell passit and ago,
Than all to lait repentand cryis ho:
Nor at na leid experience will leir,
No ȝit wisdome quhill all be bocht full deir.
Richt so it wes that tyme I wnderstand 16,905
Of thir ȝoung lordis come furth of Pechtland.
Thocht thai war all weill treittit with this king
And lordis all in euerie kynd of thing,
With horss and hound, and all thing tha wald haif,
Tha wantit nocht that tyme that tha wald craif. 16,910
For tha of ressoun culd nocht be content,
Tha maid all Pechtland efter to repent,
And Scotland als, lang and mony ȝeir;
And how it wes tak tent and ȝe sall heir.
This nobill king, of quhome befoir I tald, 16,915 Lib. 6, f. 84, Col. 1.
Ane hound he had baith curious and bald,
Plesand, but peir, and full of pulchritude,
Suyper and swyft, and in all game rycht gude:
All other houndis he did exceid als far,
As into licht the mone dois neir ilk star. 16,920
Thir ȝoung Pechtis to him tha tuke gude keip,
Syne on the nycht, quhen all men war on sleip,
Tha staw this hound and mony vther mo,
Efter thai had takin thair leif till go.
Syne on the morne, quhen that this hound wes mist, 16,925
Thair wes no wicht quhair he wes gone that wist,

Fra hill to hill richt fast tha did thame hy,
And followit fast ay quhair tha hard the cry.
On fit and hors thai followit on richt far,
Quhill that tha come quhair thir ȝoung lordis war;
And quhen the pepill hes hard tell in plane
The hound wes stollin, the kingis seruand slane
That had the hound that tyme into his cuir,
Tha mycht nocht thoill na langar that injure:
All maid ane vow revengit for to be
Of that greit wrang, or all thair for to de.
The Pechtis als vpoune the tother syid,
Tha bownit baldlie in battell to byde;
ȝoung wantoun men, thair hartis wer so hie,
Greit schame tha thocht and lak that tyme [to] fle,
Or ȝit ane mendis for the skaith to mak,
Tha thocht to thame it wes[1] ouir greit ane lak.
The Scottis als impatient wes and proud,
And cloisit thame togidder in ane cloud
Or ever thai wist, syne with ane schout and cry,
Tha schot on thame richt sone and suddantly.
Ane bitter bargane thair begouth belyve Col. 2.
Of nakit men with scharpe swordis and lang knyve;
Without armour into that stour thai[2] stude,
Like wode wolffis ilkane drew vtheris blude.
With brandis bricht that bait throw bane and brane,
Abundantlie sa mekle blude wes drawne,
That petie wes quha had bene thair and sene
Sa mony grume lay granand on the grene.
For thair wes slane, gif I rycht wnderstude,
Sextie Scottis that war men of gude;
Ane hundretht Pechtis fechtand on that plane,
Into that feild that samin da wes slane;
And all the laif, suppois tha lykit ill,
Put thame ilkone into the Scottis will.

[1] In MS. *it is wes.*

[2] In MS. *than.*

[redacted]

[redacted]

Into the feild war slane that samin da,
Without fabill, as my author did sa.
Fra that da furth dalie with greit injure,
Neuir ane vther in that tyme forbuir,
With thift and reif and all wrangus oppressioun,
In fyre and blude without ony discretioun,
Quhill waistit wes the bordour on ilk syid,
Wes none so bald in that boundis durst byde.
And thus tha wrocht richt lang and mony da, Lib. 6, f. 84b. Col. 1.
Quhill efterwart as my author did sa.

How Thelargus, the King of Pechtis, send to Carthlyntus, the King of Scottis, schawand him wytles, and desyrand Peax.

This Thelargus that wes of Pechtis king,
That innocent wes than of all sic thing,
Eildit he wes and of his curage blunt
To ryde or gang befoir as he wes wont,
And wald full fane haif meisit all that thing,
Ane messinger send to the Scottis king,
Beseikand him sic wrangis to disuse,
And in that mater him for till excuiss;
For all wes wrocht, he said, aganis his will,
And his consent wes neuir ȝit thairtill,
In tyme to cum nor neuir ȝit salbe,
For all wes done but his authoritie.
Beseikand him to gar sic weiris ceis,
And mak the pepill for to leve in peice,
And vnitie siclike to keip in one,
As thai haif done richt mony da bygone,
Agane the Romanis to defend thair richt,
Quhilk had sic strenth, sic power and sic micht,
And dalie als wes ay thair commoun fa;
For weill he wist rycht sone gif he did nocht sua,
And baith thair[1] power wald be put to nocht,
Without tha weiris till ane end war brocht.

[1] In MS. ȝour.

And his lordis that tyme baith all and sum,
Traistand thair wes sum better for to cum.
Betuix thame tua than trewis was proclamit
For thre moneth, as heir befoir is namit.
Than mony lord of wisdome and prudence,
On euerie syde hes done greit diligence,
With greit laubour oft syis betuix thame wend,
To bring that purpois to ane finall end,
That plesand war to baith the pairteis than.
Ȝit neuirtheles thair wes mony man
Rycht euill asposit vpoun euerie pairt,
The rancour wes so ruttit in thair hairt,
And in thair mynd so recent and so grene,
That be no way thai wald fra weir abstene.
With stouth and reif richt oft syis on the nycht,
Of euerie syde, and also on da licht,
For no edict as micht be put thame till,
Wald nocht abstene bot ay wrocht on thair will;
Quhilk causit mony for to suffer deid,
Ȝit neuirtheles it micht mak no remeid,
Quhill efterwart, as ȝe sall heir me tell,
Of aventure that sic ane cace befell.

How Carentius, the Bruther of Fyndocus King was of Scottis, that was flemit of befoir for the Slauchter of his Bruther Fyndocus, come agane in Britane with ane greit Armie.

Ane man thair wes than hecht Carentius,
That bruther wes to gude Fyndocus,
That father was to this Carthlyntus king;
Schort quhile befoir I schew ȝow all sic thing
How he wes baneist throw Fyndocus deid,
Amang the Britis passit for remeid,
Syne with the Romanis efter passit he
In Gallia, and als in Italie.

Tha war content all of his cuming thair,
Ressauit him with blythnes les and mair;
Traistand be him thai sould deliuerit be
Out of bondage agane to libertie.
Baith tour and toun he tuke at his awin hand,
The Romanis all befoir him that he fand,
He maid thame all to fle on force that tyde,
In tha boundis that durst na langar byde.
This beand done, as I haif maid heir kend,
His oratouris on gudlie wayes he send
To Carthlyntus, that wes his nevoy neir,
His bruther sone and his awin cousing deir,
King of Scottis, as that I schew befoir,
With his letteris directit les and moir,
And haill credence in all thing for to trow,
Quhilk schew to him as I sall schaw to ȝow.
" With laud and gloir, and with all reuerence,
" Ouir all mortall to thi magnificence,
" Carentius, with all humilitie,
" Thy deir cousing rycht gudlie gretis the.
" Into the first, doand the wnderstand,
" That saikleslie he flemit wes of Scotland,
" For the slauchter of thi father deir,
" His awin bruther and of his blude sa deir.
" Saikles he is, as thow ma weill wit quhy
" Sic thing wes said of him for greit invy.
" At thi plesour he offeris him to preve
" Quhen lykis the to gif him lasar and leue;
" And forder moir to schaw the of his wo
" Out of Scotland quhen he wes maid till go,
" So innocent withoutin caus or cryme,
" Into Britane remanit ane lang tyme,
" Vnknawin thair for kingis sone or knycht,
" Haldin alway bot for ane sempill wycht;
" And so remainit till ane weill lang space
" Quhill efterwart it hapnit so on caice,

17,145 17,150 17,155 17,160 17,165 17,170 17,175

Col. 2.

[redacted]

" And quhen he saw that he myȝt not prevaill,
" Of his purpois bot dalie maid to faill,
" Passit ane way the quhilk he thocht moir abill, 17,215
" To Cesar send richt mony feinȝeit fabill,
" Waill secreitlie at mony sindrie tyme,
' Accusand him of greit tressoun and cryme,
" That he had wrocht than baith be land and se,
" Agane the Romanis and his majestie; 17,220
" Quhilk causit Cesar siclyik to persew
" Carentius be tressoun of the new.
" Syne secreitlie, syne all this thing wes schawin
" To Carentius be friendis of his awin,
" Than till vmschew thair malice and invy, 17,225
" And greit danger that he saw thair ly,
" His greit navin vpoun the se that la
" Remouit hes than fra Armorica,
" With all the riches in that weir he wan,
" Arryuit syne at the west coist of Britane. 17,230
" Syne efter that he enterit on ane da
" With all his armie in West Maria,
" And left his schippis furneist on the se,
" With men and victuall and artalȝerie.
" Quhair that thai ly richt saiflie be ane sand, 17,235 Lib.6,f.85b. Col. 1.
" Him self also maid lord of all that land,
" For all the strenthtis, castell, toun and tour,
" In his awin hand he weildis at this hour,
" And all the lordis duelland in that land,
" And all the laif ar haill at his command. 17,240
" The Romanis als that he fand thair befoir,
" Distroyit hes ilk ane baith les and moir,
" And mair attouir, with trew men he hard tell,
" That all Britane agane thame wald rebell;
" Quhairfoir he thocht it wes gude tyme anone, 17,245
" Thame to exyle all out of Albione.
" Rycht so," he said, "als far as he culd se,
" That out of Rome thai sould get na supple,

Bot lyke ane dreme he leit all by him pas.
Syne efterwart remordit how it was
Of the honour that this Carentius wan,
Sic riches had and mony nobill man,
And syne also he wes his cousing deir,
To him he said as efter followis heir.
" Deir freind, forsuith I am hartlie content,
" As previs weill now be ȝour argument,
" That my cousing is in prosperitie,
" Thankit be greit God in his Majestie,
" And dame Fortoun of fatis well and flour,
" That hes him send sic riches and honour,
" Fra his freindis far in ane vncouth land!
" Traist weill," he said, " quhateuer he tak in hand, Col. 2.
" I salbe reddie for to cum him till,
" In his supple at all tyme with gude will,
" And all malice, gif ony wes befoir,
" For to remit and rancor les and moir,
" And tak his pairt baith into rycht and wrang."
With this ansuer the herald hyne did gang

How Carentius Herald, deliuerit be the King off Scottis, passit to the King of Pechtis and schew him his Credens.

To king of Pechtis quhair that he him fand,
With all his lordis reddie at his hand,
That war all tyme to him secreit and trew,
And word by word the same to him he schew,
As ȝe hard sa, quhairof tha war full fane,
And siclyik ansuer gaif to him agane,
Evin word by word according in all thing,
As that he gat fra Carthlyntus the king;
Deliuerit him with humill wordis sweit,
And set ane da quhair tha all thre suld meit.

[redacted]

" In far cuntrie quhair that I wes vnknawin ; Lib 6, f. 86. Col. 1.
" And gif I sould at hame heir with my awin
" Rebuttit be with sa greit lak and schame,
" To the and thyne for it wer ay defame,
" And all the warld thairof wald sa no gude,
" Sen thow and I so tender is of blude."
With sobbing soir the salt teiris betuene
Doun ouir his beird brist out of bayth his ene.

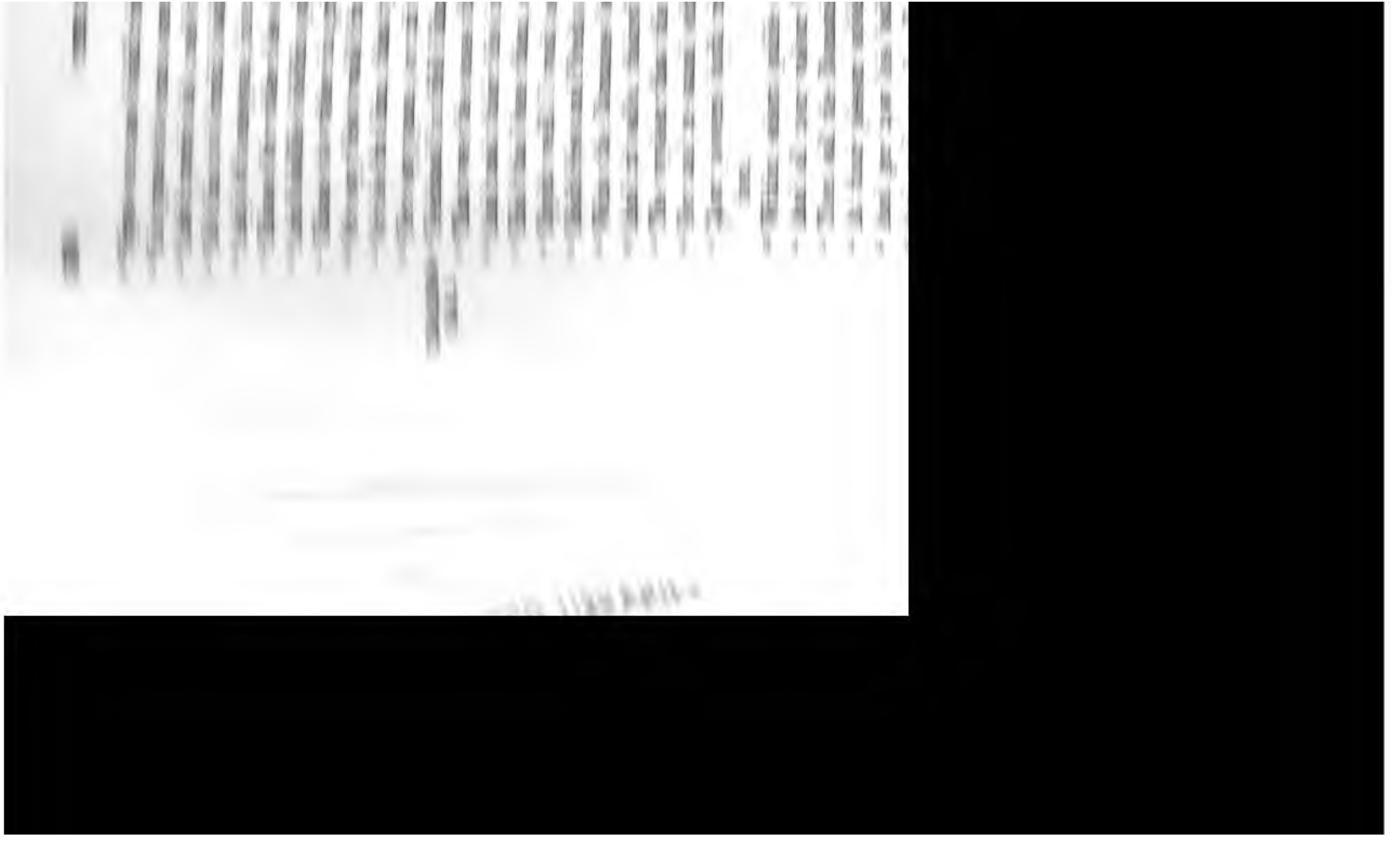
How Carthlyntus, the King of Scottis, tuke his Eme Carentius in his Armis.

Than Carthlyntus, quhair that he stude him by,
Vp in his armis hint him haistely,
And said to him, " O thow my cousing deir,
" I the beseik be blyth and mak gude cheir ;
" Of the this tyme my hart hes no greit reuth ;
" Traist nocht," he said, " that I gif ony treuth
" To na sic thing befoir was said of the ;
" Thairfoir be blyth and traist that it so be.
" Pas to thi purpois thow hes tane on hand,
" And I salbe all tyme at thi command."
This beand done, as I haif schawin heir,
Carentius was blyth and maid gude cheir,
Fra Carthlyntus hes manifest his mynd
To him that tyme, so curtas wes and kynd ;
To king of Pechtis passit sone in hy,
And his lordis quhair tha war neir hand by ;

How Carentius passit to Thelargus, the King of Pechtis, thankand him of his cuming thair.

And hailsit him than of ane gude maneir,
And his lordis siclike ilkone in feir ;

" In peice and rest, politie and plesour,
" Ane small thing growis to ane greit valour:
" Rycht so in weir quhair mekle wrang is wrocht,
" Riches and welth decressis all to nocht.
" This same exempill heir by ȝow and mene,
" So lang befoir in peice and rest hes bene,
" And fra ȝour fais maid ȝour selfis ay frie,
" With land and law and with all libertie.
" Sic freindschip than was betuene ȝow bayth,
" That euerie Scot repute ane Pechtis skaith
" Als havelie as it had bene his awin,
" And wes als layth he sould haif bene ouirthrawin
" With ony berne, as he had bene his bruther;
" Siclyke agane the tane wes to the tother.
" Witnes thairof of gude Galdus I ta.
" Quhen Julius, callit Agricola,
" The Romane legat, conqueist Albione
" Without reskew to greit Mont Grampione,
" God wait or nocht gif that he sufferit pane,
" For to reskew baith ȝouris and his agane.
" Quhen all the princis into Albione
" To Julius war maid subject ilkone,
" Or fra his face war maid rycht far to fle,
" Wes nane that durst than mak debait bot he.
" Thair wes na travell that mycht gar him tyre
" To walk in montanes, mos, muris and myre;
" Hungar and cald he thocht to him na pane,
" Quhill he reskewit had alhaill agane.
" In plane battell the Romanis thryss he wan,
" Quhair that he loissit mony nobill man,
" The quhilk to him war all tyme traist and trew,
" And twyss als mony of the Romanis slew.
" The laif he maid within ane strenth to draw,
" Syne efterwart doun at his feit full law,
" Vpoun their kneis sone and suddanelie,
" With peteous voice on him mercie to cry;



" Quhairfoir," he said " all rancour and invye,
" My counsall is, at this tyme lat pas by,
" And to convene into sic vnitie,
" As of befoir, with perfyte cheritie,
" And all injure and rancour to remit;
Lat nocht ȝour will no moir exceid ȝour wit."

How the King of Scottis and the King off Pechtis war aggreit and[1] accordit be this ilk Carentius.

Quhen he had said as I haif said ȝow now,
Ilk lord his langage greitlie did allow;
Baith Scot and Pecht with haill consent that tyde
Bundin thai war at his counsall to byde,
Quhen that thai hard so suir mater he[2] schew,
Traistand richt weill all that he said wes trew.
With his counsall than haif thai chosin sone
On quhome this mater alhaill salbe done,
Of euerie syid four of the wysast men,
That knawledge had and in nothing to ken,
That thair decreit how euir it wer to stand,
Ilk king and lord war oblist with thair hand
Nocht to revoik, bot hald thame weill content:
The pepill all thairto gaif thair consent.
Carentius hes done greit diligence
With thir lordis that war of sic prudence,
In quyet counsall secreitlie alone,
In priuat place quhair thir lordis ar gone,
With mony ressone oftymes to and fro,
And argument for euirilk syde also;
With greit knawledge full of maturitie.
Thir aucht lordis of greit auctoritie,

[1] In MS. *and and.*
[2] In MS. *hes.*

" Richt so to ȝow war greit affinitie
" Of all Britane the prince quhen I sould be,
" With greit kyndnes of ilkman les and moir,
" In Albione with peice for euir moir."
Quhen he had said that tyme that he wald sa,
The haill power than of tha princes tua
Tha left with him at his command to be,
And thair captanis haifand auctoritie,
To reull and gyde and be at thair command;
Syne passit hame baith in thair awin land,
Prayand to God, of his greit grace in neid,
Him to supple to his purpois and speid.

How the Roman Legat, called Quintus Vasia,[1] that tyme in Britane brocht ane greit armie fra Londoun to resist this Carentius, quhilk had with him baith Scottis and Pechtis.

Ane Romane legat thair wes in Britane,
Quhilk callit than wes Quintus Basian.
Quhen that he knew of that thing all the treuth
He sleipit nocht nor ouir slippin throw sleuth,
Bot suddantlie, with mony men of gude,
In curage cleir and rycht grit multitude,
With hors and harnes, and with scheild and speir,
With gun and ganȝe, and all vther geir,
Fra Lundoun toun he tuke the narrest wa,
Within schort quhile come to Westmawria.
In that same tyme thair come to him and schew
Exploratouris, how laitlie of the new
Carentius, with mony cruell knicht,
Of Scot and Pecht, that manlie war and wicht,
And of his awin he brocht with him fra hame,

Lib. 6, f. 87. Col. 1.

[1] Sic in MS.

" O bernis bald, ȝoung, fragrant in ȝour flouris,
" Traist weill," he said, " the feild this da beis ouris,
" For-quhy we fecht agane an infideill,
" Manesworne, forlorne, the quhilk ma neuer do weill.
" Ane trumpour tratour to Cesar his lord,
" Ane scismatike and sawer of discord;
" Ane rigorous rebell baith to God and man,
" Ane cruell cutthrot of ane cancart clan;
" Forloppin lymmer of ane vncouth stuude,
" Mischeuous murtherar of his awin blude;
" Ane fraudfull fule, full of iniquitie,
" Feinȝeand him self ane kingis sone to be,
" Quhairthrow he ma to his purpois apply;
" Thairof he leid, the quhilk rycht weill wait I.
" I ken he come of mony thair commoun theif,
" Him self all tyme ay reddie to mischeif,
" And to his clan he did sic lak and schame,
" Quhairfoir richt far tha flemit him fra hame;
" Than to Cesar he socht attouir the se,
" Syne with tressone come to auctoritie. Col. 2.
" Of his tressoun fra Cesar hes hard tell,
" Into that land he durst na langer duell.
" So for the scisma of that homiceid,
" Into na land with rest thai lut him byde.
" Quhairfoir," he said, " tak curage I requeir,
" Dout nocht this da for all his cuming heir,
" Throw the vertew of oure goddis diuyne,
" He and all his, lang or the sone declyne,
" Salbe deliuerit richt frelie ws till,
" At oure plesour to weild at oure awin will."

How Carentius maid gude Ordour of his Men.

Carentius, vpoun the tother syid,
Amang his princis that war of greit pryde,

Quhen that the Romanes saw thame tak the flycht,
Tha followit mony als fast as tha micht,
And kest fra thame thair armour that wes cleir;
The laif baid still, and that tha bocht full deir.
So pertinax thai war into that steid,
Rycht wilfullie thai faucht thair to the deid:
Syne mony ane that woundit war full sair,
Than tuke the flycht quhen thai mycht fecht na mair.
Carentius men fast followit on the chace,
In mos and myre and mony sindrie place,
Richt mony thousand of the Romanis slew; Lib.6,f.87b. Col. 1.
Fra thair handis that da tha chaipit few.
Bassianus wes slane into the feild,
And Hircius als deid la wnder scheild,
The procurator of Britane in tha dais;
And mony thousand, as my author sais,
Into thair tyme that worthie war and wicht,
La deid that da for all thair strenth and mycht.

How all the Britis that fled befoir fra the Legat come to Carentius and ressauit him as thair Lord.

The greit battell of the Britis that fled,
Seing sa weill Carentius had sped,
The Romane legat in the feild als slane,
Than euerie freik thairof he wes full fane.
At the Romanis tha had so greit invye,
To Carentius thai come richt suddantly,
Subdewand thame to him into all thing,
Him till obey as souerane lord and king,
At all plesour his purpois to fulfill.
He thame ressauit than with hartlie will,
And friendfullie fair langage to thame schew;
Syne plegis tuke that thai sould all be trew,

Of all the Britis to Carentius;
ȝit neuirtheles he wes so cheualrus,
Baith wicht and wyss, with sic wisdome in weir, 17,705 Col. 2.
That all thair feid micht do to him na deir.
Carentius, with greit wisdome and strenth,
He bruikit Britane sewin ȝeir ouir at lenth,
And mony battell of the Romanis hed,
And victour als at all tyme and weill sped. 17,710

How Allectus, the Romane Legate, Sevin ȝeir efter, slew Carentius with Tressoun fals.

Syne efterwart it hapnit vpoun caice,
Quhen passit wes of sevin winter the space,
Ane Romane legat callit Allectus,
With feinȝeit fauour to Carentius,
And fair langage, with vennome at his hart, 17,715
Dissimuland as he wald tak his pairt,
And out of Rome sayand he wes flemit.
Carentius, quhilk of him no ill demit,
Traistand alway that he sould be till him trew,
Quhilk efterwart with greit tressoun him slew. 17,720
The sevint ȝeir then of Carentius ring,
So endit he that wes of Britis king.
Syne this Allectus tuke on him the steir,
And rang in Britane crownit king thre ȝeir;
And all that tyme, as my author did tell, 17,725
Agaue the Romanes dalie did rebell,
And as ane tirrane brukit all that land.
Syne efterwart as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Asclespiadok fra Rome that tyme wes send,
With ane legioun decreittit for to wend 17,730
Into Britane aganes this Allectus;
And sone efter, my storie tellis thus,

How Coell, ane greit Nobill of Britane, be his Counsall causit the Britis to rebell aganis the Legat.

Lib. 6, f. 88. Col. 1.

In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell
Ane man of gude that callit wes Coell,
Into Britane of honour and renoun,
Of blude royall and narrest to the croun;
Throw his counsall, as my author did tell,
He causit hes all Britane to rebell
Agane the Romanis, to reskew their richt,
Greit diligence he hes done da any nycht.
Asclipiadok, that legat wes that tyme
Of the Romanes, quhen that he knew that cryme,
Without delay that tyme he tareit nocht,
With greit power this Coell he hes socht.
Coell siclike hes gatherit him agane;
With baith thair power syne met in a plane,
In coit armour and curell cleir of hew,
Quhair suddantlie Asclipiadok he slew,
And wan the feild, quhair mony Romane knycht
La deid that da in helme and birny brycht.
With haill consent of Britis ald and ȝing,
Crownit thai haif this Coell to be king.
Quhen he with peice ressauit had his croun,
Ouir all Britane he raid bayth vp and doun,
With greit distructioun of the Romane blude,
And Britis als, the quhilk wer men of gude,
That fauorit thame siclyke into that tyme,
Quhair euir he mycht thame comprehend with cryme.

How Constantius the Emprioure, in Gallia heirand how Coell had rebellit in Britane, come him self with ane Armie in Britane, and wan Coell in Feild.

Constantius, as that my author sais,
Tha[t] emprioure of Rome wes in tha dais,

[redacted]

In tyme to cum trowand to leve in peice,
Fra that tyme furth all weir and wrang suld ceis.
This Alena, of quhome befoir I spak,
And that my author dois me mentioun mak,
Ane sone scho buir vnto this empriour syne,
The quhilk to name wes callit Constantyne.
Gif it be trew syne as my author sais,
This Constantyne in Sanct Siluisteris dais,
He wes the first sic gude werkis did wirk
To honour God, and to doit halie kirk.
In all his tyme the kirk of Crist wes fre.
Heir will I leif of him ane litill we,
And of sic talk I will hald me still,
And to his father turne agane I will.

How Constantius passit fra Britane to Rome, and syne within schort quhile efter come in Britane agane.

Constantius, of quhome befoir I tald,
Into Britane no langar byde he wald.
With greit triumph, quhen he had tyme and tume,
Throw Gallia he passit hame to Rome,
Remanit thair at laser as him lest.
Quhen he had put all thingis to peice and rest,
And all his purpois had accomplischit plane,
Into Britane he come efter agane
For his plesour, he thocht the land sa gude,
To heir and se that tyme how all thing stude.
Coell the king with great triumph hym met,
Rycht reuerentlie doand to him his det.
Friendlie affectioun of dochter deir,
Fair Alena befoir as ȝe mycht heir,
Quhilk wes the flour of all faminitie,
Hes causit thame so tender for to be.
Within schort quhile efter that he come thair,
The Brit lordis complenit hes full sair,

[redacted]

How Constantius, be Counsall of the Britis, wald nocht giff the Scottis and Pechtis Feild.

Constantius this nobill emprioure,
Suppois he was of all knychtheid the floure,
Quhen that he had hard that tyme how that tha spak,
Bayth Brit and Romane als sic terrour tak
Of Scot and Pecht, than he considerit how
That he mycht best that perrell than vnschew.
Full laith he wes, herand how that it standis,
To put his honour in dame Fortonis handis,
That wes all tyme vnstabill and vntrew.
Ane vther purpois than he did persew,
And thocht he sould thair power sone mak les
Ilk da be da the farrar to decres.
With lang tarie trowand he sould thame tyre,
That tha mycht nocht thair spreitis to respyre;
Thair furneissing als he suld mak to faill;
Syne, quhen thair victuall war consumit haill,
No langar thair that tyme thai mycht remane,
Na suddantlie ȝit sould convene agane.
As he devysit, trowand it sould be done,
His greit armie than hes he skaillit sone;
Gaiff euerilk man leve for to pas hame,
And that same tyme maid ane oppin proclame,
All suld be reddie at set da and place,
At his command quhen he wald call on caice.
Than euerilk man ȝeid hame at his awin will,
In Eborac him self remanit still.

And of his corce thai tuke of it sic cuir,
Solempnitlie put it in sepulture.
Als far as I can considder sic thing,
This Carthlyntus he wes ane nobill king,
And mony nobill had with him also,
At his command bayth for to ryde and go.
Plesand in peax, perfyte in policie,
Awfull in weir and full of cheualrie;
As preuit weill be this Constantius,
The emprioure bald and belligerus,
That all this warld had haill at his command,
Of Carthlyntus sic aw that tyme did stand,
Gif all be suith befoir as I ȝow schew,
That he durst nocht his awin richtis persew
Of his landis lyand by Humber flude,
It semes weill to me he durst nocht dude.
With Scot and Pecht sic aventure to tak,
He knew thair wes no thing to win bot lak;
And for that caus the battell he forsuik,
Agane his will tha landis lute thame bruke.

How Constantius, ane litill afoir his Deid, flemit the Kirkmen out of Brittane into Scotland.

Constantius, ane quhile befoir his deid,
The kirk of Christ richt lang he held at feid.
The kirkmen als, as my author did sa, 17,955 Lib. 6, f. 89. Col. 1.
He baneist all out of Britania.
Tha durst nocht duell, for him so soir tha dred,
Into that land, bot in Scotland thai fled
To Carthlyntus, desyrand at his grace,
He wald prouyde for thame sum honest place,
Quhair tha micht leue but indigens or stres,
For to serue God and pra for his hienes.

And his brether in Scotland far and neir,
In Pechtland als that tyme tha war nocht sweir
The faith of Christ amang the pepill to plant,
Quhilk of befoir lang tyme thai had greit want;
The gentill ryte awa for to expell,
As sacrifice to mak to wod or well;
The faith of Christ, as my author did sa,
In Scotland grew fra that furth da be da.
Carthlyntus syne, this nobill Cristin king,
In the fourt ȝeir and tuentie of his ring,
Quhilk in his tyme exceidit euerie wycht,
As dois the sone the sternis in the lycht,
He tuke his leif and to his graif is gone.
He wes the best king into Albione
Wes in his tyme, or ȝit richt lang befoir.
Of him this tyme heir will I say no moir.

How Fyncormacus, the Patruell of Carthlyntus, efter his Deid was crownit; quhilk was ane nobill King efterwart.

Syne Fyncormacus, efter he wes deid, Col. 2.
His patruell wes crownit in his steid.
Ane nobill prince he wes in all his dais,
Victorius als, as that my author sais;
And in his tyme greit honour als he wan,
Louit he wes thairfoir with euirilk man.
In this same tyme now that ȝe heir me tell,
Into Britane sic auenture befell.
Ane Roman legat callit Herculius,
Wrangus he wes, wickit and rycht vicius,
Rycht greit oppressioun on the pepill wrocht,
The nobill blude distroyit all to nocht;
His tirranie thair wes na toung culd tell,
Quhilk wes the caus the Britis did rebell.

[redacted]

[redacted]

In Britane send, my storie tellis thus,
Ane nobill man wes callit Traherus,
With mony ane that waponis weill culd weild,
Quhilk vincust hes Octaueus in the feild;
That efter fled, he wist na vther wane,
Into Scotland or dreid he sould be tane.
Traherus than, quhen he his passage knew
Into Scotland, as sindrie to him schew,
To Fyncormak he hes send in that tyde,
With lowage langage full of pomp and pryde,
In haist ane herald, but ony recommend,
With schairp chairgis that he suld[1] to him send
Octauius bundin baith fute and hand;
And wald he nocht, he did him wnderstand
He sould persew him baith with fyre and blude;
" Cheis him or nocht gif he plesis to dude."

Lib.6,f.89b. Col. 1.

How Fyncormacus, King of Scottis, gaiff Ansuer to Traherus Herald, denyand schortlie all his Desyre.

Quhen this was [said] than Fyncormac the king
Sic ansuer maid richt sone wnto that thing;
" Forsuith," he said, " at ȝour desyre I knaw,
" This tyme as far aganis the commoun law
" Giff I with tressoun sould ane tratour be,
" To fleme men seikand refuge at me,
" Quhilk faillit neuir to me ȝit in his tyme;
" I hald for me it war ane cruell cryme,
" Knawand so weill how all the mater standis,
" Ane saikles man put in his fais handis.
" And he did so," he said, " that it wald be
" Greit lak for euir vnto his majestie.
" The caus also quhairfoir Octauius fled
" To him that tyme, it wes becaus he dred

[1] In MS. *culd*

" His deid richt soir that causit him to fle,
" For to tak girth and nocht to seik supplie.
" His will wes nocht, nor neuir suld with his hart,
" Agane the Romanes for to tak his part;
" And for that caus he sall remane heir still,
" Hald him content or nocht now gif he will."

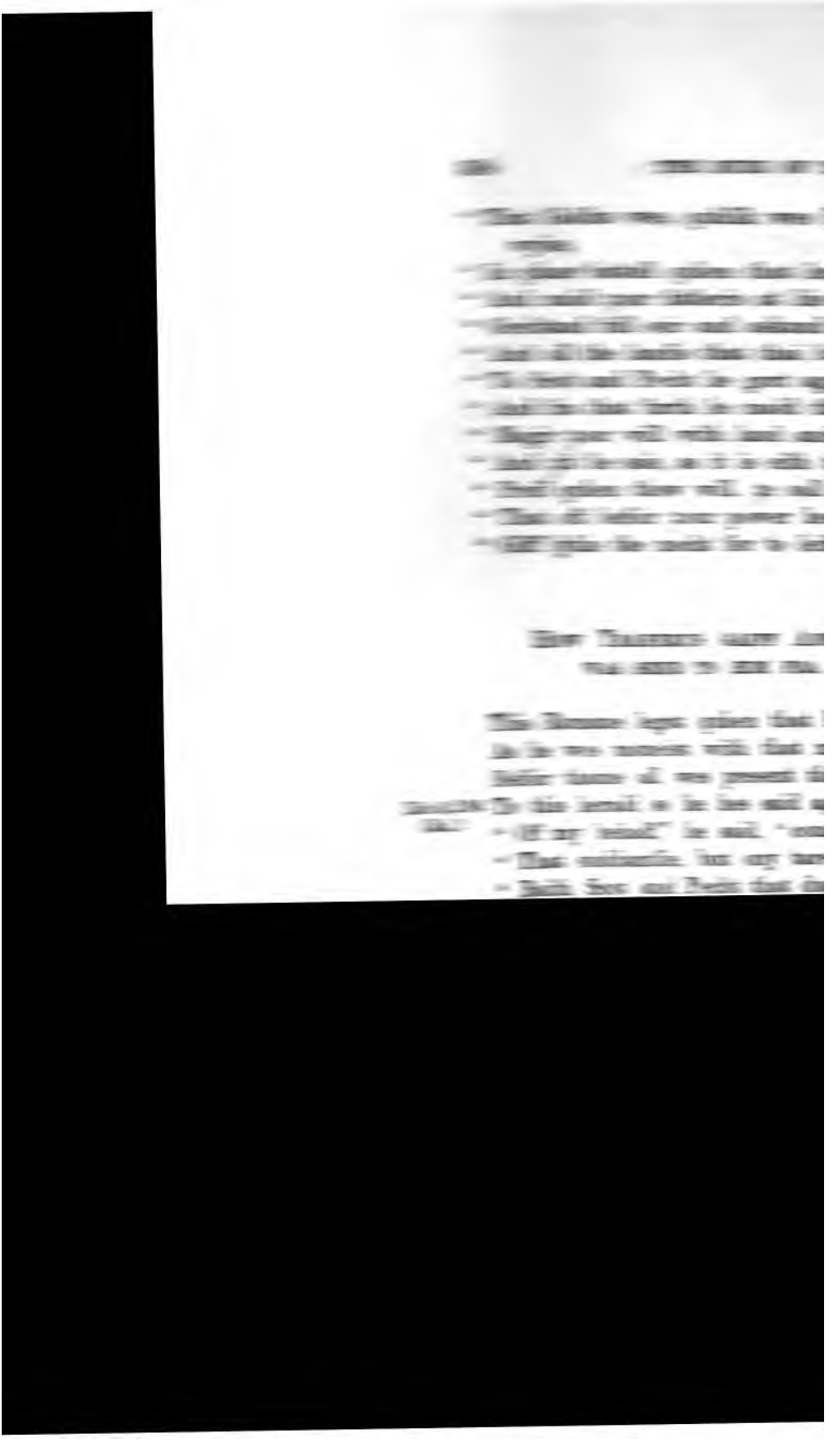
How Trahierus Herald come Hame and sche sic Answer Fyncormacus gaif, quhairi the Legiat was richt commouit.

With this answer the herald hame he 3eid,
And word by word, aboue as 3e ma reid,
Than schew to him, at quhome he wox rycht wrayth
And said and swoir with mony horribill aith,
With greit rancour at the rute than of his hart,
In spyte of him and all wald tak his part,
Richt mony duchtie on ane da sall de,
Of that injure bot he revengit be.
Ane greit armie syne furneist to the feild,
Of bernis bald that waponis weill culd weild,
Withoutin tarie that tyme nycht or da,
Quhill that he come into Westmawria.

And of the Britis ten thousand siclyke
Of stalwart men that weill in feild durst stryke,
To wend with him quhat way that euir he will,
At all plesoure his purpois to fulfill;
He maid na tarie that tyme da nor nycht,
Quhill that he come into the Romanes sycht.
The Romane legat that tyme quhair he stude,
No terrour tuke of all that multitude,
But bownit baldlie in battell to byde.
The king of Scottis vpoun the tother syde,
In haist ane herald send this legat till,
Or he wald fecht, to lat him heir his will;
Quhilk schew till him, as I sall now rehers,
Ilk word by word following now in verss.

How the Herald send fra Fyncormacus schew his Credens befoir Traherus, the Roman Legat.

" Traherus, lord and legat in Britane,
" The king of Scottis farleis in certane
" Quhairfoir, but caus as he can vnderstand,
" With sic power thow cumis in his land,
" Quhilk faillit neuir nor ȝit maid falt to the;
" Quhairfoir he farleis quhat that the caus sould be,
" Or quhy throw folie that tha dar presume
" To auenture the greit honour of Rome
" In sic perrell quhair that thair is no neid.
" And thow do so in thi awin perrell beid;
" Into thi self gif thow hes sic beleiff,
" Thinkand richt lang oure strenthis for to preue,
" Traistand of ws to win honour and gloir,
" Quhilk vincust ȝow sa oft syis of befoir.
" And mair attouir he bad me sa the till,
" That he and his is of the samin will



" In tyme to cum it sould exempill be
" Till all sic vther barbour kingis as he,
" Agane the Romanes ony tyme rebell.
" As I haif said, se ȝe spair nocht to tell."

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE MANER OF THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX FYNCORMACUS AND TRAHERUS THE LEGAT.

Quhen this wes said befoir the nobill king,
Lichtlie he leuch and maid na ansuering,
Bot put his men all that he had in cuir.
In gude array syne baldlie vp thai fuir
With baneris braid, and standertis in the air,
Palit with purpoir, plesand and preclair,
And stremaris waiffand with the wynd full wyde,
With glitterand gold depanetit ouir with pryde,
And basnatis bricht as ony bureall stone,
In curage cleir quhilk ouir the schawis schone.
The Romanes als vpoune the tother part,
With egir will and rancour at thair hart,
In birneis bricht all browdin ouir with gold,
Fra Phebus face thai flammit ouir the fold;
Thair browdin baneris of hevinlie hew
Agane the schyning of the sone thai schew.
Of thair attyre quhat sould I to ȝow tell?
On euerie [syde] thir freikis that war fell,
Tha tuke the feild with mekill strenth and force,
Quhill to the erth thai draif bayth men and hors.
Thair scheildis raif and speiris brak in sunder,
Breistis maid bla and bodeis that war wnder;
Richt mony steid la stickit in the feild,
And mony knicht out-throw the corss wes keild;
Mony on grouf la granand on the ground,
In thair bodeis buir mony werkand wound;
Wes nane sa stout into that stour that stude,
Bot all his bodie wes browdin ouir with blude.

[redacted]

[redacted]

Then all his men the spulȝe of that feild,
To euerie wicht that did ane wapon weild;
Hurt men or horsis he send hame agane,
With all his power syne passit ouir the plane
To Eborac with him Octauius;
Giff all be suith my author sais thus.
Traherus als, as my author did sa,
Fra Eborac into that samin da,
Onto Loundoun richt fast away he fled,
Of thair cuming so soir he wes adred.
Quhen that thai come to Eborac that toun,
Solempnitlie with greit processioun,
Thair war thai met richt far vpone the way,
With dansing, singing, and grit sport and play.
And so thai wer convoyit to the toun
With many lord that war of greit renoun.
Of Britane all the lordis far and neir,
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir,
But only tarie to Octauius
Tha come alhaill, my storie telleth thus;
With the greit aith than of fidelitie,
Promittit hes ay trew to him to be.
To Fyncormac honour and reuerence
Tha schew that tyme, with all circumstance,
Oft thankand him of his greit fortitude
Had thame deliuerit out of seruitude.
Octauius, with all thair haill consent
Was thair that tyme with ane will and intent,
Frelie gaif ouir but ony clame thai landis,
That Scot and Pecht that tyme had in thair handis,
Perpetuallie to bruke for euirmoir,
Wes giffin thame be Carentius befoir,
In tyme to cum thairof gaif thame discharge.
And to his knichtis greit reward and large,
To euerie [one] that tyme as did effeir,
Promittand als moir than I will schaw heir:

18,225 18,230 18,235 18,240 18,245 18,250 18,255

Lib.6,f.90b. Col. 1.

To brek the band befoir that thai had maid,
To Fyncormak with letteris seillit braid;
That is to say thair heretage of ald,
Fra Humber mouth to Tweid as I haif tald,
Conqueis agane, to quhome thai had grit rycht,
Be ony way throw maistrie or throw slycht,
Agane the aith that thai had maid beforne.
Alsua that tyme togidder than wer sworne,
Quhill tha micht stand into gude heill and quart,
In that purpois ilk ane tak vtheris part. Col. 2.

How Octauius send ane greit Armie in Candalia, to reskew the Landis that he had gevin frelie to Scot and Pecht.

Octauius syne efter that decreit
Proclamit hes the tuentie da to meit.
Ten thousand men cled into armour cleir,
That samin da tha did ilk man compeir,
With thair captane befoir Octauius king.
And he agane, without tareing,
Commandit thame, in all the haist tha ma,
That tha sould pas into Candalia;
Fra fyre and blude se that thai sould nocht faill,
Quhill that tha landis tha had waistit haill,
Of corne and stoir, of scheip, nolt and horss,
Baith Scot and Pecht alss to gar fle on force,
And in that land na langar lat remane:
And so thai thocht to conqueis all agane.

How the Scottis and the Pechtis wan the Feild agane the Britis, and slew and tuke thame all for the maist Part.

Sone efter that, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Thair grit falset come till ane foull euill end.

And in ane barge, that on the watter la,
That samin tyme saillit in Norrowa:
Of Scot and Pecht, becaus he wes nocht trew,
He durst nocht weill thair gentreis than persew.
This beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
The lordis all of Britane far and neir,
Rycht reuerentlie thai come Traherus till,
At his plesour puttand thame in his will;
And maid the aith than of fidelitie,
In tyme to cum ay traistand trew to be.
This being done thai weiris than did ceis,
Quhilk maid Britane lang efter leve in pece.

How Traherus was sa haittit with the Britis that he was slane quyetlie, onwittand quhome be.

Sone efter that, as my author did tell,
This Traherus he wox baith fals and fell,
And greit distructioun in the tyme he maid
Of nobill blude ouir all Britane so braid.
And speciallie of this Octaueus kin,
Of thame he sparit nother mair nor myn;
And mony vther that he held suspecc,
Sum he gart heid and vther sum hang be the nek,
At his awin will but ony falt or caus,
Without justice or ȝit ordour of lawes.
Sic ane tirrane, with so greit bost and schoir,
Wes neuir sene into Britane befoir.
Richt quietlie for that caus he wes slane,
Be quhome or how I cannocht tell ȝow plane.
For-quhy my author tald it nocht to me,
The circumstance thairfoir I lat it be,
And I am laith ane lesing for to tell;
With sic mater I will not intermell,
Or dreid that I be for ane lear kend.
Now to my mater thairfoir I will wend.

To Carthlyntus in fe and heretage,
To Scot and Pecht discendand be lynage;
Desyrand thame for to renew the bandis
Was maid befoir subscriuit with thair handis,
And he to thame, with stylis of the new,
Hes oblist him to thame ay till be trew.
Thir kingis baith thairof war weill content:
The heraldis als baith hamewart ar tha went,
And greit rewaird with thame that tyme thai had.
Quhen thai come hame thai schew how thai had sped,
Ilk word by word as that thir kingis said.
Octaueus than wes richt blyth and glaid,
And all his lordis in that tyme ilkone,
Sic peice and rest wes maid in Albione.
Octaueus, as my author me schew,
Fra that tyme furth dalie to vertu grew,
And in Britane wes haldin for the best
In all his tyme, and for the nobillest;
And ay fra that as trew as ony steill,
And with his nobillis louit wes rycht weill.
It wes richt lang or he micht leve in rest,
With the Romanes lang vexit and opprest.
Richt mony battell oft with thame he had;
In ilk battell that tyme how that he sped,
Bot gif I lie I can nocht tell to ȝow,
For-quhy my author tellis me now nocht how.
Thairfoir I leve and lat sic thingis be,
And schaw to ȝow as that he schew to me.

How Octaueus restorit to the Romanis all the Strentis in Britane, payand Tribut siclyke as thai war wont to the Romanis.

Efter lang weir, quhen that he drew to eild, Lib. 6, f. 91b. Col. 1.
And wox febill and micht nocht pas to feild,

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE GREIT DISCORD BETUIX THRE BRETHER SONNIS FOR THE RYCHT OF THE CROUN, THE ELDEST BRUTHER SONE CALLIT ROMACUS, ETHALMACUS THE SECUND, AND ANGUSTIANUS THE ȝOUNGEST.

Quhen Fyncormac wes past as ȝe hard sa,
Levand that tyme than had he sonnis tua.
Ewgenius, quhilk wes the eldest cheild,
And auchtene ȝeir that tyme he wes of eild;
Ethodeus the tother child wes cald, 18,465
ȝoungar nor he, nocht be ane ȝeir so ald.
Becaus thai war of ȝeiris than so ȝing,
Nocht ane of thame that tyme thai[1] wald mak king.
Then all the lordis in ane lytill quhile,
Convenit hes togidder in Argyll; 18,470
And speciallie the caus wes of that thing,
For to devyiss quhome that thai wald mak king.
Carthlyntus king, of quhome I spak befoir,
Quhilk all his tyme his kinrik did decoir,
Thre brether sonnis in that tyme he had 18,475
Off thrie brether, and all of lauchfull bed. Col. 2.
Romacus sone wes to the eldest bruther,
And Ethalmacus sone wes to the tother,
And Angustiane the ȝoungest bruther cheild,
The wysast man and perfyttest of his eild. 18,480
Equale thai war in all thing mair and myn,
In honour, riches, dignitie and kyn.
The lordis lang contendit in that thing,
Quhilk of thai thre wes abillest to be king.
Romacus than alledgit thair that he 18,485
Wes abillest of ony of the thrie,
For to be king, erar nor ony vther,
For-quhy he wes sone to the eldest bruther.

[1] In MS. *that.*

[redacted]

[redacted]

Fra that counsall remouit euerie man,
And left the mater war than tha began.
Efter this tyme that I haif tald ȝow heir,
Thir tua lordis maid all the land on steir;
Betuix tha tua thair wes sic stryfe and feid,
Ilk ane persewit vtheris to the deid,
For no trettie that tyme of ony lord,
Betuix thir tua culd nocht be maid concord;
Ilkanes mynd frome vther wes so far,
And da by day it grew ay to the war.

How Romacus brocht ane Armie out of Pecht-land, and gaif Angustiane Feild and vincust him, and syne tuke the Croun.

Lib. 6, f. 92 Col. 1.

So at the last this ȝoung Romacus saw
That he culd nocht be ressoun nor [be] law
Vnto his purpois be no way prevaill,
Richt soir he dred he sould be maid to faill.
For-quhy he knew the most pairt of the lordis,
Giff it be suith that my author recordis,
In contrair him thai war that samin tyde;
Quhairfoir he thocht that he wald sone provyde
For sum remeid in all the haist he mocht;
Than out of Pechtland suddanelie hes he brocht
Ane greit armie with him in feild to go,
And mony lord of Scotland than also,
With maistrie than he thocht him to provyde.
This Angustiane vpoune the tother syde,
With plane power he met him into feild,
And knokkit on quhair mony ane war keild.
As Fortoun wald, and so all thing man be,
This Angustiane that tyme wes maid to fle
Richt far awa, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Or he wald stynt, that same tyme in Yrland;

Towart the place quhair this Romacus la,
Tha come richt sone vpoun the tother da;
And quhen he hard that thai war at the hand,
To saue him self he fled into Pechtland. Col. 2.
So quyetlie that tyme ȝit fled he nocht,
Quhill efter him richt suddantlie tha socht;
And with ane chiftane maid on him ane chace,
Quhill tha ouirtuke him in ane quiet place.
In that same steid tha slew him but mercie,
And all the laif wes in his cumpanie.
Tha sparit nane, Pechtis and all the laif,
For it wes tha him the ill counsall gaif.
This Angustiane that tyme into Yrland,
And Ethalmac with him I wnderstand,
Fra tyme he knew that this tirrane wes slane,
In gudlie haist he sped him hame agane.
The lordis all thairof tha wer richt blyth,
Ressauit him that samin tyme full swyth,
With all honour and greit nobillitie,
So blyth thai war that cuming hame wes he;
But contrapleid ather of ald or ȝing,
With haill consent than wes he crownit king.

How Angustiane wes crownit King, and sone efter he wes crownit gaif Battell to the Romane Legat and slew him in Feild.

As ȝe haif hard, efter Romacus deid,
This Angustiane wes crownit in his steid.
As ane king he tuke on him the steir,
As efterwart I think to schaw ȝow heir.
Thairfoir of him heir will I leif ane quhile,
And to the Britis turne agane my styll.
Efter lang rest, throw pece that thai had tane,
Ouir all Britane the ȝoung lordis ilkane

Throw sic folie than wer thai all confoundit;
Mony war slane and mony deidlie woundit;
And all the laif on force war maid to fle,
Syne at the will of Maximus to be.
Thus[1] throw thair folie and full hardines,
Tha wer distroyit that tyme mair and les,
And put agane in mair miseritie,
Rycht far befoir nor tha war wont to be,

How Octaueus, heirand tha Tydenis, departit for greit Displesour.

Octaueus, of quhome befoir I tald,
Into that tyme wes ancient and ald,
Viseit he wes with greit infirmitie;
And quhen he hard the infelicitie
Of that battell, and how sic end it tuke,
On the thrid day, as I fynd in my buke,
Throw displesour and sair seiknes also,
He tuke his leif and till his graif did go.
Ane sone that tyme and no mo childer hed,
For dreid that tyme to Mona Yle he fled;
Thair he remanit with Eugenius,
And with his bruther als Ethodeus,
Quhilk sonnis war to the king Fyncormak,
Nocht lang gane syne of quhome befoir I spak.

How the Britis did rebell the Secund Tyme.

In that same tyme, as my author did tell,
Britis agane richt baldlie did rebell.
Fule hardines, siclike as of befoir,
Hes causit thame withoutin ony moir
To Maximus to gif battell agane;
Syne tynt the feild quhair thair wes tane and slane

[1] In MS. *This.*

Agane the Romanes wes thair commoun fo.
Richt weill he wist, he said, did he nocht so,
For ony way that thai suld efter mak,
It suld thame turne bayth to grit schame and lak.

How Angustiane chaissit Nectanus to Camelidone.

Quhen this wes said befoir thame all in plane,
This herald gat na answer hame agane,
Bot greit derisoun, with lauchter and skorne,
Na other ansuer hamewart hes he borne.
This Angustiane quhen that he knew and mynd,
With his freindis richt schortlie hes desynd
Bot ony baid to put thame of his boundis.
Syne with greit power towart thame he fundis,
And gaif him battell pertlie on ane plane,
Quhair all the Pechtis wes other tane or slane,
War all that da into the feild ilkone,
Thair king syne chaissit to Camelidone.

How Nectanus maid ane Counsall with his Lordis, desyrand at thame to move Weir agane Angustianus, the King of Scottis.

Sone efter this that I haif said ȝow heir,
This Nectanus, within les nor ane ȝeir,
To his lordis proponit into plane,
Into Scotland to leid ane oist agane;
Him to revenge of the injure and lak
Into the feild befoir that he did tak;
And greit perswasioun hes he maid thairtill,
Bydand to heir quhat wes the lordis will.
Richt mony lord thair wes into that tyme
Said as he said, without ressoune or ryme.

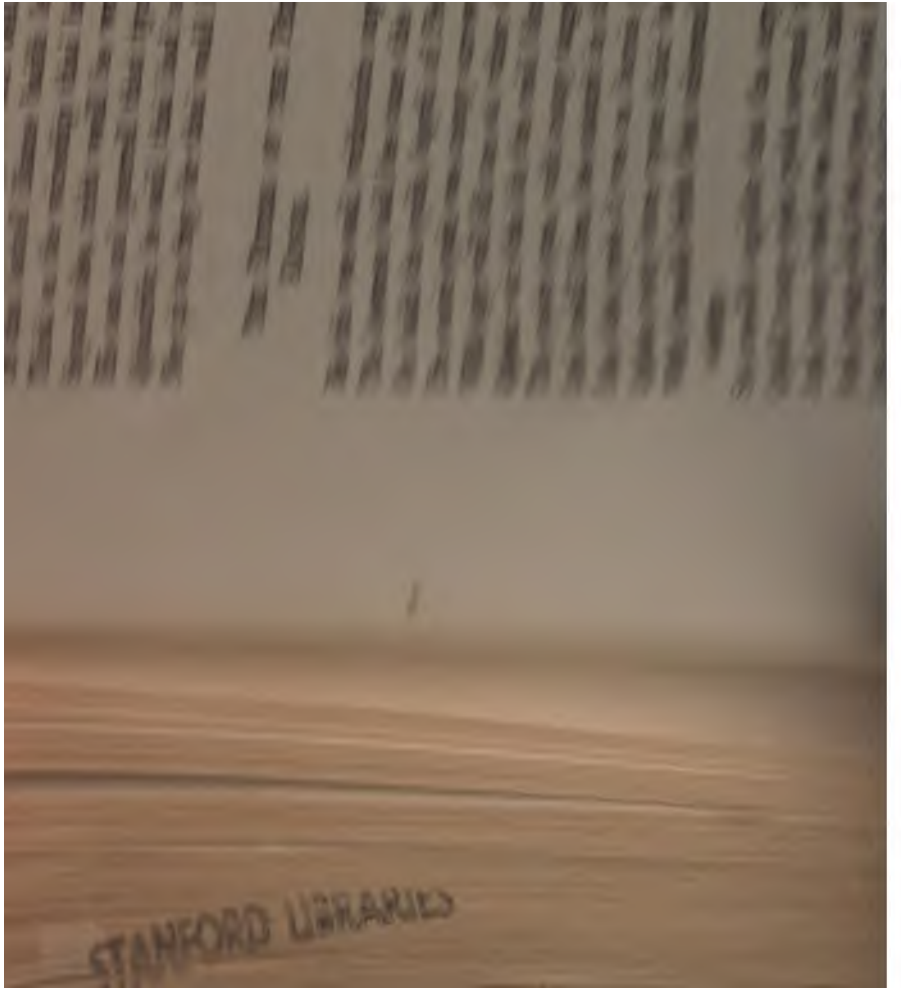
With mony knicht in curage that wes cleir,
Withoutin stynt ay toward thame did steir,
In gude array with all his power haill.
And, or he wald the battell first assaill,
To Nectanus he send ane messinger,
Rycht hartlie thair that tyme did him requeir
For to mak peax, and leif in cheritie,
And at his will all sall amendit be.
Brek nocht the band thair fatheris maid[1] beforne
Richt mony ȝeir or ony thair wes borne.
" Traist weill," he said, " and we do vther now,
" Sone efterwart that baith to ws and ȝow
" It salbe skaith and greit damnage for euer,
" Amang oure selffis and we so now disseuer.
" That war the Romanis plesour and thair will,
" Tha do nocht ellis bot behald thairtill,
" Quhill ilk of ws sould vther now distroy,
" And than micht tha with litill sturt and noy,
" Quhen baith oure poweris war parit to nocht,
" And all war deid into sic weir that docht,
" Quhen thair wer none to mak ganestand thairtill,
" All Albione to weild at thair awin will."
And for that caus he prayit him in plane
To leve sic weir, and to mak pece agane.

How Nectanus wald nocht heir the Herald Ansuer, bot send Defydence agane to Angustianus.

This Nectanus thairof wald heir nathing,
Bot send the herald hame wnto his king
With ane ansuer that tyme that wes nocht gude,
Defyand him than baith of fyre and blude.
This Angustiane, quhen he sic ansuer gat,
He tareit nocht bot haistelie with that

Col. 2.

[1] In MS. *mand.*


STANFORD LIBRARIES

How Angustiane was slane throw Misgyding.

This Angustiane so cruell wes in hart,
Preissand ouir far that tyme to tak ane part,
Quhen that he saw sa mony bernis bleid,
Richt suddantlie kest of his kinglie weid ;
Amang thame syne into the thickest thrang,
Quhair that the stour maist stalwart wes and strang,
He enterit in quhair Nectanus he socht,
Into the feild thair find him gif he mocht,
And thocht on him his harmis for to wreik.
Into his gait full mony felloun freik
That war full proude he slew vpone that plane,
Syne faucht sa lang quhill that him self wes slane.
And quhen the Scottis saw thair king wes keild,
Rycht suddantlie tha fled out of the feild
One to ane strenth that wes neirhand by,
Without perrell that tyme quhair tha mycht ly.
The Pechtis war to sic confusioun brocht,
That still tha stude that tyme and followit nocht;
The Scottis fled [away] fra thame so far
Wist no man weill that da quha gat the war ;
Wes none of thame that had caus for to be fane,
For baith thair kingis in the feild wes slane,
And mony prince that mekill wes of pryde.
Far ma that tyme vpoune the Pechtis syde
Doutles that da richt cruellie wer keild,
Suppois the Scottis that tyme tynt the feild.

Lib.6,f,93b. Col. 1.

How baith the Pairteis passit Hame with greit Displesour.

This beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
Than baith the syidis on the samin da,

[illegible]
With great displeasur baith of [illegible]
Vareand the wicht in quhome [illegible]
And thame that gaif the counsa[illegible]
With great murning ilk da baith [illegible]
Richt mony da or thair sorrow [illegible]
Ilk bustin ladie for hir lordis [illegible]
With sicking sad [and] sobbing [illegible]
Ilk wedow als did for hir husba[illegible]
And eneme barne for his father [illegible]
Tha murnit soir lang tyme and [illegible]

HEIR FOLLOWIS HOW ETHI[illegible]
KING OF SCOTTIS EFTE[illegible]
GUSTIANUS AND OF SIN[illegible]
IN HIS TYME.

Quhen Augustiane wes deid as [illegible]
Than of his ring into the secund[illegible]
Ethilmacus of quhome befoir I [illegible]
His patruell, the cuir on him di[illegible]
Reine and steir and governe in [illegible]
With hall consent that tyme wr[illegible]
And to revenge the greit injure [illegible]
Into the feild befoir that thai di[illegible]
With great power sone efter on [illegible]
He enterit hes into Orestia.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND MANER OF THE BATTELL BETUIX THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS, AND HOW THE SCOTTIS THAT TYME WAN THE FEILD RICHT MANFULLIE.

The king of Pechtis, Nectanus, with greit schoir,
Nectanus bruther of quhome I spak befoir,
Quhilk in the feild wes slane, as ȝe hard sa,
With all his power planelie on ane da
In rayit battell gaif the Scottis feild ; 18,865
Quhair all his weirmen that mycht waponis weild
War thair that da buskit in battellis thre,
In gude ordour the best that tha micht be.
The Scottis king, vpone the tother syde,
In thre feildis his armie did diuyde ; 18,870 Col. 2.
The tuo wyngis first enterit in the feild,
And knapit on quhill mony knycht wes keild
With mony pelt richt pertlie on the plane,
Quhill all the Pechtis neir hand than wer slane
In baith the wingis quhair tha faucht that da : 18,875
This is richt trew, traist weill ȝe heir me sa.
The mid feildis syne enterit at the last,
Quhair mony grume wes maid to be agast,
And mony scheild wer schorne all in schunder,
Brasser and birny, and breist plait that wer 18,880
vnder,
In pecis brak and all in ragis raif ;
So doggitlie ilkone on vther draif.

HOW NECTANUS WAS HURT WITH ANE ARROW, QUHILK WAS HIS DEITH.

Into the feild quhair that the Pechtis stude,
Seand thame selfis that tyme so destitude
Of baith the wingis, without ony supple, 18,885
Turnit thair bak and suddanelie did fle

STANFORD LIBRARIES

quhen he knew his power wes so small,
d na hoip bot hardines witht all
ne battell the Scottis till assay,
hes he socht ane vther subtill way.

How Ethalmacus, King of Scottis, was slane be Tressoun of Tua Pechtis haldin for Scottis.

Lib. 6, f. 94. Col. 1.

ia fair ȝoung men, as that my author sais,
f Pechtis blude perfite into all plais,
With greit rewaird, promittand far mair thing,
or to betrais this Ethalmacus king,
Ie hes conducit with gold, riches and fe,
To feinȝe thame as tha Scottis sould be.
Syne in the court to make thair sojorning,
Quhill that thai war acquentit with the king;
Syne efterwart, quhat tyme that euer it be,
To fynd the tyme of opportunitie,
Quhen it war so, be vertew of thair band,
Compleit the thing quhilk thai had tane on hand.
And so thai did; within ane lytill space
Tha wer richt speciall with the kingis grace,
And hartlie louit with him fra the spleyne,
Trowand so weill that thai had Scottis bene.
Syne efterwart, quhen that thai saw thair tyme
Wes opportune for to commit sick cryme,
Into his bed ane nycht quhair that he la,
Commandit hes ane harpar for to pla,
Quhilk in his chalmer ilk nycht la him by;
And so he did richt sone and suddantly,
Quhill that the king wes brocht rycht sound on sleip.
Thir tratouris tua thairto thai tuke gude keip,
Come to the dur and choppit on ane pyn;
The harpar raiss and syne he leit thame in,

Without delay vpone the samin da,
He maid sic end as did the tother tua.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF E[U]GENIUS THE SECUND, THE SONE OF THIS ILK FORGUDE,[1] AND OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS, AS ȝE SALL EFTER HEIR.

Efter the deith of Ethalmacus king,
The quhilk that wes the thrid ȝeir of his ring,
With haill consent of all the lordis ilkone,
Than haif thai brocht out of the Yle of Mone
Ewgenius, of quhome befoir I spak,
Quhilk wes the sone of gude Fyncormak,
And crownit him thair governour to be,
For to the croun that tyme most rycht had he.
Schort efter this, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
Sanct Androis arme wes brocht into Scotland;
And how it wes, gif that ȝe list to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ȝow heir.
In Grece that tyme, in citie of Dacria,
Ane monk thair wes in land of Accaya,
Quhilk Regulus wes callit to his name;
Ane faithfull father he wes of greit fame.
And for he wes of sic auctoritie,
Be Cesar send that samin tyme wes he,
The emprioure quhilk hecht Constantius,
In pilgramage, my storie tellis thus,
On to the graif quhair that Sanct Androw lyis,
Decreittit as wes of the samin wyiss,
Richt mony than of devoit men also,
In cumpanie with him that tyme till go.

[1] Sic in MS.

REGULUS BROCHT THE
ANDROW IN SCOTLAND
ACCAYA.

And quhen tha come on to the s
Quhair that he la, it hapnit vpon
Vpoun the nycht ane visioun did
To Regulus sittand at his prayer.
Commanding him vpone the sami
The richt arme bane of that apos
With vingeris thre and tais thre
Of the richt syde, and for to tak
And cloise thame weill into ane
And keip thame cloise that thai
sempe.

[illegible] And swie richt sone withoutin on
To [illegible] the narrest way till g
Quhilk wes ane yie of greit auctor
Fak in the north within the occid
[illegible] he said, within ane lyti
That all the pepill of that samin
Sail [illegible] that relict in sic reueren
To the apostill suld be sic plesanc
And honour als whto the sett of
Perpetuallie whto the da of dome.

HOW REGULUS GART GRAIT
PASSIT WITH THIS RELIC

Syne on the nycht with his fellowis in feir,
He tuke the se, gaif God the schip to steir.
Throw the Greik se thai saillit mony da,
Vnto the land of Lucitania;
That wes the name ane lang tyme of the ald,
The quhilk to name now Portingaill is cald.
Fra that thai salit ay on da by da,
Quhill that thai come till Armorica,
And now to name this da is callit Britane.
Syne throw the pais thai salit furth incertane,
Thre dais or foure ay by and by is gone,
Wnto the yle richt sone of Albione.

How Regulus Schip brak in Otholemum.

In Otylym that tyme into Pechtland,
By force of flude thair schip brak on ane sand,
Thair loissit thai all thing with thame tha brocht,
Except thame self that tyme thair chaipit nocht,
And the relict of quhome befoir I spak.
Thame self wes saif suppois that thair schip brak,
But ony perrell fre brocht to the land,
Quhair Sanct Androis that citie now dois stand
Besyid the se, vpoune ane plesand plane,
And thair ane quhile tuke purpois to remane.
Into that place tha had nocht restit lang,
Quhill that the word ouir all the land did gang,
That sic ane relict than, throw Godeis grace,
Vnto the pepill cumit wes to that place.
Out of all part thai come baith far and neir,
Onto that place sic thing to se and heir.
And of the seik men that war present thair,
Baith haill and sound thai war maid of thair sair;
Richt cruikit men war waldin maid and wycht,
And dum men spak, and blind men gat thair sycht.

How the Romane Legat callit Maximus, heirand the Discord betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis, tuke the Pechtis Part aganis the Scottis, and syne be his Powar and thairis put the Scottis out of Scotland.

This Roman legat callit Maximus,
In that same tyme, my author tellis thus
As I in vers sall to ȝow heir record,
Quhen that he saw the malice and discord
Betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis of new,
So lang befoir to vther ay wes trew;
Seing also his tyme wes oportune,
With bissie cuir greit diligence hes done
To caus that feid for to incres and grow
Dalie hes done the diligence he dow.
And, for to speid his purpois to ane end,
To king of Pechtis ane herald sone he send;
Gif that my author be thairof to trow,
He said to him as I sall say to ȝow.
" O king of Pechtis, nobill Hargustus,
" The greitis weill my maister Maximus;
" Lattand the wit that he forthinkis sair
" The greit displesour, dolour and the cair,
" With sic injure now dalie done to the,
" Be the Scottis that ar baith fals and sle;
" The quhilk hes bene, sa far as thai mycht skaith,
" Ane mortall fa to ws and to ȝow baith,
" At this be suith that I dar hardlie say,
" That ȝe with ws wer weilbelouit ay,
" I trow siclyke so sould we with ȝow be,
" War nocht the Scottis with thair subtilitie.
" Thair is no thing that he desyris moir
" Nor ȝour freindschip siclike as of befoir,

Lib. 6, f. 95. Col. 1.

[redacted]

And sone he hes fixit ane da and place
At Eborac within ane lytill space,
Quhair king Hargust with him awin self suld meit
And so thai did thair purpois to compleit.
Syne peice and kyndnes thair betuix thame band,
Perpetuallie in tyme to cum to stand,
And neuir agane for no thing to be brokin.
Rycht mony thing betuix thame thair wes spokin,
That I list nocht now at this tyme and port,
Bot lat thame pas becaus the tyme is schort.
Quhen tha had done and said that tha list sa,
Ilkane tuke leif and passit hame thair wa.

How Maximus, the Romane Legat, send ane Herald to Ewgenius, the Scottis King, commandand him to restoir all the Spulȝe was tane fra the Pechtis.

Sone efter, quhen this counsall hes tane end,
This Maximus ane herald he hes send
To king of Scottis, with mekill bost and schoir,
Commandand him that all injure befoir
Onto the Pechtis that he and his had wrocht, Col. 2.
Without fabill se that he faillit nocht,
With all the spulȝe richt so les and moir,
Richt haistelie agane for till restoir;
And all that war the authouris of sic thing,
Deliuer thame onto Hargustus king,
At his fre will other to hang or heid,
For-quhy, he said, thai seruit weill sic deid;
And gif he thocht that he wald nocht do sua,
He him declarit for the Romanis fa.

How Ewgenius maid Ansuer agane.

Ewgenius, quhen he hard this report,
To him agane he said in this same sort:

At the command of the Romanes stude,
Contraccit hes ane mervelous multitude.
Mony gay grume come furth of Gallia
To him that tyme, and of Armorica;
The Britis all at his command wes boun,
And Pechtis alss with him to fair of toun;
Siclyke of Romanes mony worthie wicht.
Wes neuir sene befoir in no mannis sycht
Into this warld sen weiris first began
Vpoun ane da sa mony nobill man.
Sone efter that, vpoun the auchtane da,
Tha enterit all into Westmawria,
Quhair that tha gat na stop nor ȝit ganestand,
Distroyand all befoir thame that tha[1] fand,
Baith wyffe and barne and ald men mycht nocht fle,
And seik men viseit with infirmitie.
In Orduluce syne efter that tha fuir,
Quhair that tha sparit nother riche nor puir;
Quhome thai ouirtuke that tyme in ony steid,
Baith ȝoung and ald tha pat thame all to deid.
Syne efter that passit in Galdia,
With fyre and blude, and greit heirschip alsua
Of ȝoung and ald, with greit slauchter betuene;
Fra na injure that tyme[2] tha wald abstene.
The Scottis thocht into greit dout tha stude,
Seand the Romanis of sic multitude,
And so greit power in that tyme thai had,
Tha causit thame to be richt soir adred.

Lib. 6, f. 95b. Col. 1.

How Ewgenius and Maximus met in Feild.

Ȝit neuirtheles this king Eugenius
In that same tyme, my author tellis ws,

[1] In MS. *he.*

[2] In MS. *that tyme that tyme.*

Col. 2.

ı rayit feild vpoun thair feit tha stude.[1]
nat samin nycht this ilk Ewgenius king,
nd his lordis decreittit hes this thing,
ll feild and battell for that tyme postpone.
yne he and thai passit to Carecone,
or to devyiss quhat best wes to be done,
nd all the laif for to pas hame rycht sone;
yne efterwart thai suld all reddie be
t his command, quhen he his tyme mycht se.

How thair come ane Messingeir to Maximus, and schew to him that Kent had rebellit agane him.

This beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
This Maximus efter on the thrid da,
With all his power purposit of the new
In plane battell the Scottis till persew.
And as he wes him dressand to the way,
Fra Kent thair come to him that samin day
Ane messinger, the quhilk to him that schew
Of grit discord in Britane of the new,
Amang the captanis with sic stryfe and feid,
And come he nocht sone for to mak remeid,
Within les space, he said, na half ane ȝeir,
All wald be lost that he had bocht so deir.
Than Maximus, fra he tha tydenis knew,
Preissit no moir the Scottis till persew;
Bot suddantlie he changit his intent,
With greit power syne on to Britane went.
Ane greit army he left in Galdia,
And euerie strenth he hes gart stuf alsua,
With men and meit, and vther ganand geir,
And all waponis that neidfull wer for weir.
With lang travell ay da by da he past,
Quhill that he come in Kentschyre at the last.

[1] Here a line seems to be wanting.

it feild vpoun thair feit tha stude.
[illegible] nycht this ilk Ewgenius king,
[illegible] decreittit hes this thing,
[illegible] and battell for that tyme postpone.
[illegible] and thai passit to Carecone.
[illegible] quhat best wes to be done.
[illegible] half for to pas hame rycht sone;
[illegible] thai suld all reddie be
[illegible], quhen he his tyme mycht se.

[illegible] CAME ANE MESSINGEIR TO MAXIMUS,
[illegible] TO HIM THAT KENT HAD RESELLIT
[illegible]

[illegible] as ȝe haif hard me sa.
[illegible] on the thrid da.
[illegible] purposit of the new
[illegible] the Scottis till persew.
[illegible] him dressand to the way.
[illegible] to him that samin day
[illegible] quhilk to him that schew
[illegible] Britane of the new.
[illegible] with sic stryfe and feid.
[illegible] sone for to mak remeid.
[illegible] he said, na half ane ȝeir.
[illegible] that he had bocht so deir.
[illegible] he tha tydenis knew,
[illegible] Scottis till persew;
[illegible] changit his intent,
[illegible] syne on to Britane went.
[illegible] left in Galdia,
[illegible] he hes gart stuf alsua,
[illegible], and vther ganand geir,
[illegible] neidfull wer for weir.
[illegible] da by da he past,
[illegible] in Kentschyre at the last.

[illegible] seems to be wanting.

[illegible] LIBRARIES

THE SCOT[illegible]

GALDIA.

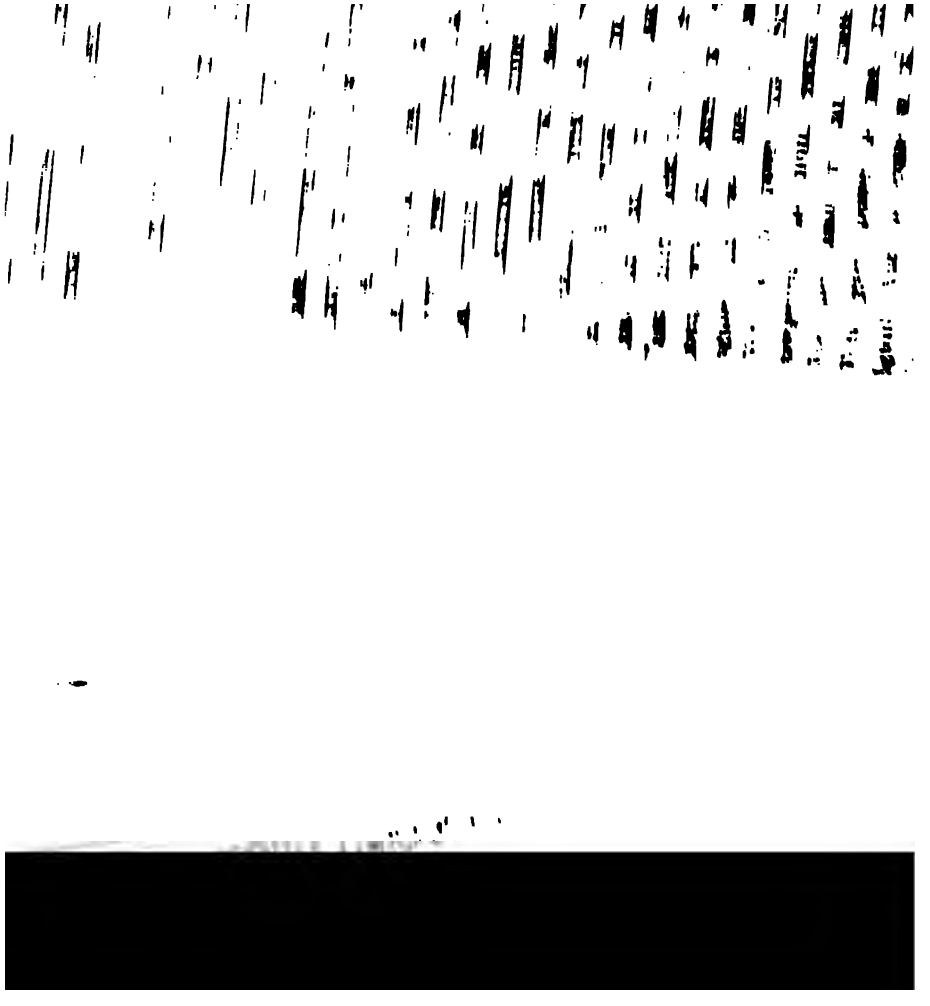
That samin ȝeir, as m[illegible]
The Scottis oft syis in[illegible]
With mony forra richt[illegible]
And mony carmusche [illegible]
In it and horss thair [illegible]
Richt manfullie in that [illegible]
[illegible] agane for to [illegible]
[illegible] is preifand an[illegible]
[illegible] it[1] va[illegible]
[illegible] man wer [illegible]
[illegible] force [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] SCOTTIS [illegible]
[illegible] PLACES.

[illegible] in Vicom[illegible]
[illegible] binde thai hai[illegible]

Withoutin stop quhair tha gat no ganestand,
Baith ȝoung and ald befoir thame that tha fand,
Of all degre, other ill or gude,
Tha baitht thair brandis baldlie in thair blude.
Without petie that tyme thai wald nocht spair,
No had no rewth to heir the wyffis rair,
And ryfe thair hair, seand thair barnis bleid ;
That wes thair game and leuch thairat gude speid.
Thair wes no strent that tyme in all thair land,
Toun or tour, that micht mak thame ganestand.
The starkest all that wer of lyme and stone,
Law to the erd tha kest thame doun ilkone ;
And all thair bigging brint intill ane fyre,
With hall and chalmer, stabill, barne and byre ;
Thair ȝairdis all wer full of corne and hay,
All other thing tha micht nocht turs away,
Softar no stone, that micht nocht with thame pas,
In ane baill fyre tha brint thame all in ass.
Quhairof the Scottis so greit curage tuke,
Nother to ryme nor ressoun wald tha luke :
Tha grew so hie thairof into thair mynd,
Trowand that Fortoun wes to thame so kynd,
Traistand hir fauour efterwart to fynd,
Quhilk is vnstabill as wethercok in wynd.
Thair is no man may lippin in hir grace,
Quhen plesis hir to turne away hir face,
Scho wryis it alway as scho war wraith,
To luke agane on him scho is full laith.
Quhen Maximus hard of thir tydenis tald,
How that the Scottis busteous war and bald
Puneist the Pechtis with so greit torment,
Into his mynd thairof he wes content.
It lykit him weill for to heir sic skaith,
With vtterlie distructioun to thame baith ;
ȝit with his word ȝit oft he did thame mene,
Feinȝeand full soir as he thair freind had bene,



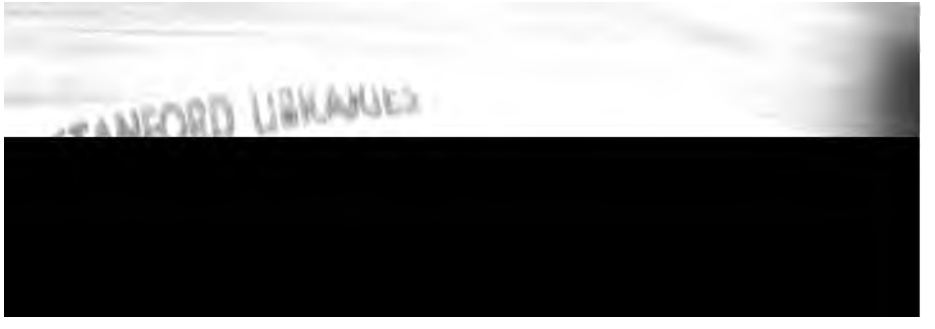
Of nobill men weill graithit in thair geir,
And wemen als that harnes docht to weir.
That wes the vse into oure eldaris dais,
Gif all be suith heir that my author sais.
Fiftie thousand that tyme in armour brycht,
He had with him that worthie war and wycht,
Of bernis bald that wer richt gude in neid,
Wald nocht abaiss for to se bernis bleid.
Ane spy thair come to him that tyme and schew,
Evin at thair hand the Romanes with sic glew
Of trumpet, talburne, and of schalmes schill,
Within fyve myle wer cumand fast thame till,
In gude array with mekle bost and schoir,
And sic power as thai saw neuir befoir;
Thair multitude micht nocht weill numberit be,
Thair breid, thair lenth, of so greit quantitie.
So strang power, sen weiris first began,
Wes neuir sene ȝit with na levand man.
The Scottis all thairof greit terror tuke,
And sum of thame to fecht that da forsuik;
And vther sum that tyme be the most pairt,
So cruell wer and hie into thair hart,
Decreittit all erar that da to de,
Na loiss thair land, thair law and libertie;
That da, tha said, or tha fra him disseuer,
Tha sould all de or than be fre for euer.

How Eugenius, the Scottis King, put his Men in Ordour and Array.

Eugenius vpoune ane lustie le
Dewydit hes his ost in battellis thre;
To his bruther, the gude Ethodeus,
The wangaird gaif, my author sais thus.
The secund battell he commandit till
Ane nobill man wes lord of Argatill.

STANFORD LIBRARIES

" With lang travell thai tuke on thame grit pane,
" Quhill thai reskewit all thair richt agane.
" O ȝe knychtis, quhilk cruell ar and kene,
" Now ma ȝe se siclyke before ȝour ene,
" Oure mortall fa to ws alway vntrew,
" With vnjust battell scharplie ws persew.
" Thairfoir," he said, "cheis ȝow ane of thir tua,
" For weill I wait there is no vther wa,
" Vther till fecht as oure fatheris befoir,
" Quhairthrow we may win honour, laud and gloir,
" Or schamitlie this tyme fra thame to fle,
" And lois oure land, oure law and libertie;
" Syne all oure tyme to be, baith barne and wyfe,
" In seruitude for terme of all our lyffe.
" I say for me it is les lak and blame,
" With honour de na leif with lak and schame;
" Syne one of thame most neidis for to be,
" Manlie to fecht or cowartlie to fle,
" Cheis ȝow," he said, "quhilk that ȝe had levar,
" With honour byde, or fle with lak for euer.
" For weill I wait, togidder and we byde,
" Sic aventure this tyme sall ws betyde,
" As oft hes done till ouir fatheris befoir,
" Quhair that tha wan baith riches and grit gloir.
" And sen it is ȝe knaw in oure defence,
" Quhome in I traist, the God omnipotens
" Sall us defend and mak thame for to rew,
" Sen thai till ws ar baith fals and vntrew.
" Thairfoir," he said, "sen we haif all the richt,
" Exers ȝour strenth, hald vp ȝour hartis on hicht;
" Think nocht this tyme with thame to be ouir-thrawin;
" Greit God to broch that all salbe oure awin."
Far mair nor this he said to thame perqueir,
Na I haif tume this tyme to reherss heir.



OFF THE ORDOUR OF THE FEILD BEFOIR THE BATTELL.

Quha had bene thair that da for till haif sene
Sa mony knicht cled into curage clene,
So braid baneris wer borne on euerilk syde,
And pynsallis proude that mekle wer of pryde,
And staitlie standartis waifand with the wynd,
Thair bemis bricht maid mony bernis blind.
With basnot cleir as ony cristell stone,
Agane the schyning of the sone tha schone.
So mony knicht cled into curage cleir,
The hornis sound wes hiddeous for till heir.
The clarionis clynkit with ane siluer sound,
Quhill that thair beir gart all the bankis rebund;
The trumpettis blew with sic ane mirrie stevin,
Quhill that their sound ascendit to the hevin.
Wes neuir sene ȝit with na levand leid,
Moir semelie sicht befoir of Adames seid.

HOW THE SCOTTIS ENTERIT IN THE FEILD WITH ANE CRY.

Be this the Scottis, with ane schout and cry,
Enterit in feild richt sone and suddantlye;
And, or the Romanis war arrayit richt,
The Scottis bowmen, that war bald and wicht,
With bowis big and flanis that flew weill,
Richt scharpe schutting tha leit the Romanes feill,
Flycht efter flycht with mekle felloun feir,
Quhilk gart thame grane throw all thair glitterand geir,
And wrocht thame wo with woundis that wer wyde.
Scharpe schutting als wes on the other syid;

And all the laif that tyme that micht nocht waid,
Wer slane ilkane behind the laif that baid.

How Ethodeus followand the Pechtis tynt Ordoure.

Ethodeus, quhen he had wyn the feild,
And mony thousand of the Pechtis hes keild,
Traistand the laif had siclike done as he,
Becaus he saw sa mony of thame fle,
Without beleif agane of ony tulȝe,
Leit all his men that tyme pas to the spulȝe,
But ony ordour vp and doun the feild,
But speir or lance without targe or scheild,
Tha war so proud and pensit of thair pra.
Quhen Maximus persauit it wes sua,
Richt sone he send, the Pechtis till reskew,
Ane battell buskit baldlie of the new,
Of mony berne that durst richt weill abyde;
The Scottis than vpoun the tother syid,
Or tha wer brocht into array agane,
Fechtand in feild tha war all tane or slane.

How Donald, Lord of Argatill, almaist wan his Feild.

The left wing of the tother syde,
The quhilk Donaldus had that tyme to gyde,
Of Argatill the lord and syre wes he,
With mony knicht into his companie,
Agane the Britis and men of Gallia,
And Germanis als he faucht that samin da;
Into that feild so knichtlie he him schew,
Had nocht Maximus sonner send reskew,
The Britis bald, for all thair brag and bost,
Into that feild that same da had bene lost.

Col. 2.

[redacted]ne lyoun in that feild he fuir,
his bodie mony wound he buir;
[redacted] sic pane that tyme he wes opprest,
[redacted]n lyfe as than he micht nocht lest.
[redacted]is all quhen that tha saw that thing,
[redacted]mpill tha tuke than at thair king,
the laif that wes into that steid,
[redacted]ne wald fle bot faucht all to the deid.
[redacted]lit tha with gude Ewgene thair king,
[redacted] wes the thrid ȝeir that tyme of his ring.

How the Carrage Men, seing thair King and Nobillis all slane, passit to the Feild, and faucht quhill thai war slane ilk Man.

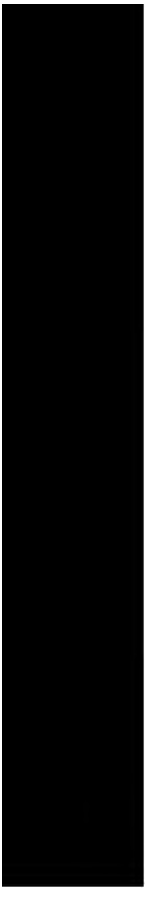
[redacted]is beand done, as I haif tald this tyde,
[redacted]he carraige men that standand war besyde,
[redacted]hat ordent[1] war the carage for to keip,
[redacted]ngrauit wes into thair hartis deip,
Quhen that tha saw thair king and lordis slaue,
Weill ma ȝe wit thairof tha war nocht fane.
Out of thair wit likeas tha wald go wyld,
Amang thame all wes nother man nor child,
Bot he thocht better in that tyme to de,
Nor for to leif, and efterwart to se
So greit distructione of the Scottis blude,
And all tyme erast of the men of gude.
Quhairfoir richt sone, all in till ane intent
Ane battell buskit baldlie on the bent,
For till revenge that wrang and greit injure.
Syne furiouslie wnto the feild thai fuir,
As rampand lyounis into thair yre and tene,
Syne maid ane counter cruell wes and kene;

Lib. 6, f. 97 b. Col 1.

[1] In MS. *ardent*.

houtin stop, quhill thai come to the steid,
air king and lordis and all the laif la deid.
l quhen thai saw that greit calamitie,
th greit desyr with thame that da to de,
ht haistelie ilk ane hint in his hand
foir thair face thair liand quhair tha fand,
hairfoir greit plentie wes into that feild,
man ane wapon as he docht to weild.
aith wyfe and barne into that multitude,
rayit feild towart the Romanes ȝude,
icht furiouslie without ressone or ryme,
o de tha had so greit desir that tyme.
yke wod wolffis rampand in ane rage,
o pungitiue wes euirilk man and paige,
Vpoune the Romanis with ane schout and cry,
Lyke brutell beistis, set on suddantly, Col. 2.
And faucht als lang as tha had strenth or mycht,
With greit curage suppois tha war not wycht.
Sum with stonis hit thame on the foirstame,
Sum like wyld cattis in thair hair than clam ;
Sum by the collar raif doun all thair coittis,
Sum thrang thair thowmis thralie in thair throttis.
The agit men forȝet that tha war ald ;
The wemen als so bitter wer and bald,
Imaginand that tyme that tha war men,
Trowand in tene ilk ane for to sla ten ;
The ȝoung childer thocht tha had mennis pith,
With greit curage and hardines thairwith.
Ilk ane forȝet than baith thair eild and kynd,
So wode thai war and mangit out of mynd,
Into that stryffe stone still thai did remane,
Fechtand in feild quhair thai[1] wer ilk ane slane.

[1] In MS. *thair.*



this tha murnit loud and schill[1] that nycht,
ill on the morne the sone raiss fair and
richt.

How Maximus, on the Morne efter, gart diuyde the Spulȝe of the Feild amang his Men.

an Maximus the spulȝie of the feild, Lib. 6, f. 98. Col. 1.
ith bow and brand, bukler, targe and scheild,
asar, breistplait, basnat and birnie bricht,
cht equallie rewardit euerie wicht,
ter his deid as he wes wortht to haif:
e deid bodeis syne hes gart put in graif.
ugenius, of quhome befoir I spak,
t of the feild that tyme he hes gart tak,
f kinglie wyss with greit honour him buir,
s did effeir, wnto his sepultuir.
his Maximus commendit him richt he
Of manlines and of humanitie,
Of strenth and wisdome, and of worthines,
Of lautie, honour, and of nobilnes;
That for his liegis and thair libertie,
In just battell refusit nocht to de.
Also he hes gart tak out of the feild
The woundit men that levand wer unkeild;
Betaucht thame syne to lechis les and moir,
To mak thame sound of all seiknes and soir.

How Ethodeus, the Bruther of Ewgenius, was fund levand in the Feild, and put vnder Cuir of Leichis quhill he was haill.

In that same tyme the gude Ethodeus,
That bruther wes to king Eugenius,

[1] In MS. *still.*

[redacted]

thai on lyfe but lat, that is no leis,
neuir the Romanes leif in perfite peice,
na vther, quhatsumeuir that thai be,
dis of ȝow or ȝour auctoritie.

How the Legat made Ansuer to Hargustus.

thair desyr, this legat Maximus,
cht soberlie agane he ansuerit thus:
Forsuith," he said, " it semis nocht to me,
Nor na Romane that hes auctoritie,
New vincust men agane for to oppres
Withoutin causis outher mair or les.
It is oure vse, as ȝe haif hard oft tell,
For to persew proude men that dois rebell;
Richt so of thame siclike to haif petie
Subjectit ar till oure auctoritie.
It is richt far agane oure laud and gloir,
" Sic vincust men that dois mercie imploir,
" And als richt far agane oure honestie,
" To wirk on thame so greit crudelitie.
" It is oure vse far erar with clemens
" Landis subdew, no strenth nor violens."

How Hargustus gaif greit Rewardis to the Legat to grant his Desyre.

Quhen this Hargust saw he culd nocht prevaill,
Than subtillie schupe him to assaill
This Maximus thairby ane vther way,
Greit diligence he hes done nicht and day;
And greit rewardis als he gaif him till,
Quhilk mony brekis oft syis of thair will,
Richt so wes he brokin amang the laif,
For euirilk man is reddie to heir haif.

thair kneis humblie him beseikis,
mony teiris rynnand ouir thair cheikis,
Scotland he wald lat thame remane,
in the feild thair husbandis war all slane,
of all riches, gold and vther gude
spulzeit war that tyme and destitude.
all that geir thai desyre nocht agane,
in Scotland he wald lat thame remane,
quies and seruice for to mak
thair husbandis in murnyng weid of blak,
for to pra and murne vpoun thair graif;
him that tyme nocht ellis wald thai craif.

How the Legat directit thair asking to the King of Pechtis.

han **Maximus** directit hes that thing
o **Hargustus**, that wes of Pechtis king,
for to deliuer with his lordis sone,
in **that** mater quhat thai think sould be done.
And **thai** agane withoutin petie or reuth,
Haiffand no ee to conscience nor to treuth,
Deliuerit hes out of tha boundis braid
Of **Albione** all exull sould be maid.
And **so** it wes, quhilk wes the moir petie,
Tha fair ladeis so far sould flemit be.

How the Pechtis cruellie slew all the Scottis that baid in Scotland thairefter.

Syne quhen the tyme of that edict wes gone,
The Scottis all that baid in Albione,
Wyfe or barne other ȝoung or ald,
The Pechtis than, that busteous war and bald,
Without respect, but reuth or ȝit remeid,
Rich[t] peteouslie tha put thame all to deid.

WES HAD TO MAXIMUS [illegible]

In this same tyme now that ze [illegible]
[illegible] of Scotland that [illegible]
[illegible] wes as my [illegible]
[illegible] that tyme wes prince of [illegible]
[illegible] wes this ladies [illegible]
[illegible] tyme wes [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] wes [illegible]
[illegible] eftir weill it [illegible]
[illegible] scho [illegible] for [illegible]
[illegible] exceptand other [illegible]
[illegible] and other [illegible]
[illegible] that tyme with hir thair [illegible]
[illegible] other [illegible]
[illegible] the graif of gude Ewgenin
In [illegible] weid scho [illegible]
Hir [illegible] and his [illegible]
In [illegible] weid that tyme as [illegible]
Thair wes scho [illegible] to Maximus [illegible]

HOW MAXIMUS COME AND [illegible] QUENE

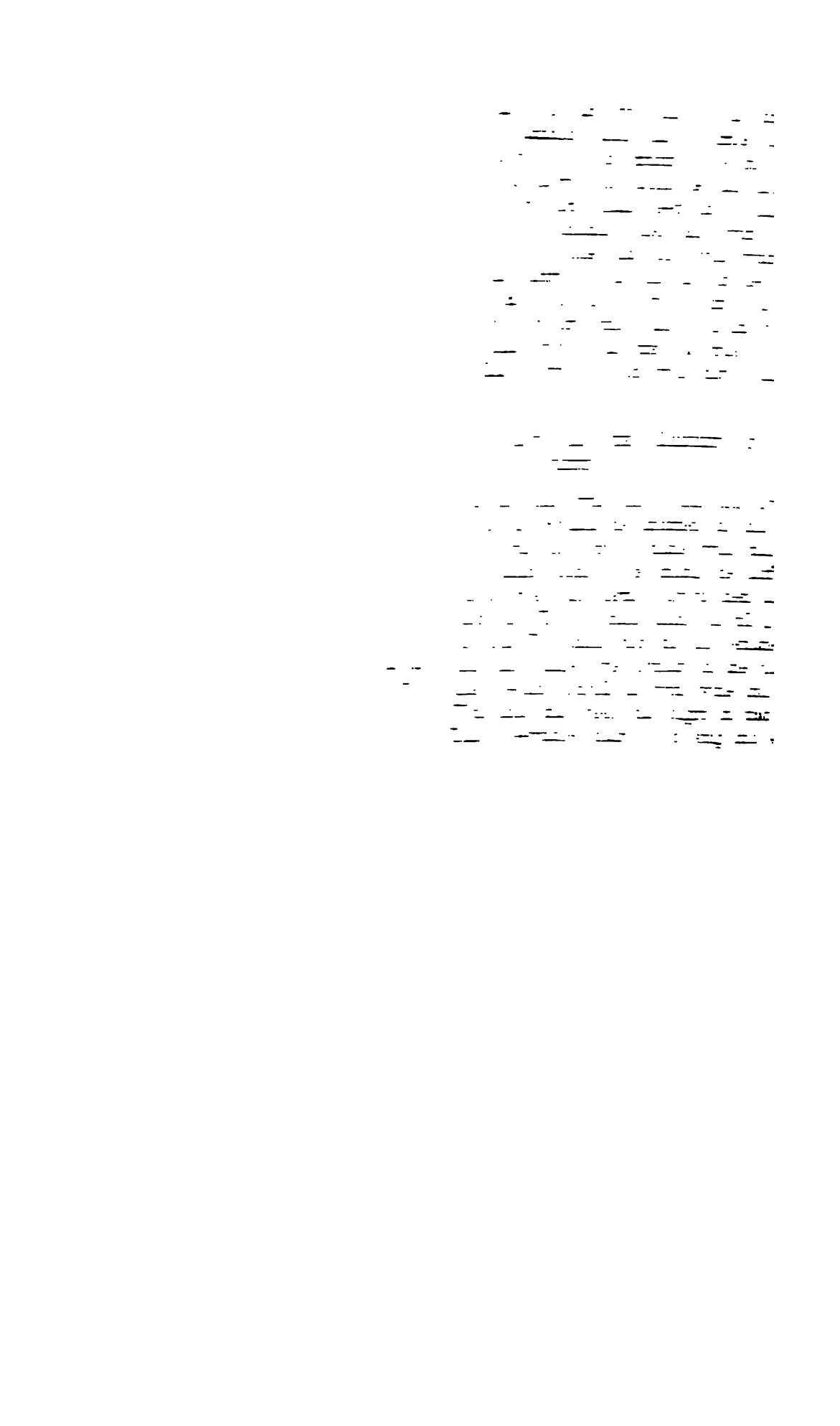
Quhen hir taking to Maximus wes
This nobill knicht, that hardie wes
For hir honour without horss, on
Richt courtasie this quene he com

'his Maximus quhen he saw hir do sua,
Ie hint hir vp in till his armes tua,
\nd on hir feit he maid hir for to ryiss;
To confort hir syne kissit hir twyss or thryss,
\nd prayit hir with all humanitie,
To leif murning and of gude confort be.
For he suld hir ay honour as his sister,
Thair wes nothing that scho wald neid or mister,
Quhateuer it wer, quhen plesit hir to craif,
With all his hart glaidlie scho suld it haif.
Quhen euer scho pleis to Carraccoun to pas,
Quhair that the king his lordis palice was,
At hir fre will thair to remane and byde,
And all the landis round about besyde,
In hir power quhen that scho list [to] craif,
For hir leving at hir plesour to haif,
To bruke and joiss for terme of all hir lyfe,
In pece and rest forouttin ony stryffe.
Gold and siluer with hir wes nocht spard,
And riche clething with mony greit rewaird;
Scho tuke hir leif and hamewart scho is gone,
The narrest way that tyme to Carreccone.

How Cartandes, passand Hame fra the Legat, was spulȝeit be [the] Way with Pechtis and hir Men slane.

And as scho was hame passand by the way,
Richt suddantlie, as my author did say,
Of Pechtis theuis other nyne or ten,
Richt quyetlie thai tuke hir in ane glen;
And all hir geir and hors thai tuke hir fra,
Hir madynis dang, and als hir seruandis sla.
Quhen that this thing to Maximus wes schawin,
Quhill thai theuis war baith hangit and drawin

Lib. 6. f. 99 Col. 1.

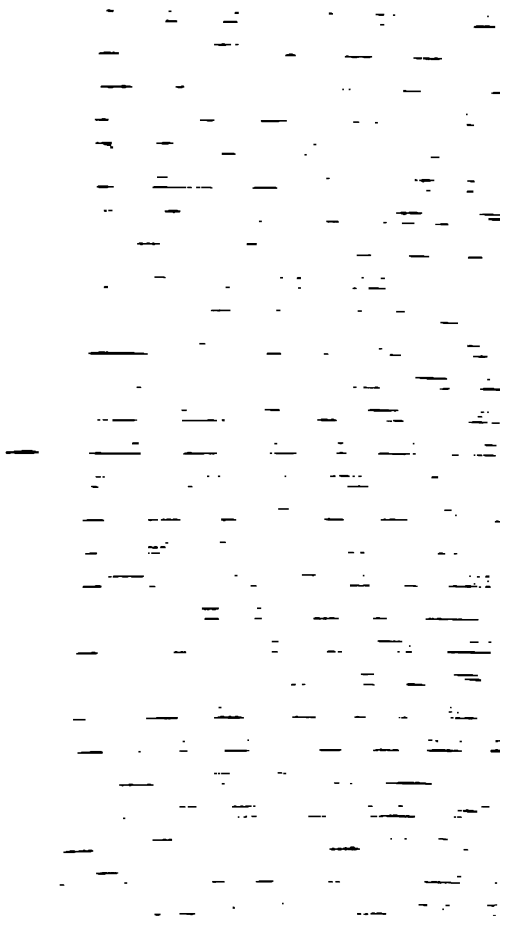


How Cartandes, heirand Hargustus desyrand hir to pas in Britane, sat doun on hir Kneis befoir the Legat, askand him Grace, that Petie was till heir. Col. 2.

This Cartandes the quhilk that thing did heir
Hirself that tyme, for-quhy scho wes rycht neir,
On kneis bair doun that scho fell in hy,
With paill visage syne cairfullie can cry
On Maximus that petie wes till heir ;
Beseikand him than with ane havie cheir,
For till haif petie of hir cruell pane,
And giff hir leif in Scotland to remane,
But gold or riches, possessioun or land,
For all hir tyme in povertie to stand,
Into Scotland ane beggar for to be,
No in Britane with sic miseritie,
For to be send quhair scho wes wont befoir,
To haif sic riches, honour, laud and gloir.
Than baith hir handis held vp to the hevin,
On Maximus cryis with ane loud stevin,
Beseikand him of his mercie and grace,
To lat hir leve in ony quyet place
Within Scotland, quhair that him lykit best,
Quhair scho ma be at quyet, pece and rest.
Gif lykis him that he will noch[t] do so,
Out of this warld than mak hir for till go
The vyleest deid men can devyiss in erd;
Quhen scho is gone lat freindis wyte hir werd.

How all the Romanis, heirand the lamentabill Playnt of Cartandes, maid Intercessioun for hir.

Hir playnt it wes so lamentabill to heir,
The Romanis all that tyme that stude hir neir,



How the Scottis that passit in Yreland come befoir the King and the Lordis, scha[wa]nd[1] than thair greit Infortunitie, and askand Help to reskew thair Kinrik.

Tak tent this tyme and ȝe sall heir me tell
Of auenture that efterwart befell.
Richt mony Scot, as my author did sa,
Wer fled befoir into Ybernia,
Befoir the king and lordis on thair kne,
Askand at thame that tyme help and supple,
Thair heretage for to reskew agane;
Schawand also how that thair king wes slane
In thair defence, the gude Ewgenius,
His brother als, callit Ethodeus,
In Denmark passit thair for to remane,
In Albione neuir for to cum agane.
Sen that tha war the fontane and the wall
Of all Scottis, and eik originall,
Sayand to thame it did all haill pertene,
For the injure and harme that tha sustene,
Efter thair power for to mak supple,
Or ellis thai faill of liberalitie.

How the King of Yreland, with Consent of his Lordis, send Ten Thousand Men with the Scottis in thair Supplie.

Quhen this was said that nobill king befoir,
Hiberniens that thair war, les and moir,
With the consent than of thair prince and king,
Richt glaidlie than hes grantit thame that thing.

[1] In MS. *schand.*

With mony schip syne furth thair
And saillit syne richt sone to Albi
Syne in the land callit Saluria.
With all thair power enterit on an
[illegible] And all the land tha spulzeit vp a
Ch. 2 With greit slauchter in euirilk plac
Young nor ald as than tha sparit
In ony steid quhair euir tha war
And brint and slew quir all baith
So crewellie that awfull wes till he

How Hardgustan the Bruth
tent the Feild and was
Scottis

Hargustus bruther with [a] nobill
Quhilk to his name wes callit Hard
Fra Hergustus the king of Pechtis
With greit power thai partis to def
But all that power did him nocht a
Sone efter that quhen he did tham
His folk in fecht tha wer richt sou
Mony war slane and mony els ill w
And all the laif with him self maid
Richt few chaipit out of that mad
Quhen tha had gottin sic presoneres
Of men and beist said it was tyme
Sum of thame thair wald na langur

Also tha said thair langar for to byde,
Quhill the Romanes of sic power and pryde
Sould thame assaill, quhilk sone mycht thame oppres,
Tha said it was bot folie and wodnes.
And vther sum thair was among the laue,
The contrair to that counsall that [thai] gaif,
Still to remane sen Fortoun on thame leuch,
Tha wist richt weill all wald be weill aneuche;
And counsall gaif all fordwart for till ga
To Vicomage or than to Galdia,
Of thame agane haill conqueis for to mak,
And in that tyme no tarie for to tak.
Richt oft befoir, thai said, it hes bene sene,
In mony feild quhair far fewar hes bene,
We haif prevaillit of oure ennimie,
Of grittar power nor tha dow to be.
Quhairfoir, thai said, that tyme tha thocht it best,
Sen tha wist nocht how lang that tha wald lest,
To vse the grace that Fortoun had thame lent.
To that counsall than gaif tha all consent;
Syne with all power on the secund da,
Tha maid greit heirschip into Galdia.

How the Romanis with the Britis and Pechtis gaif the Scottis and Yberniens Feild and distroyit thame.

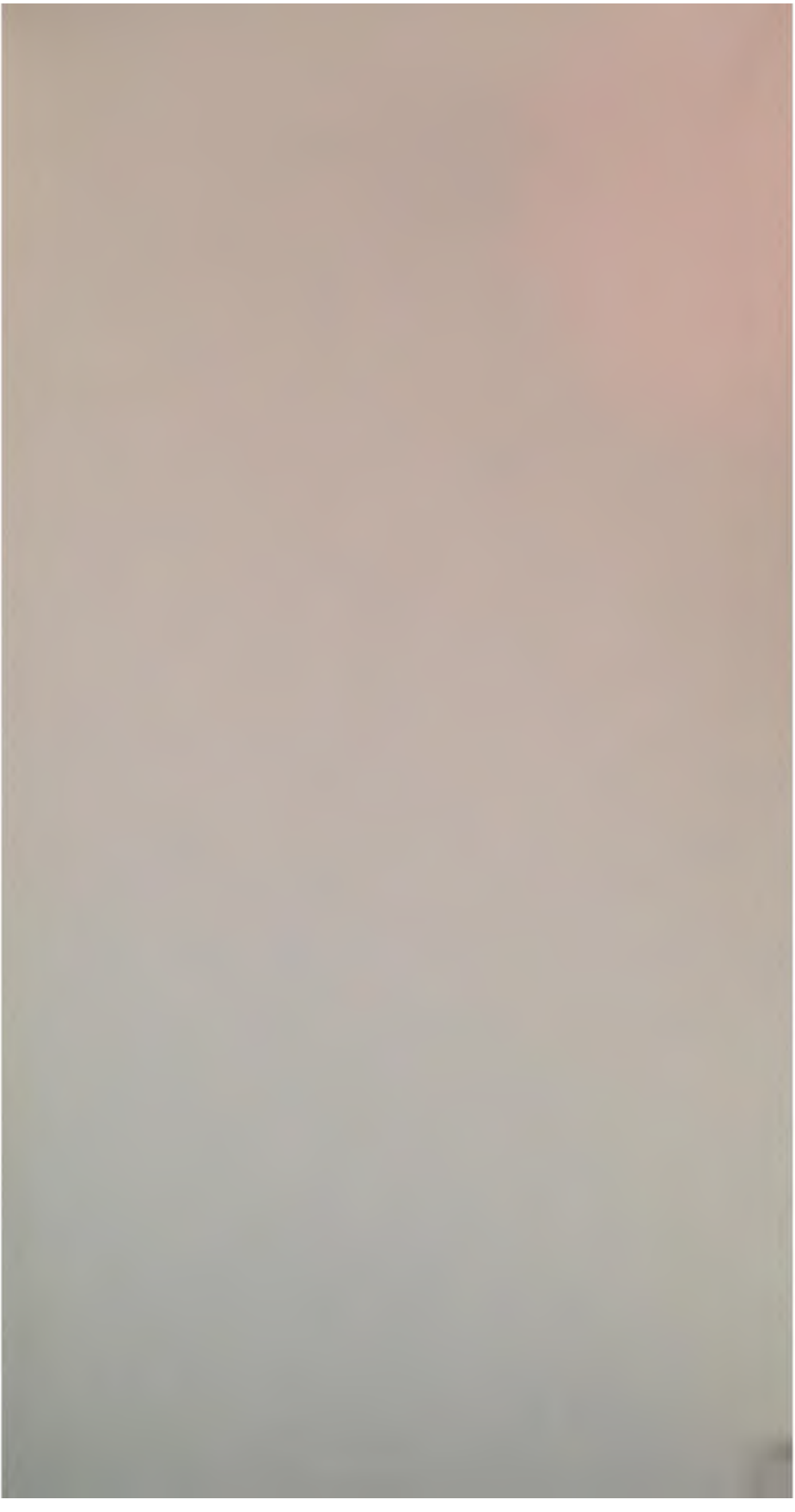
Wittand full lytel that tyme how it stude,
Or euir thai wist, ane richt greit multitude
Of Brit and Pech[t], and mony Romane knycht,
With bow and brand, with brasar that wes brycht,
With mony wicht that waponis weill culd weild,
On fit and hors befoir thame tuke the feild.
Yberniens and Scottis quhen tha saw,
That force it wes other lang doun or draw,
Tha tuke the feild richt fraklie thame agane,
And gaif thame feild richt pertlie on that plane.

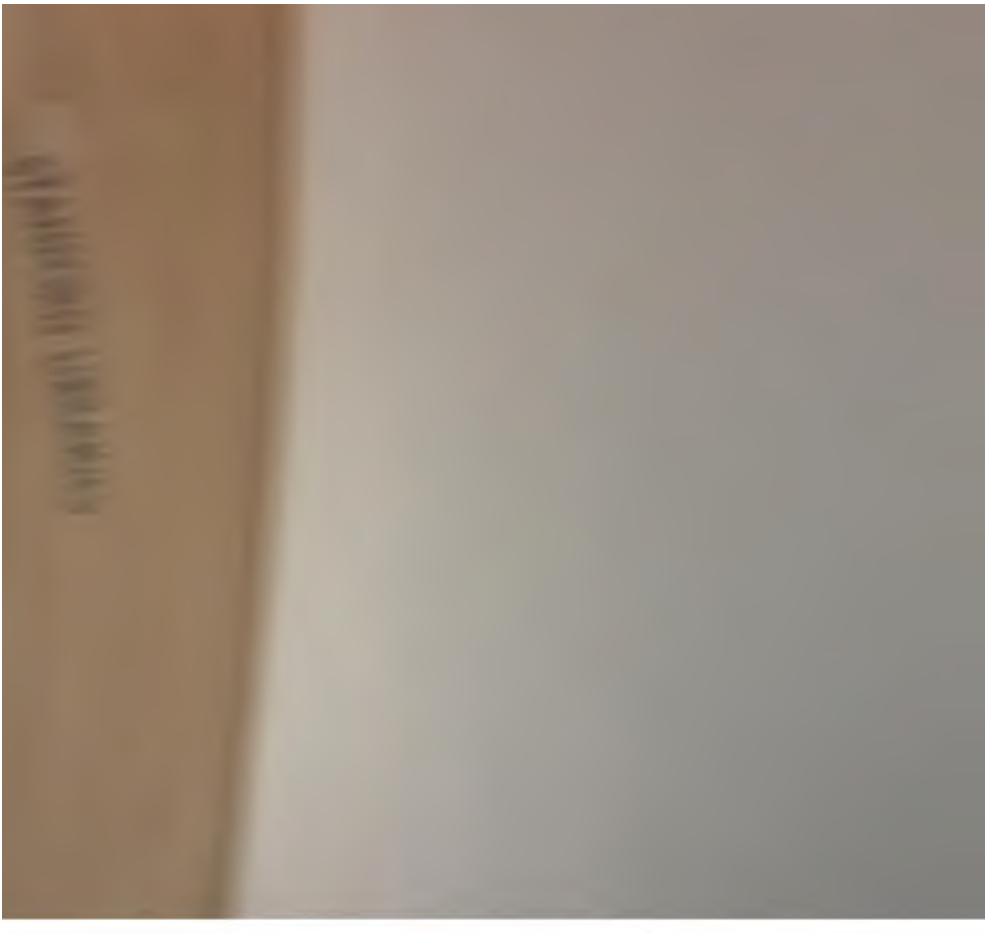
This Maximus first ansuerit in tene. 20,205
With greit mervell, quhat is it tha did mene
To brek to him with so greit boist and schoir.
Quhilk neuir failzeit to thame of befoir!
Sen that the warid all ouir of breid and lenth.
Had feld befoir the Romanis mich[t] and 20,210
strenth.
Quhilk had subdewit all landis that da,
Ouir all the warid except Ybernia.
" Syne ze agane ar nother kynd nor trew.
" Aganis ws now laitlie of the new.
" Oure ennimeis hes fortifeit in feild. 20,215
" Quhair ze and tha baith for zour cryme ar keild.
" Quhairfoir," he said, "it war bot littill rak.
" Gif pleis so zow with ws peice for to tak,
" Of this conditioun peice now sall ze haif,
" In tyme to cum no moir for till ressaue 20,220
" Oure ennimeis amang zow to remane,
" In contrair ws neuir for to cum agane.
" Na zit no vther, quhair that euir tha be.
" Quhilk ar subdewit to oure royaltie;
" Also and ze requyrit be thairtill, 20,225
" To tak our pairt baith in gude or ill.
" And but oure leif fra all this tyme bygone,
" Neuir ane of zow to cum in Albione."
On this same wyss amang thame pece wes maid,
And seillit syne with mony seillis braid. 20,230
Quhen that wes done tha tuke thair leif to wend;
Fra that tyme furth all weiris hes tane end. Lib. 6, f. 100 b. Col. 1.
In Albione and in Ybernia.
Wes pece and rest richt lang and mony da;
In all that tyme durst no man weir pretend. 20,235
Loving to God the sax[t] buik takkis end.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed by GEORGE E. EYRE and WILLI
Printers to the Queen's most Exce
For Her Majesty's Stationer

STANFORD UNIVERSITY





DA 25 .B5 no.6 C.1
The bulk of the cronicils of S
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 038 210 865

CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6063
(650) 723-1493
grncirc@stanford.edu

All books are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

AUG 15 2005
AUG 1 2 2005